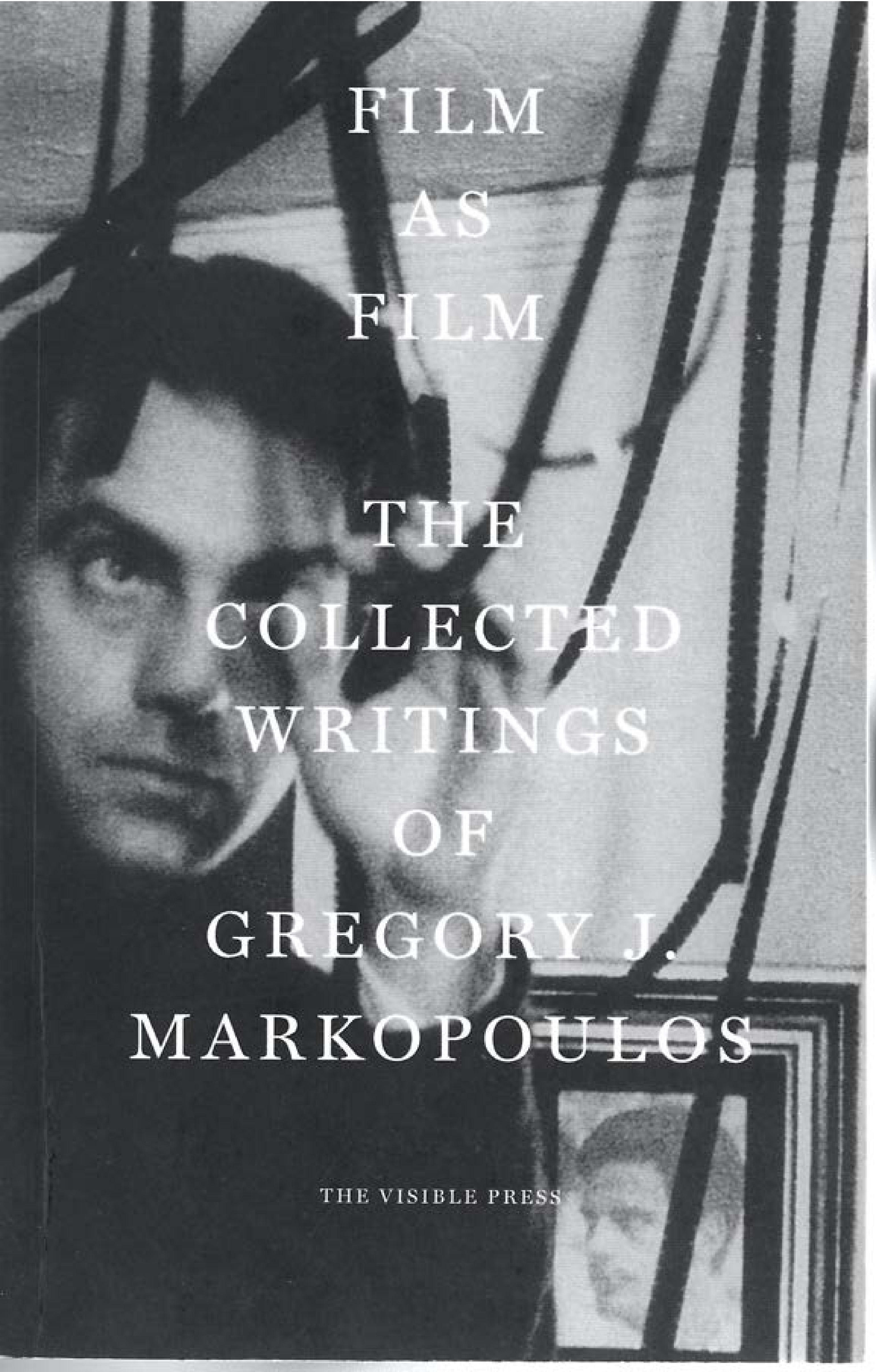
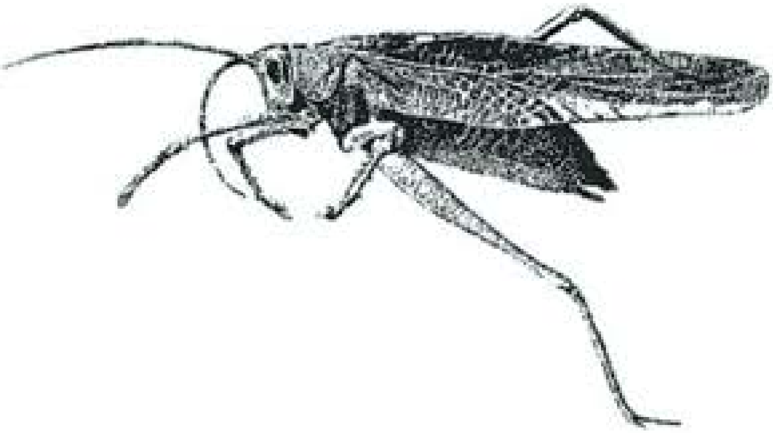


FILM
AS
FILM

THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF GREGORY J. MARKOPOULOS

THE VISIBLE PRESS



FILM AS FILM

THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF GREGORY J. MARKOPOULOS

EDITED BY MARK WEBBER

THE VISIBLE PRESS

THERE IS NO MORE THE SENSE OR
THE EXISTENCE FOR THE INTELLIGENCE OF
FILM AS FILM NOW THAN THERE WAS IN 1928
OR IN 1947 OR IN 1949 OR IN 1965.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT WE EXIST.

GREGORY J. MARKOPOULOS, 1983.

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INTRODUCTION

In the Spring of 1980, Gregory Markopoulos travelled through Europe en route to Athens for a screening of one of his most celebrated works at the prestigious National Gallery. This was to be the first Greek presentation of *The Illiac Passion* (1964–67), a contemporary interpretation of Prometheus made in New York at the height of Markopoulos' reputation as one of cinema's leading innovators. Unfortunately, the projection never took place. The event was cancelled following discussions between the museum director and his advisory board who were concerned by mentions of nudity contained in the programme notes the filmmaker had sent in advance of his arrival. This experience set Markopoulos on a journey deep into the province of Arcadia, his ancestral homeland, where he would discover a remote location that he believed was the ideal setting for his work.[1]

One of the few Markopoulos films to have been shown in Greece up to this point was *Psyche*, his first 16mm film, in 1955.[2] It had been made in Los Angeles in 1947, concurrent with the debuts of his acquaintances Kenneth Anger and Curtis Harrington. As a USC student in the late 1940s, Markopoulos was fortunate to attend lectures by Joseph von Sternberg, and to watch directors Jules Dassin, Alfred Hitchcock and Fritz Lang at work, but he soon grew disillusioned with the conventions of film education. Returning to his hometown of Toledo, Ohio, he continued his filmmaking and began to develop his notions of colour, composition and editing. From there, he visited Paris, where he made contact with literary figures such as André Gide and Jean Cocteau, observed Marcel Carné on set, and met with Jean-Luc Godard (who, as a young film enthusiast, asked Markopoulos to sponsor his first visit to the USA). From 1953 to 1961, he laboured on *Serenity*, based on a novel by Elias Venezis. This was the closest that Markopoulos came to completing a 35mm feature film.[3] It was a traumatic process that ended when, in order to recover his fee, Markopoulos was forced to abandon the project and surrender the film materials to the investors. The experience was a defining one, reinforcing his belief that for a film to be an artistic statement, true to its maker's vision, then it had to be made free from financial constraints and expectations.

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[1] An earlier attempt to present *The Illiac Passion* in Greece had met a similar fate. Invited to show his work at a film society in the early 1970s, during the military junta, it was necessary for Markopoulos to send prints via the United States Information Agency. On receipt, the USIA refused to allow the copy of this film to be released, leading to the cancellation of the public screening. Other Markopoulos films were shown at the film society, and a private projection of *The Illiac Passion* was eventually organised within the USIA premises. The invited audience included critics who published reviews in Greek newspapers.

[2] "Psyche's Search for the Herb of Invulnerability", an essay written on this occasion of the 1955 French Institute screening, appears in Chapter III of the present volume.

By the time Markopoulos settled in New York in 1960 he was already known as one of the foremost practitioners of avant-garde cinema. He was closely involved in establishing the New American Cinema Group and Film-Makers' Cooperative, both led by Jonas Mekas, and helped foster a movement that blossomed into an international explosion of personal filmmaking. As an active participant in the film community, he regularly contributed to film journals and encouraged other filmmakers (including Tom Chomont, Storm De Hirsch, Nathaniel Dorsky and Warren Sonbert) to pursue their art. His two major works of the period, *Twice a Man* (1963) and *The Illiac Passion*, both adapted from Greek mythology, employed a fragmented editing style that radicalised narrative construction. With *Galaxie* and *Ming Green* (both 1966) he created a new form of cinematic portraiture, editing and building complex layers of superimposition entirely in-camera at the moment of filming.[4]

As the end of the decade approached, Markopoulos grew increasingly unhappy with the conditions in which films were being exhibited, critical interpretations of the work, and the semi-commercial support structures that had developed within the film scene. His dedication to film, and his frustration at the way it was treated by the cultural establishment, was such that he later withdrew his work from circulation, placing it entirely within his own control and choosing a path that would distinguish him from all filmmakers that had gone before. Leaving the USA for good in 1968, he spent the rest of his life in Europe together with his partner, the filmmaker Robert Beavers, travelling, filming, and making plans for a unique monographic archive for the preservation, presentation and study of their work.

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[3] *The Dead Ones* (1949) was made on 35mm in Los Angeles. The film was left unfinished after only twenty-eight minutes of footage had been shot. Its negative was stored in a film laboratory and not discovered until 1965.

[4] *Galaxie* comprises thirty-three individual portraits of luminaries from the New York cultural sphere, including Allen Ginsberg, Jasper Johns, Susan Sontag and Parker Tyler. *Ming Green* is a study of Markopoulos' sparsely furnished apartment. Portraits of people and "films of place" (architecture, landscapes and historical sites) increasingly occupied Markopoulos as his filmmaking progressed.

* * *

Following the cancellation of *The Illiac Passion* at the National Gallery in 1980, Markopoulos was determined to have the film shown in Greece. Disillusioned by the bourgeois attitudes in Athens, he went first to Tripoli, where the possibility of an event seemed equally impossible, and then further still into rural Gortynia until he arrived at the village of Lyssarea, where his uncle still lived. From Lyssarea, Markopoulos began exploring the surrounding countryside, walking in various directions until he chanced upon an area of land, a former agricultural terrace, where he felt that his work could be shown. Having found the location, with its untouched natural beauty, ancestral links and proximity to Ancient Greek sites, Markopoulos and Beavers announced the first annual presentation of "Film as Film".

Their films were indeed screened at this unlikely and remote site, six or more hours away from Athens in the years before highways were built, every September from 1980 to 1986. The 16mm prints were projected in the open air to a limited audience of curious locals and devoted international spectators who were offered a large format programme (or 'presentation text') containing writings by the two filmmakers. Organising these free events, with minimal funds, was a considerable undertaking. Over seven consecutive years, the point was made – it was possible to exist as filmmakers without compromise, to present work away from conventional institutions, without substantial material support and under the most unusual conditions, with an incomparable sense of freedom and generosity.

These occasions, and particularly the landscape and environs in which they took place, provided Markopoulos with the creative nourishment that enabled him to pursue two interrelated ideas that were conceived some years before. Throughout the previous decade, the filmmaker had been developing the notion of an archive and projection space that he called Temenos, after the ancient Greek word for 'sacred grove' or 'piece of land set apart'.[5] The eventual discovery of the site near Lyssarea, on which such a facility could potentially be located – its isolation being more a blessing than a drawback – made the realisation of Temenos a more concrete possibility. Furthermore, the landscape of the Peloponnese provided a backdrop and stimulus for his final work, one of the most ambitious film projects of the 20th century.

In the early 1970s, Markopoulos took some important steps that would define the course of his future filmmaking. He continued to shoot and edit new films but elected not to print and release any completed after 1971. He also began to refine his earlier work by re-editing previously released films, creating new montage sequences, correcting technical imperfections, and discarding soundtracks. Having embarked upon this process, a more dramatic decision was made in 1974 to interweave reels of individual films within an epic work that would encompass his entire oeuvre. "The startling Decision has been made [...] Action was taken [...] And, the prints that now exist have become work prints."[6]

As a result of his protracted reflections on the form this film would take, Markopoulos devised a structure in which the various compositional units – the frame, the shot, the reel, the cycle (a suite of reels designed for viewing together) and the work as a whole – could relate to one another. The resulting achievement is approximately eighty hours in length, incorporating some one hundred individual films that are organised into twenty-two cycles (or 'film orders') of two to five hours each. Its title is *Eniaios*, meaning both 'unity' and 'uniqueness'. The film is silent.

The creative act was also a destructive one. In addition to the footage from previously unprinted or entirely new works, *Eniaios* (1947–91) contains images from twenty of the twenty-seven films that Markopoulos had previously exhibited. In many cases, this material was taken from the camera originals of the pre-existing works – all of Markopoulos' 16mm films were shot on reversal stock – therefore rendering useless the film originals of the earlier films. Furthermore, what was not used in *Eniaios* was often thrown away.[7]

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[5] Beginning in 1971, Markopoulos used Temenos as the name of the imprint on which he self-published his writings.

[6] "Towards a Complete Order". See Chapter V.

Having spliced the film in its entirety, Markopoulos lacked the funds to create prints or an internegative. He died of lymphoma in November 1992 without ever seeing a single reel of *Eniaios* projected.[8] The one hundred and sixty-seven reels of *Eniaios* were then stored in the Temenos Archive until funds could be raised to begin the expensive, and labour intensive, process of making projection copies.[9]

* * *

Markopoulos' withdrawal from the film community had been gradual, prompted by his revulsion at what he perceived to be a growing commercialisation, and the turn towards academia. Increasingly disenchanted by life in New York, he sought to support himself by accepting a teaching post at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1967. Having founded the filmmaking programme at the school, he left after only two semesters. Departing for Europe soon after, he fulfilled a long-term wish to live there, and sought a new beginning where he felt his work might be better appreciated. Over the next few years, he withdrew his films from distribution, rejected producers, film schools, archives and cinematheques, and rarely accepted invitations to screen his work. Definitively severing ties with those that had been most supportive of his work in the past decade, he publicly renounced Anthology Film

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7. The prints of Markopoulos' early films that are available for screening today are usually the result of a preservation effort that has required internegatives to be made from existing prints.

8. This factor may explain why there are no texts that explicitly address *Eniaios* and its making.

9. The thousands of cement splices that Markopoulos made have by now deteriorated. Each one must be repaired with a new permanent splice before the reels can be sent to a film laboratory. A fine grain internegative must then be made before answer copies can be produced for projection. As of 2012, the estimated cost of restoring and printing each cycle was in the region of $20,000 to $25,000.

Archives[10] and requested that P. Adams Sitney remove all quotations of Markopoulos from future editions or translations of *Visionary Film: The American Avant-Garde* (Oxford University Press, 1974).[11] Henceforth, Markopoulos refused to participate in the many international surveys of avant-garde cinema and slipped from being one of the most feted filmmakers of the New American Cinema to one whose work was inaccessible and in danger of being forgotten.

During their time in Europe, Beavers and Markopoulos had no permanent place of residence. Their itinerant lifestyle kept them moving from 1968 until Markopoulos' death in 1992, travelling predominantly between Switzerland, Italy, Germany and Greece as they pursued possibilities for the continuation of their work. Lacking personal wealth and without institutional funding, they relied mainly on the support of friends and benefactors. Their frequent journeys – between filming locations, laboratories, public and private screenings, actual and potential sponsors – meant that it was necessary to travel light. They had few personal possessions that did not relate directly to their filmmaking, and the work was always placed first. What was not needed immediately on hand was stored in a walk-in bank vault, first in Bern, then in Basel. It was here that the Temenos Archive began to take shape as the film collection was supplemented by a considerable quantity of papers, images and recordings.

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[10] Markopoulos announced his withdrawal from Anthology by writing an open letter that was published in *Variety* on 5 June 1974. "I wish it to be known publicly that I dissociate myself from New American Cinema, and, from the Anthology Film Archives. I have asked the directors of the Anthology Film Archives (and have not received any reply whatsoever – which is the usual attitude to the filmmakers of NAC) to give the films they have to the collection I established when my mother died of cancer: that is, to the Maria Markopoulou Film Collection at the Library of Congress, in Washington, D.C. The reason is quite simple: Now that the theatre of Anthology Film Archives is no longer in existence (after an expenditure of at least $400,000) at 425 Lafayette Street, I do not wish my work (and I have been making films for nearly thirty years, privately) to be shown in some lower East Side establishment. That is not the reason I have made my work: that is not the reason I arranged to give my films to the Anthology Film Archive Collection. Indeed, I was told, that if there was ever a failure, the films would revert back to the filmmakers. Whether my wishes will be respected or not remains to be seen. Gregory Markopoulos, Paris." [Anthology did not return the prints to Markopoulos. As a result, certain versions of his films survived only in those copies.]

[11] The chapter "From Trance to Myth" did not appear in the 1979 English language edition of *Visionary Film* but was reinstated for the current 2002 edition with the permission of Robert Beavers and the Markopoulos Estate.

By methodically documenting his life and creative process, from sources of inspiration through production, public presentation and critical response, Markopoulos has left behind an unparalleled resource. A partial listing of contents includes: *Ein Edelweiss* (fifty-two volumes of personal journals, received correspondence and other papers arranged in chronological order. This diary covers the years from 1954–92 and contains perhaps half of Markopoulos' output as a writer), *Cerberus* (thirty volumes, carbon copies of outgoing correspondence), the bound notes and shooting scripts for several films (twelve volumes including *Twice a Man*, *The Illiac Passion* and *Gammelion*), notebooks toward the preparation of *Eniaios* (six volumes of *The Divine Series*, plus notebooks for the orchestration of its projection), and one hundred and forty boxes of books, periodicals, newspapers, brochures and posters relating to his work. In addition to the Temenos publications, there are the bound manuscripts for what Markopoulos regarded as his key writings on film, *Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician* (nine volumes). Most of these papers are collected in custom-made boxes and exquisitely hand-bound volumes. There are also fifteen hours of sound recordings from interviews and personal appearances, film stills and other photographs, and the library of books he used as research materials.

Following Markopoulos' death, Robert Beavers transferred these materials to Zürich and established the Temenos Archive. The archive is maintained by two not-for-profit organisations, Temenos Inc. (in the USA) and Temenos Association (in Europe), which contribute towards the preservation and presentation of Markopoulos' work. A major preoccupation is the final realisation of *Eniaios*. In June 2004, the first of a renewed series of events at the Temenos site in Arcadia premiered the newly printed cycles of *Eniaios*, a custom that has continued every four years since.[12]

In his conception of Temenos, Markopoulos' intention was to demonstrate that, independent of the avant-garde establishment or commercial system, a filmmaker could control every aspect of his work, from the initial idea through filming, editing and its subsequent presentation for an audience, and beyond that to the on-going preservation of the work for future generations. Born out of the desire for continuity between the production, presentation, and interpretation of his films, the Temenos proposes a facility in which a projection space, the film copies, and the filmmaker's writings and documentation can exist in close proximity. Having discovered the site near Lyssarea, he envisioned a few simple structures that would house the project. In this environment, dedicated spectators would have the possibility to view and study the films in tandem.

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[12] *Eniaios I, II* and the first half of *III* were shown in 2004. *Eniaios III* continued in 2008, followed by *IV* and *V*. *Eniaios VI, VII* and *VIII* were shown in 2014.

Through his writings we are able to trace the development of Markopoulos' filmmaking and the evolution of his aspirations for cinema. Markopoulos was a formidable character with a singular vision and commitment to the medium. His texts, which are collected together in this volume, will not only elucidate a greater understanding of his work, but should also serve as a source of inspiration for contemporary readers and future generations.

* * *

Markopoulos was a prolific writer of poetry, prose and letters, and his texts were frequently published in *Film Culture*, *Film Comment* (and its predecessor *Vision*), *Cantrills Filmnotes*, *Filmcritica* and other journals. In addition, he distributed printed programmes on the occasions of important screenings and issued collections of essays under the Temenos imprint.[13] The vast majority of Markopoulos' writings have been unavailable for several decades, and these self-published items are now highly coveted.

Film as Film: The Collected Writings of Gregory J. Markopoulos is an edited anthology, but does include practically all of the known texts with the exception of *Quest for Serenity (Journal of a Film-Maker)* (Film-Makers' Cinematheque, 1963) and *Poems* (Film Culture, 1964). Significantly, this book includes a large number of previously unpublished manuscripts that were discovered during research at the Temenos Archive.

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[13] A bibliography of publications supervised by Markopoulos can be found in Appendix II. Markopoulos anthologised selected essays in *Chaos Phaos I-IV* (1971, four volumes), *ERB* (1975) and *Boustrophedon* (1977). Temenos publications were not commercially distributed or on general sale, they were private editions that the filmmaker gave to selected individuals, institutions and libraries.

Markopoulos first used the maxim 'film as film' in the essay "Innocent Revels" (1964). From that point on, he was closely identified with the phrase – it was at the very foundation of his theory of cinema, indicating his devotion to the specific medium of celluloid motion pictures. The phrase appears more than fifty times in the course of this book. The filmmaker was infuriated when, without consultation, it was used as the title of a prominent exhibition held in Cologne (1977) and London (1979).[14] Some years earlier, *Film as Film* had already been used in 1972 as the title of a book by the British critic V.F. Perkins, a fact that Markopoulos seems to have been unaware of until 1978.[15]

The present volume is organised in five sections, the first of which is, in effect, a brief exposition of the major themes that occupied Markopoulos throughout his career. Subsequent chapters address specific subjects – the earlier texts, which explore the work of other filmmakers (predominantly those associated with the New American Cinema), are followed by Markopoulos' writings on his own film practice and on the work of Robert Beavers. Essays on the films of Markopoulos and Beavers are arranged chronologically according to their filmography. The final section, which is by far the most extensive, concerns Markopoulos' aspi-rations for the Temenos and contains his most individual and idealistic philosophies. Though these chapters offer one structured approach, the reader is also encouraged to find his or her own route through the texts. Given the quantity and focus of his writing there are frequent repetitions of ideas, necessary in order to reinforce and advance his beliefs.

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[14] "Film als Film", curated by Birgit Hein and Wolf Herzogenrath, took place at the Kölnischer Kunstverein in 1977. It was adapted, by a curatorial committee led by David Curtis, for presentation as "Film as Film" at London's Hayward Gallery in 1979. Markopoulos began a legal action against Hein over the use of the term but the case was dismissed by a German court.

[15] "I received via Penguin Books a letter of protest from Mr Markopoulos over his rights in the phrase. I believe Penguin replied from the legal viewpoint, and I explained that I had invented the title *Film as Film* for my book because I wanted to distinguish it from the several books on cinema aesthetics and criticism that invoked the term 'Art' – as in Ernest Lindgren's *The Art of the Film* ... To the best of my recollection I had seen at least one Markopoulos film but was not familiar with his writings." (V.F. Perkins, by email, 4 December 2013.)

Markopoulos was a steadfast thinker, and his views on film remained, essentially, consistent throughout his life.

The earliest article that appears in this collection, "The Responsibility of the Cinema in Our Age", was presented as a lecture at the society of the Greek literature journal *Nea Estia* in Athens, 1955. Signing the text as George J. Markopoulos (his given name was Giorgios John Markopoulos), the filmmaker proposes a nascent vision of his philosophy, outlining his intention for cinema to reach beyond representations of photography and theatre. In the closing texts, "The Future of the Temenos and its Boundaries" and "Acropolis Gis" from 1992, completed shortly before Markopoulos' death, he uses a far more lyrical form of expression to reflect on the speculative projects of Temenos and *Eniaios*.

In the introductory chapter, which draws on writings from the 1950s to the 1980s, Markopoulos makes the case for independence, cautioning filmmakers against the dangers of being coerced into the industry. "Sto Palikari", originally published in 1968 in the short-lived Swiss journal *Supervisuell*, calls for patrons to replace co-ops and producers, and appeals for film collectors a full four decades before artists' film became valued as a marketable commodity.

Eschewing the traditional means of production companies, commissions and public funding, Markopoulos held firm to the belief that his work would progress through other means, hoping that he would one day encounter the "munificent benefactor" that he called for in the 1972 essay "The Filmmaker's Perception in Contemplation" (see Chapter V). He did in fact receive support from numerous individuals, the most generous of which was Dr Athanase Ghertsos, the Greek Honorary Consul in Zürich, who provided significant funds for the continuation of Markopoulos' work over two decades.[16]

The young student whose 1965 letter is the starting point for the essay "Inherent Limitations" was Robert Beavers. As an organiser of the student film group at Deerfield Academy, he visited New York where, at the Film-Makers' Cinematheque, he was introduced to Gregory Markopoulos. A lecture by the filmmaker at Deerfield was arranged by Beavers, but was subsequently cancelled by the school. In frustration, the 16-year old wrote to Markopoulos to ask for advice on "what a 'Filmmaker's education' should consist of," and before long had moved to New York to follow his vocation. Markopoulos' response, in which he encourages aspiring filmmakers to just begin, was delivered as a lecture at New York University.

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[16] Dr Ghertsos is mentioned by name in "Analampsis", and alluded to in "Heracles": "Watchful Verb, Athanasios." (See Chapter V)

The articles collected in Chapter II primarily focus on filmmakers identified with the New American Cinema Group.[17] It begins with Markopoulos' report on the first large-scale international exhibition of New American Cinema, which was staged within the context of The Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy, Summer 1961. There are also articles on Ron Rice, Kenneth Anger and Jack Smith. In the essays following those Markopoulos discusses other modes of filmmaking, including the European avant-garde of Genet and Cocteau, and the directors of 'transcendental' narrative cinema. Texts on Dreyer's *Mikaël* (1924), the first two features by Bresson, and observations on a Mizoguchi retrospective at the Brussels Cinémathèque read more like viewing notes than critiques, providing insight into how Markopoulos watched films in projection, identifying elements that drew his attention and which may later have informed his own productions.

These early writings demonstrate that Markopoulos was initially extremely supportive of others in the NAC Group and excited by the creative energy it generated, but it is also clear that he was already struggling with the status and treatment of film at the hands of critics, foundations, producers, colleges, distributors and festivals.

Markopoulos' texts on his own practice, the essays and lectures gathered in Chapter III, describe the periods of gestation, the circumstances of production, and offer clues for spectators approaching his films. They set out the processes and events of their making, the paucity of means within which they were created, and the many changes a project may undergo before its completion. The major films of the American period are covered: *Psyche* ("Psyche's Search for the Herb of Invulnerability"), *Swain* ("From Fanshaw to Swain"), *Twice a Man* ("The Driving Rhythm"), *Galaxie* ("Galaxie"), and *The Illiac Passion* ("The Adamantine Bridge"). Such essays extend only to 1971, the point from which he was unable (or unwilling) to release new works.

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[17] The New American Cinema Group was formally convened by Jonas and Adolfas Mekas in 1960. Markopoulos was among the founder members, alongside Peter Bogdanovich, Shirley Clarke, Robert Frank and others.

The chapter also includes "Towards a New Narrative Film Form", a key text that has often been reproduced (with slight variations) detailing the new approach to montage employed in *Twice a Man*. A companion piece, "Towards a New Sound Compliment for Motion Pictures", contemplates possible innovations in film sound.

Markopoulos was usually dismissive of analysis of his work, whether hostile or favourable. "Bruised by the Critics" is his account of the reaction to screenings of *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort*; "Galaxie" quotes two facetious reviews of his 1966 portrait film. In 1978 he produced *Heracles*, a booklet of published references that he gave the subtitle "A bibliography containing the marvellous distortions of my films as reviewed in books, programmes, periodicals, and newspapers during thirty-three years: 1945–1978".

Chapter IV consists entirely of articles on the films of Robert Beavers, who is referred to variously as RB, RBB, ERB and Eros.[18] Markopoulos deploys some of his most poetic titles – "The Threshold of the Frame", "Clarity Upon Clarity Through Reflection", "In Other Words It Is His Tongue" – and offers us privileged insight into the younger filmmaker's practice. Markopoulos heaps high praise upon Beavers, whom he refers to as "the most original filmmaker in the history of filmmaking".

Having made only one tentative film in the USA, Beavers quietly built an impressive body of work during the years of isolation in Europe. The filmgoing public was largely unaware of this until the late 1990s, when screenings at festivals and cinematheques preceded retrospectives at New York's Whitney Museum (2005) and Tate Modern in London (2007). In *My Hand Outstretched to the Winged Distance and Sightless Measure*, a cycle of seventeen films made between 1968 and 2002, Beavers demonstrates a command of the medium far beyond that of the protégé he was once regarded. Markopoulos, who appears in several of these films, details the formative years of Beavers' filmmaking in essays that chart the creation of *Winged Dialogue* (1967/2000) through to the *Sotiros* trilogy (1975–78/1996). Particular attention is given to *Ruskin* (1975/1997) in four articles that were originally anthologised in the Temenos publication *ERB*.

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[18] Beavers portrayed the character of Eros in the 1967 film *Eros, O Basileus*. The acronym ERB, which signifies Eros Robert Beavers, is also, in German, a prefix translated as 'inheritor'. Markopoulos was initially unaware of this definition.

The substantial final chapter, dedicated to the theme of Temenos and consisting mainly of texts from the 1970s and 1980s, contains Markopoulos' most distinct, dense and rewarding writings. His aspirations for this gift to the 'new film spectator', expounded in prose and poetic forms, become increasingly metaphysical. Markopoulos' annoyance with the apparent misunderstanding of his endeavour often surfaces, but the negativity that is expressed is perhaps there as a form of provocation, a source of encouragement. One of his major irritations is falseness, in its many guises.

Half of the chapter is occupied by texts that were distributed at the outdoor screenings in Greece from 1980 to 1986.[19] The covers of these large format folios each featured the same image of a grasshopper, an Ancient Greek symbol of nobility and immortality, that came to stand as an emblem for the project.

Late in life, Markopoulos saw in Temenos the potential for creating a different kind of social unit that would make his vision of homosexuality an existential reality. His purpose was to cultivate a self-awareness within a distinct audience and to have that audience support his work. Writing of an "assembly of adult males" ("The Silk Road", 1982) and "a pure audience of men" ("Unification of the Frame", 1992), he outlined his intention that Temenos screenings should be attended only by male spectators. This view is not shared by Robert Beavers, who has organised the Temenos events in Greece from 2004 onwards, and is not borne out by the diverse audiences who travelled to be there.

The phrase 'filmmaker physician', first suggested in 1966, appears frequently from 1986 onwards. The idea of Temenos was partly inspired by the 'asclepieia', ancient temples where pilgrims would be cured by receiving visions in dream-like states. Visiting Temenos was to be an equally restorative experience in which the tranquillity of the location, and the journey toward it, away from our everyday lives, are all contributing factors to the value of the viewing experience.

* * *

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[19] With the exception of 1980 and 1982, the Temenos presentation texts included writings by Robert Beavers.

Despite minor adjustments to conform the texts for this publication – which include adapting spellings to UK English, correcting obvious typographic errors present in the originals, and amending punctuation – Markopoulos' idiosyncratic use of language remains intact. Sentences may be unusually constructed, requiring several readings in order to decipher his unusual phrasing. Inconsistencies in capitalisation or italics, which Markopoulos used for emphasis, have (except in the cases of film titles, which are now always italicised) been retained. The formats of previously published texts have been reproduced as closely as possible. The original copies of all of Markopoulos' writings remain available for consultation in the Temenos Archive.

Unless they could not accurately be determined, the date and location of writing is indicated at the end of each article. For texts that exist in multiple drafts or versions, I have generally favoured the published version. The source for each is identified in the endnotes. "Aei Kalon" appears to have been used as a title for two completely different texts, both written in verse form. The first, from 15 May 1985, was published by Temenos that same year. Another text with the same title was found in the *Sovereignty* manuscripts and has a completion date of 21 December 1985. Both are included herein.

All footnotes are Markopoulos' originals. New endnotes, added by myself, present translations of Greek titles and foreign language phrases, and identify people and works mentioned in the texts. These endnotes, prepared with the help of Robert Beavers and others, elaborate on some of the references alluded to by Markopoulos. Others remain obscure and perhaps were intended as such. Further understanding, as with the films, is down to the individual.

I will leave it to others to analyse the texts and debate the positive or negative aspects of Markopoulos' beliefs. My contribution is to make available what I regard is a significant body of writing in the hope that it will stimulate debate and encourage further understanding of the work and aspirations of this important filmmaker.

Mark Webber
January 2014

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I am extremely grateful to Robert Beavers for providing access to the wealth of materials in the Markopoulos library, and for giving permission for the writings to be collected together in this volume. Robert has been extremely patient and understanding during the book's long gestation, and has generously shared his knowledge of Markopoulos' life and work throughout. My introduction is in large part based on his answers to my many questions.

I am also indebted to P. Adams Sitney for his continued support and insight. We are fortunate to be able to include his foreword which relates the writings to Markopoulos' film practice and provides valuable information on his biography and theoretical advances.

Tony Pipolo read and commented on the first draft manuscript. George Syrimis and Marina Gioti offered advice on the Greek language and translations. Jonas Mekas always responded to my sporadic inquiries on Markopoulos and historical events.

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MARKOPOULOS WRITINGS

Gregory J. Markopoulos was a prolific writer. He published a book of poems, his journal for the production of the film *Serenity*, his essays on cinema in several slim volumes, and numerous broadsides. Many of his essays have hitherto gone uncollected. Furthermore, he kept a diary all of his adult life, which is housed in the Temenos archives along with his massive correspondence. This collection brings together almost all of the published texts and a few that remained in manuscript when he died in 1992. It forms a comprehensive exposition of his ideas on cinema as they evolved from the mid 1950s until his death.

Markopoulos distrusted systematic theoretical discourses and never intended to produce one. There is very little exposition or sustained argument in the essays collected in this book, and what there is of it diminishes with the years. Early on, he writes of the filmmakers who impress and inspire him; he recounts his experiences as a filmmaker; he records his insights and sketches his plans. After meeting Robert Beavers in 1965, he seldom writes of any other filmmakers. They lived together in a number of European countries until Markopoulos died. When he is not discussing his own work, he is expressing his enthusiasm for Beavers' films. This proceeds for a decade, film by film.

After 1976 almost all of Markopoulos' writing focuses on the exhibitions and plans of what he called the Temenos, a Wagnerian project for a cinematic pilgrimage site devoted to his and Beavers' works. The notion of such a site seems to have struck the filmmaker sometime in the late 1960s. It evolved in purely theoretical terms for a least a decade, perhaps in dialectical opposition to the Anthology Film Archives which initiated the utopian phase of its project in 1970. Markopoulos' writings on the Temenos focused somewhat more concretely once a site had been chosen in the Peloponnese in 1980. For seven years he and Beavers held alfresco screenings there every summer.

Through the late 1980s Markopoulos reedited almost all of his films into the twenty-two cycles of *Eniaios*, the summa of his art that would be shown exclusively at the Temenos site. His death in 1992 prevented him from seeing any of that film printed or projected. Under Beavers' guidance, the Temenos resumed its continuing exhibition in 2004, 2008 and 2012, with the initial cycles of *Eniaios* being shown there in three weekend festivals. The intention is for this process to continue every four years as more reels are prepared for projection.

From the very first texts in this collection we can see that the young filmmaker had an extraordinary sense of mission and absolute faith in his instincts. The account of the abandoned 1951 film *L'Arbre aux champignons* begins with the inspiration of sorcery and speaks of the filmmaker's process as akin to dreaming. The even earlier diary of Robert C. Freeman Jr., quoted in "From Fanshawe to Swain," records with wonder the uncanny reliance of the young filmmaker on his muses: "When in a few instances I have protested obscurity of purpose and inconsistency, he (dictator as he admits himself to be) claims some sort of divine guardian (his achievements support him strongly) in his inconsistent consistency." The oxymoron "inconsistent consistency" might well characterise Markopoulos' entire poetics. He is an Emersonian, like so many other major American avant-garde filmmakers, who took to heart the warning of "Self-Reliance:" "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do."

As Markopoulos became a more experienced writer and filmmaker his articulations of the divine guardianship of which Freeman wrote became more and more sophisticated, while many of the reversals of his polemical positions are startling: when he wrote "The Driving Rhythm" in 1966 he had already begun to use the fade mechanism of his Bolex camera, yet he asserted that "from the very beginning of my interest with the medium of film I regarded the use of fade-ins, fade-outs, dissolves and other such effects with complete abhorrence." In essays of the early 1970s, he states that the use of fades in and out are central structural principles of his work. "Stille Nacht" (1961) opens with the laudatory line: "For some twenty-one films, Stan Brakhage has been invading the motion picture screen, possessed with the majesty of silence." Yet, four years later, in "Inherent Limitations" he cites Brakhage as an example of a filmmaker who ignores the essential function of sound and consequently "refuse[s] to understand the element invested in the human form." Ironically, Markopoulos ultimately decided to divest his lifework of its soundtracks and present his final work *Eniaios* silently at the Temenos. The only trace of that decision in this volume, however, is a cryptic remark in "The Unification of the Frame" (1990): "for the Filmmaker Physicians, the stupendous act of belief is, even now, the return of the image in its entirety; the sound removed, the space of the image regained." Markopoulos' astonishing confidence in the influx of the creative imagination always outweighs his previous strictures. To be a serious filmmaker is to be free of all laws, even one's own.

His 1965 lecture "Inherent Limitations," advising Robert Beavers to abjure specialised training and learn the craft of filmmaking by making his own films right away, is an elaborate and nuanced version of his rejection fifteen years earlier of Freeman's idea that they collaborate on a film project he had been nourishing. Do it yourself, Markopoulos told Freeman. The letter to Beavers is also the first written indication of what was to be a decisive shift in Markopoulos' allegiance to the filmmakers of the American avant-garde cinema. Two years earlier, in "Projection of Thoughts" he enthused over the community of artists who had founded the Film-Makers' Cooperative: "every one of them that divine fire and confidence which the ancient Greeks called *thrasos*. That is to say insolence. But insolence of a divine nature." Now disillusioned with their collective energies, he envisions a subsequent phase of the migration of the "creative spirit": "full of greater illumination." He suggests that such a migration might entail leaving New York, and perhaps leaving the United States, as he was to do two years after sending the letter.

In 1960 Markopoulos had been the only filmmaker with a genuine pedigree in the American avant-garde cinema to join the New American Cinema Group when Jonas Mekas founded it. Mekas at that time envisioned an American equivalent to the contemporaneous emergence of the Nouvelle Vague in France, and similar phenomena in Italy, Poland, and Great Britain. Like the other members of the NAC Group, Markopoulos had hopes for making and distributing 35mm feature films in America. Since the mid-1950s he had been engaged in the production of *Serenity*, which he shot silently on 35mm in Greece. He was editing the film and completing its soundtrack (in four languages) when he joined Mekas' group and joined in their first (and only) collective participation at Gian Carlo Menotti's Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy, in 1960, where Markopoulos showed *Serenity* as a work-in-progress. Some of the earliest texts collected in this volume reflect his hopes for the film as a watershed in his career. "Psyche's Search for the Herb of Invulnerability" was written as a lecture delivered in Athens around the time *Serenity* was begun.

His descriptions of the Spoleto screenings turned out to be the most thorough accounts we possess of those historical events. Yet Markopoulos writes neither as a film critic nor an historian; he is always the filmmaker; so, significantly, he includes in his report some notes he jotted on the return flight for his next film, *Twice a Man*, a work that would actually be the turning point of his filmmaking.

The difficulties Markopoulos endured in making *Serenity* – the dissolution of his promised funding, the disappearance of all copies of the film the way he edited it – was the most dramatic, but not the only disaster that befell the NAC Group. Within a year, it was clear that none of the 35mm films completed by its members would get commercial distribution. Mekas turned his energies to founding the Film-Makers' Cooperative, in theory a vehicle for the distribution of all films submitted by their makers, but in practice an agency for avant-garde filmmakers largely working in 16mm. Markopoulos was the only member of the NAC Group to join Mekas in that venture when it began, although a few others allowed the Cooperative to forward requests for their films directly to them and would later make use of it when its success was proven. The largest contingent of filmmakers came over from Cinema 16, which had been selective in deciding which artists and which of their films they would promote. Of the first generation of members of the Film-Makers' Cooperative, Stan Brakhage, Stan Vanderbeek, Robert Breer, Marie Menken and Kenneth Anger had released some of their films through Cinema 16; Ron Rice and Ken Jacobs were among the artists who had not distributed work previously. Markopoulos saw the release of creative energy and the enthusiasm of cinematic discoveries that attended the early manifestations of this foundational moment as a religious phenomenon. If, on the one hand, the filmmakers were possessed by *thrasos*, the audience of the Film-Makers' Cinematheque (the exhibition vehicle of the early Film-Makers' Cooperative in New York) were seen as a Dionysiac confraternity in "Institutions, Customs, Landscapes" (1960):

"Undergoing examination, holding firm, munching on sandwiches, drinking cognac from tiny flasks, motionless, entranced (like the initiates at Delphi) the New Cinema Spectators at the Film-Makers' Cinematheque became future spectators, i.e., actors, the real, the actual, existing in the present but involved thusly, in the Past and in the Future. Beginning by tolerating himself, tolerating the spectator next to him, tolerating the total assembly of spectators in the tradition of the ancient theatre of Greece, aloof and apart from the sense of boredom, of posing, of brooding (as is the case in the Broadway Palaces and even at Lincoln Centre), the New Cinema Spectator begins to reflect the Silver Screen, and many an emotion which has not glistened as truly as on Mediterranean or Chaldean mirrors returns with joy incising the Light Years, Past, Present and Future, while mixing with the waves of Sound outside the body Face. Gradually, the New Cinema Spectator reconsiders time itself his own, his dearest possession from sunrise to sunset. To sit through [Warhol's] *Sleep*, [Brakhage's] *The Art of Vision*, or the proposed *The Last Homeric Laugh* [by Markopoulos] (a total retelling of the "Iliad" by Homer) becomes an inevitable religious act: containing all that the Sciences, various as they are, very often do not contain, and often as not do not communicate to the average spectator."

Here we find, *in nuce*, the basis for the visionary exfoliation of the projection situation that will eventuate in the Temenos. That concept entails a special theory of the film spectator, which is one of Markopoulos' most fascinating contributions to film theory. Rejecting the sociological models of the film audience, as well as psychoanalytical accounts of spectatorship, he posits a viewer, new to the history of cinema, but congruent to ancient notions of ritual theatre. In this formulation the exceptionally long film seems an important ingredient, but it will not remain so in his writings on the film spectator, despite the fact that his ultimate project, *Eniaios*, is one of the longest films ever made.

To satisfy thoroughly the religious dimension of cinema would require what the filmmaker obscurely called "immediate visionary speculation" inherent in the films themselves. He used this expression to qualify his praise for Kenneth Anger's *Scorpio Rising*: "*Scorpio Rising* with all its brilliance lacks for me one of the great requirements of this greatest art, motion pictures: the need for immediate visionary speculation such as is found in the simplicity of Genet's *Un chant d'amour*, in the magnificence of Stan Brakhage's work, in the awakening art of Jack Smith." I believe the closest he ever comes to defining this quality is the peroration of "Inherent Limitations" where, as perhaps elsewhere, he uses the term "Eternity" as functionally the equivalent of "immediate visionary speculation."

Markopoulos was baptised and raised in the Greek Orthodox Church, but his concept of religion owes even more to his readings of the ancient Greek poets and Plato. One place in Markopoulos' writings where pagan Greek religion and Orthodoxy converge is in the figure of the "artist-physician." In adapting the myth of Hippolytus in *Twice a Man*, he referred to the figure of Asclepius (whom he also made Hippolytus' lover) by that designation, although the mythological sources designated him as the god of healing whose "arts" are exclusively medicinal. The dual role of artist and physician is traditionally assigned to the Evangelist St. Luke in Christian iconography. In fact, the Orthodox Churches attribute the origins of holy icons to him, and he is especially venerated as the first painter of images of Mary. The concept of the artist-physician becomes a central factor in Markopoulos' film writings beginning in the late 1960s. It quickly shifts to the formulation "film-maker-physician," which he frequently uses as an honorific term for Robert Beavers.

The allusions to the therapeutic potential of cinema, and specifically of the Temenos screenings, suggest that Markopoulos conceived his great project as a modern version of the Asclepian cult sites (such as Kos and Epidauros) which he filmed specifically for incorporation in *Eniaios*. The implication is that the Temenos pilgrimage would be a cure for the media pollution, false artistic values and fashions, psychological and sociological criticism, the obtuseness of cinematheques and similar institutions to what he calls "film as film," and the other cultural and political deviations the filmmaker prophetically railed against in many of his later essays.

In 1963, while editing *Twice a Man*, Markopoulos published "Toward a New Narrative Film Form": "I propose a new narrative form through the fusion of the classic montage technique with a more abstract system. This system involves the use of short film phrases which evoke thought-images. Each film phrase is composed of certain select frames that are similar to the harmonic units found in musical composition. The film phrases establish ulterior relationships among themselves; in classic montage technique there is a constant reference to the continuing shot: in my abstract system there is a complex of differing frames being repeated." Narrative is the key term in this central although very brief essay. The innovation he proposes depends, in its initial formulation, on the interaction of single frame bursts with more traditional narrative continuity. In the case of *Twice a Man*, the film proceeds in a narrative sequence in which relatively long shots follow each other with the temporal logic the filmmaker had employed since making *Psyche* in 1947. However, at almost every moment of the juncture of two long, sequential shots, he inserted a flurry of single frame images, some forecasting the shot to come, some recapitulating a point in the shot which was ending, and sometimes flashing other moments of the film, past and future. Significantly he conceived of this innovation in psychological terms; they were "thought-images" of the characters depicted in the longer shots.

Soon Markopoulos' practice and theory of the single frame would renounce the psychological analogy. The narrative matrix would cease to be an essential dimension of his films and his writing about them. Instead, the rhythmic and connotative forces of the film frame would become the centre of his work. Although he was not the first filmmaker to make extensive use of very brief shots, including single frames, he was the first to give the matter theoretical expression. Breer, Brakhage, and Kubelka had made such editing strategies signature aspects of their filmmaking.[1] Breer never entered the domain of film theory, Brakhage never addressed the issue of single frame editing directly, and Kubelka (whose theories often intersect with those of Markopoulos in fascinating ways) maintained a stubborn silence about his working methods and ideas on cinema until he was first welcomed by American audiences in 1966. The theoretical work for which he is known was largely formulated in the 1970s.

Rapid editing was not new to Markopoulos. He had used extended montage scenes in *Psyche* and *Swain*. But these were gestures of recapitulation that accented the psychological crises at the climax of those films. In *Twice a Man*, and theoretically in "Toward a New Narrative Film Form," the rapid montage became much faster and, more significantly, it was distributed over the entire film. He had even experimented with filming in short bursts as early as *Lysis* (1949) where, driven by economic necessity, he had edited his film in the process of shooting it. In the late 1960s when he began to make cinematic portraits and evocations of places, he returned to this technique and gave it new theoretical articulation. This is what he refers to when he writes in

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[1] Jonas Mekas did not begin to use the single frame mechanism of his Bolex camera in recording his cinematic diaries until after 1963, to the best of my knowledge.

"Correspondences of Smell and Visuals" (1967): "It is true that Eisenstein, Dovzhenko, Gance, and Griffith used short phrases. The difference, however is that they cut into phrases. They did not begin with the premise of taking short phrases. Technically and psychologically, the difference should become apparent to anyone wishing to consider the problem ..." Composition in the camera makes the narrative deployment of single frames in the manner of *Twice a Man* impossible. Yet in "The Filmmaker as the Physician of the Future" (also 1967) he asserts that both strategies should be viewed from the same perspective:

"To those creative film spectators who would understand the two films, *Through a Lens Brightly: Mark Turbyfill* and *Himself as Herself* [...] I would suggest the following:

A – Do not attempt to single out any one film frame or series of film frames passing across the screen, and thus neglect others. Such abstraction would lead to a total misunderstanding of either film.

B – To view the film as image composed to image, regardless if it is only a single frame. It is the Invisible that the film spectator must seek. This Invisible will lead him forwards and backwards and ultimately towards the Future; the future in this case is the understanding of the films."

This implies that the single frame editing of *Himself as Herself*, ostensibly the same system as *Twice a Man*, does not intend to evoke thought-images, but instead forgoes narrative, and with it the temporality that narratives articulate. In a mere three years of intensive practice and theorising the filmmaker had come to a vision of cinema as a metaphysical tool for revealing what he sometimes calls "True Reality" or "eternity":

"What it does to the film spectator is not so much to tell him who is this and who is that, but rather, because of the shortness or longness of the images, to reveal in *after images* what the film is about. An emotional illusion is created towards everyone's search for the True Reality. I say True Reality, for I have always felt very strongly that there is a very, very great element of "eternity" in each bit of film."

At the same time that he began to formulate his theory of the function of the single frame, Markopoulos speculated on a new function of film sound. Here he was calling upon his current practice rather than a longstanding tendency of his cinema. His first sound films utilised musical compositions of which he was fond. In this respect he followed the practice of several other avant-garde filmmakers, such as Kenneth Anger, Oskar Fischinger and Harry Smith. He put Ralph Vaughan Williams' *Serenade to Music* with *Psyche* and *Christmas U.S.A.*; Honegger's *La danse des morts* with *Lysis*, Milhaud with *Charmides*, and for *Swain* he used Villa-Lobos. Yet from the start of his career he had written scripts and imagined that he would make films with synchronised dialogue once he found the economic means. That had been his plan for *Serenity* before the producer's sabotage of the film drove him to a new phase of inventiveness: he created and recorded a voiceover commentary in four languages. Likewise *Twice a Man* had been conceived first as a talking film, then as a combination of several voiceover monologues, but after he recorded the voice of Olympia Dukakis as his Phaedra he hit upon one of his most startling innovations. He cut into her words, fragmenting sentences in a manner analogous to his single frame editing of the visual track.

By the early 1960s the rather casual practice of providing an avant-garde film with a soundtrack excerpted from a single piece of recorded music was dying along with the rarer practice of commissioning a musical score as Maas, Broughton, Menken, Hugo and others had done. Markopoulos' focus on the potential complexities of the soundtrack was in keeping with the thought and practice of some of his most prominent fellow artists. His correspondence on the subject with Stan Brakhage was published in *Film Culture* No. 29 (1963) along with interventions from the composer James Tenney. Andy Warhol's acquisition in 1964 of an Auricon camera, with which he recorded sound directly on 16mm film without the intermediate step of a tape transfer, allowed him to make a feature length talking film nearly every other week. In 1965 he made twenty-six sound films, some incorporating refilmed video images and occasionally shown on two screens simultaneously. Peter Kubelka came to the United States in 1966 and began to tour with his films and thus began his theoretical work. On completing *Unsere Afrikareise*, the film became a model for his theory of the "sync event" in which he posits the unique power of cinema residing in the ability to synchronise visuals and sounds that do not occur together in nature.

Markopoulos began to articulate his thoughts on sound cinema in this environment but, as with his theory of the single frame, he reflected more intensely on his own previous intuitive practice than on the contributions of his colleagues. However, he never proposed a unitary formal element for the soundtrack to function as the single frame does in his writings about visual representation. The argument of the important 1967 essay "Towards a New Sound Complement for Motion Pictures" turns on the implied principles that the auditory "complement" should be unique to each film and derived with spontaneous intuition from the process of composing the visual imagery of that film. Thus, for example, because of his practice throughout the 1960s, he came retrospectively to a new realisation in 1971 about the sound-picture relationship of *Charmides* (1949): "The music utilised for *Charmides* is Darius Milhaud's *Protée*. Psychological distance between image and sound, in this case music, *becomes* the film." For *The Illiac Passion* he recorded his own voice reading from Thoreau's translation of *Prometheus Bound*; he repeated many words and phrases several times as he skipped through the play. In some of the late 1960s films he continued to quote from classical music, but never for the full length of a film. For instance, he carefully fragmented Poulenc's *Gloria* for *Himself as Herself* (1966), Wagner's *Five Songs for Mathilde Wesendonk* in *Ming Green* (1966), Roussel's *Serenade* in *Gammelion* (1968), Beethoven's *Fidelio* in *Sorrows* (1969). He used Indian bells minimally in *Galaxie* (1966) and read brief passages from Rilke and Valéry in *Gammelion* and *Political Portraits* (1969) respectively. He also contemplated using an Auricon and letting his actors say whatever came to their minds for his Byzantine-inspired but unrealised project *Ascension*. He intended to superimpose sound over the spontaneous track to create the auditory equivalent to his multilayered visual compositions such as *Galaxie*.

As late as 1972, while he was envisioning possibilities for the Temenos, he meditated radical options for sound (see "The Complex Illusion"): "Once, I believe it was in 1958, I considered the projected area of film might be peered down into, rather than stared at; this was while at the theatre in Delphi. The question is how to subscribe to the sound; it must perforce emerge from some subterranean element; and the audience must experience a visual incubation such as in the ancient temenoi where the patient was visited by the illusions of his malady." In these two sentences we find the remarkable continuity of Markopoulos' thought and the nucleus of his core ideas. In a visit to the oracular site of Delphi, while shooting *Serenity*, he considered the possible convergence of ancient ritual theatre with cinematic projection. The disjunctive use of sound remained problematic even thirteen years later when he revisited the idea in terms of Asclepian medicine.

As Markopoulos envisioned him, the physician god Asclepius was the lover of Hippolytus. That would be consistent with the view of homosexuality that underlies some of his essays and even inflects some of his theoretical positions. Markopoulos was proud of his homosexuality. He had contempt for those who attempted to repress homosexuals or deny their own homoerotic impulses. Following Plato, he posited an aristocratic ideal of male love (which he sometimes called "Athenianism") as an enlightened quest for beauty and spiritual value. In this way, his Athenianism linked him and his work to a great tradition which he considered crucial to his vocation. It seems that the obscure references to "race" and "grasshopper race" which slip in between allusions to his Greek heritage refer to his idealisation of homosexuality.

The influence of Plato is profound and persistent in Markopoulos' films and writings. The second and third parts of the trilogy *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort* take their titles and themes from Platonic dialogues. He begins his essay on the sound complement by citing the *Timaeus*, "Believing more and more in the truth inherent in Plato's dictum *that time is the moving image of eternity* I propose a new sound complement for motion pictures." In "A Solemn Pause" (1971) he assigns to the alternation of fades a role comparable to that of the speakers in Plato: "One technical element is the use I have devised for fades – fade-ins and fade-outs – which depending on the length or duration, which depending on their placement in the film construction carry the counterpart effect similar to the dialogues of Plato." Consequently, in "Erb and Tree" (1975), he takes the unexpected appearance of a volume of the dialogues in the Piazza of San Marco as an auspicious augury for Beavers' film *Ruskin*: "There in front of us, the volume of the *Socratic Dialogues of Plato*, in Greek. The eventful sign. Athenianism is always the Beginning and the End." All of these allusions to Plato are deeply personal and manifestly tangential to the contexts the filmmaker assigns them. Markopoulos was never a Platonist in any strict sense. He certainly never shared Plato's disdain for art. With Plato, as with all of his productive reading, the filmmaker seized upon phrases and notions that confirmed or extended his own intuitions and speculations. Formulations concerning the soul, eternity, the metaphysical dimensions of Eros, chaos and light, and the ultimate vindication of the

Socratic outsider apparently struck a chord in his reading. But above all, it is the form and movement of Plato's dialogues, I believe, that inspired the artist and theoretician. The repeated examination of concepts, the tentative or hypothetical status of doctrines, and the conviction that there is always more at stake than can be uncovered in the moment would seem to be important ideas Markopoulos drew from his lifelong reading of Plato.

The metaphysical assertions that had always been a factor in Markopoulos' theoretical speculations assumed Blakean proportions by the 1970s. A pertinent example would be found in "The Intuition Space" (1973) where he postulates an enigmatic duality in "reality" and suggests that its apocalyptic meaning will be revealed to the initiated through "film as film":

"The Content of a film image is like a magnificent, super terrestrial, chlorophyllic process (in constant Evolution) which creates, and at the same time preserves or imbues, enforces, a sense of human reality. A human reality, always, incomprehensible. Incomprehensible because of the existence of the Gigantic Reality; with both Human Reality and the Gigantic Reality forever doomed in a state of Illusion as opposites.

In this state of the Illusion of opposites, the Human Reality retains its state only so long as it remains unresolved; and, the Gigantic Reality forbids any communication with Human Reality, or Meaning itself, until the ultimate moment is achieved or revealed."

Reading through this volume of Markopoulos' writings, we come upon two love stories. The first is embedded in the oldest layer of the text; for as we read the excerpts from Robert C. Freeman Jr.'s diary of the making of *Swain* (1950), we get intimations of his increasing fascination with the filmmaker. Significantly, Markopoulos' extraordinary conviction in the inspired nature of his momentary intuitions and his exploitation of chance events plays a crucial role in Freeman's growing infatuation. Yet this early romance is of interest insofar as it anticipates and illuminates the central passion revealed in these essays, Markopoulos' love for Robert Beavers.

His writings on Beavers begin dramatically with the one word sentence: "Recognition." The older filmmaker finds himself pondering the meaning of recognition in the very act of acknowledging the genius of the young ephebe. To recognise that genius entails seeing an aspect of Orpheus in Beavers, who has left the United States "... in order to exist.

This in order to make films. This in order to charm the souls of the beasts who claim that his country is without Song." He also identifies the young filmmaker with Eros, an allegorical figure for the creative spirit of beauty as articulated in Plato's *Symposium* and *Phaedrus*. In later essays he will come to call him the filmmaker-physician and the Christmas Child, quoting and meditating on his aphorisms.

In the subsequent decade he devoted an essay to each of Beavers' films (except *The Painting* [1972] which he briefly mentions in "The Complex Illusion") up to the *Sotiros* series (1975–77). For many years these were the only sustained accounts in print of many of these films. They remain the most valuable guide we have to the evolution of Beavers' working processes and his thought.[2] In writing these essays Markopoulos exemplified the ideal of the film spectator prophesied in his texts on the Temenos. Such a spectator must enthusiastically submit to the autonomy of the film he sees with wonder and without prejudice. In "10th of July, 1967" he clarified the difficulties one filmmaker has watching another work: "I, as a filmmaker, observing Venus' latest born, can only suggest and suggest, I am certain, inaccurately. A filmmaker can never understand during the filming, especially, what another filmmaker is doing. The reason for this being simply put, that the filmmaker observing the film being made, at every turn and twist that the head, elbows, shoulders and legs of the filmmaker at work make, knows he would do it differently; desires to do it differently; almost urges the filmmaker at work to do it differently." Nowhere does Markopoulos take any of the credit he deserves for nurturing Beavers' art. He writes as if he were always surprised, enthralled, and instructed by it.

Beavers' films presented him with occasions to reconsider many of the central themes of his own writings. In fact, he saw within them an evolving theory of the nature of pure cinema. Reacting, perhaps, to academic interest in film theory in the early 1970s, and its concomitant revival of the writings of Soviet filmmaker-theoreticians, Markopoulos characteristically dismissed them. In "In Other Words It Is His Tongue" (1971) he affirmed that *Plan of Brussels, Diminished Frame, Early Monthly Segments* (then tentatively entitled *Degeneration*), and the recent *From the Notebook of...* constituted for those with the perspicuity to see it "a theory developed and expounded in the total and successful apprehension of his medium as a cosmos within a cosmos." Similarly, Beavers' innovative deployment of asynchronous sound in film after film spurred on Markopoulos' speculation of sound and image relationships.

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[2] In addition, several essays by Robert Beavers have been published and his filming notebooks are kept in the Temenos Archive.

After an accident in July 1976, when a Greek bus hit both filmmakers and left Beavers severely injured, the extraordinary pace of the latter's film production diminished. He completed the *Sotiros* series which he had commenced before the accident and four other films before Markopoulos death in 1992. During the last fifteen years of his life, Markopoulos concentrated on realising the Temenos project and eventually on reediting most of his films into the eighty-hour long *Eniaios*. His writings during that period tend to be more allusive, focussed on the visionary future of the Temenos rather than on completed achievements. Generally, Markopoulos positions himself and Beavers as epicentres of the Temenos rather than as the creators of individual films in the later essays and poems.

The psychic cost of Markopoulos' visionary enterprise, as evidence by his late writings, was enormous. After 1968 he writes only about his own work and Beavers', until his enthusiasm for Beavers' work reads like a reflex of his intense, but self-imposed, isolation. Eventually he dismisses the achievements of his contemporaries and most of his predecessors in the medium (his attitude toward D. W. Griffith, though equivocal, seems to be the exception – see his 1985 letter to the deceased filmmaker). Therefore "film as film" becomes exclusively identified with the works of Markopoulos and Beavers. As this process is developing, his conception of the film spectator becomes more and more messianic – an exceptional few or even a single anointed viewer will appear in the coming Millennium to grasp the salvific achievements of the two filmmakers. Furthermore, the jeremiad against film institutions, academies, governments, and heterosexual culture becomes increasingly cryptic.

In the decades since Markopoulos' death, Robert Beavers has worked indefatigably to make the Temenos a reality. This has entailed restoring thousands of splices in the reels of *Eniaios* – an ongoing process of which the first eight cycles, almost thirty hours, have been screened at the first three Temenos festivals. In addition to restoring *Eniaios*, Beavers has repaired the relations Markopoulos had severed with the institutions of film exhibition, study and preservation. First with monumental retrospectives of his films at the American Center in Paris and the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, and later with carefully selected presentations at many archives and museums, he has made the previously unavailable films accessible to a new audience. He has established the Temenos Association to support this work and maintains an archive of Markopoulos' diaries, scripts, correspondence, and manuscripts in Zürich. This volume of the filmmaker's writings represents an important step in the revitalisation of Markopoulos' reputation.

P. Adams Sitney
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As a consequence of unavoidable delays in the publication of this volume, most of this essay will also appear in the final chapter of P. Adams Sitney's The Cinema of Poetry (Oxford University Press, 2014).

I

CINEMA THE IDEAL

AN EXPOSITION

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THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE CINEMA IN OUR AGE

Today, the Cinema is still in its infancy. That is to say, that even with the monumental technical achievements in the mechanics of Cinema, we still lack a true form of Cinema. We lack a film form.

The Cinema began as a representative of the photograph, and as a representative of the Theatre. From the beginning until today it has been chaos. In the beginning there was fruitlessness in the attempts of the very early film creators as to how to utilize the monster known as the camera; for the camera is truly a monster. In reality the camera is the black spirit of Cinema, and the film creator must learn to anticipate its every attempt to dominate the original IDEA during the production of a film.

With this Cyclops of the one eye, the early film creators, such as the great Griffith, Ince, and later Stroheim, Eisenstein, and much later von Sternberg, Murnau and Dreyer gave us a sense of what film form might become. They each gave us, according to their own individual tastes, a sense of the well proportioned, and the well composed film image. But within this film image there were obviously people who had to move, to play-act, and there it seems to me the Cinema has remained to this day.

Of course, sound was born, and the various types of screens came into existence, but these have not helped the Cinema. The pictures are becoming continuously larger, and the sound continuously louder. The appeal is to the appendage eye and ear; not to the heart which as Schiller said, "Gives Grace To Every Art."[i]

For me, the Cinema lacks a soul, a *psyche*. It is no longer necessary to make films from ordinary adaptations and cheap novels. We have the urgent themes of a universal world and of our own era to present upon the screen; and, for each of these, the Cinema needs a particular form of presentation.

On the stage the actor's movements are exaggerated to give the distant meaning which is assumed takes place between the actor and the Theatre spectator. It is said that the Theatre is intimate. It is not.

There is nothing more distant than the Theatre spectator, and especially the Theatre spectator of today, and the actor. The actor as IDEA. And yet, in the Cinema which is so often accused of not being intimate, yet it is intimate, there is the focus of attention between the film image and the eye of the spectator. In fact the focus of attention is so great, that if used properly, and according to a set of rules proper to each individual film creator's purpose, the Cinema can reach the very seat of the film spectator's *psyche*.

If in the Theatre the parts of the body are used by the actor for exaggerated purposes, in the Cinema the parts of the body should be utilized by the film creator to reveal the action. The film creator if he wishes to use an eye, must not only use the eye, but the parts of the eye. If the lips are to be used, the features of the lips themselves should be utilized. If it is a matter of smiling, it must not only be the smile which is utilized, but the very parts which make up the smile. Further, if it is a matter of running, jumping, walking, slipping, dancing, each part must be related to the film creator's original IDEA. The original IDEA in a given film work must be consistent in the words, if words are used, in the coeval use of sound, in the use of the proper lens, in the need for music, and even in the lesser uses of costumes and sets; both interior and exterior.

Each film creator must be morally responsible for his work, whether it be narrative, lyrical, or epic. Film creators must create for the world they live in, and from which they perceive each work. The danger in any work lies in the fact that the creator believes only in himself.

For me, personally, the Cinema is music; is music with its contrapuntal elaborations. Cinema is the noble metaphysical Art of our age, and of our one world without boundaries. Cinema can show us in what aspects we differ from one another, and in what aspects we remain the same. Cinema can draw nations together, and dissolve boundaries between groups of men. Lastly, Cinema is the representative of Life which no other Art can give us, so truly.

This lecture was delivered at a meeting of the Nea Estia society, Athens, in December 1955.[ii]

CINEMA THE IDEAL

Unconsciously, today's film spectator is witnessing the royal birth of truly individual film forms. The concern of Cinema as a conscious ideal, as the inspiring form which creates ideas, and gives direction to society clearing the poisoned courses of conditioned thinking is taking place in the United States. America's young filmmakers who have been nutrified on Cinema are re-evaluating the multiforms of this noble art. Not the Cinema which deals with documentary and educational or entertainment material, but the pure Cinema which is the direct product of the filmmaker's spirit; the poetry which he guards as his only soul.

The basic delight in life is the soaring of the imagination. But the flight must not be Icarian. Neither too near nor too far from the sun. A certain distance must be consistently maintained between the filmmaker and the great force which moulds minds, bodies and cultures toward peace or war.

The delphic guardians of the poetic spirit of Cinema have been only a handful. Among them are to be named: Josef von Sternberg (*Salvation Hunters, The Sea Gull, The Devil is a Woman*); Erich von Stroheim (*Greed*); Genina (*Prix de beauté*); Jean Cocteau (*Orphée*); Robert Bresson (*Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne*); Carl Theodor Dreyer (*The Strange Adventure of David Gray*); Leni Riefenstahl (*Olympia*, Parts One and Two); Sergei Mikhailovich Eisenstein (*Ivan the Terrible*); Charles Chaplin (*Limelight*); Nazimova (*Salomé*); Roberto Rossellini (*The Miracle, The Flowers of St. Francis*); and the works of Dimitri Kirsanov. Along all these filmmakers there is only one who has realized in his works that element which is a sense – not an imitation, par example, *Moulin Rouge, Gone with the Wind, Seventh Heaven, Sunrise* – of all the arts combined in a pure Cinema, *Poetry*. He is Dimitri Kirsanov.

More than any other art, Cinema is involved with eternity and brings serenity to the film spectator. Indeed, what is often called modern in the arts of the Theatre, Painting, Sculpture and Writing is no more than that symbol of time in Cinema which they unsuccessfully have challenged through the centuries. In Cinema, the flow of time, the ruthlessness of space projected on a limited space, combine to acknowledge eternity which creates serenity. For this reason Cinema heralds the new society.

Within a matter of one minute (recall the early hand-coloured Pathé films) to lengths as long as nine hours (the new work of Fellini, *La Dolce Vita*, is part of a nine hour project), Cinema illustrates, destroys, inspires, and in some few cases ennobles the film spectator. Thus, Cinema is the absolute representative of Chaos which through the sublime intervention of the filmmaker becomes the initiative of the future. Each film frame, like a precious corpuscle, permits the film spectator to gain entrance beyond the limited dimensions of his daily life, and return refreshed and inspired from the chthonian chamber where he has been sitting in inspiring darkness before the glass beaded screen.

In the American Eastman Color film *Serenity*, based on the novel of Elias Venezis, which was made in Greece, I was primarily concerned with the universal elements of Venezis' novel. The great disaster of 1922 when a million people were interchanged between the Greek and Turkish governments was only the demoniac point. Research proved to me that both governments were at fault. In view of their errors I sought to establish through my own personal aesthetic doctrine the idea of serenity in *Serenity*. Even in the midst of the Boschian terrors of bringing a film work to its completion, a stubborn war had to be waged in order to preserve any poetry in my work. Fortunately there were some decisive victories.

Soon after my return from Rome to the United States – I had been editing the work print of *Serenity* – my attorneys were obliged to order a conference between the financiers, their associate, and myself. Among the important subjects discussed was that of my proposal to use four languages almost simultaneously and consistently throughout the film to complement an otherwise extremely pictorial visual conception. All efforts on the part of the financiers and their associate to have me recant and abandon my four language proposal were met with defeat. Though the battle was won, it meant that I had to record the material and pay for the equipment necessary for the recording sessions myself.

English, Greek, German, and Russian are the languages utilized. Obviously, the first such effort had to be limited in scope. At the first preview of the four languages I experienced the song universal of diverse tongues linked together. Concurrently they retained their own independence in the most harmonious innate manner.

Cinema the ideal is the challenge of the filmmaker today and tomorrow. How courageously they will be able to meet the challenge remains unknown. One can only hope that some of them will prove themselves sons of the earth shaker, Poseidon.

30th of August, 1960
New York City

This article dedicated to G. C.[i]

STO PALIKARI

Merging colours! Fierce projections! A vision for Film resting still on the mind, waiting for that possible moment when its architect will with increase and decrease of Aspiration, Toil and Dissent achieve it. Henceforth, contradictions considered as the bewildering safeguards from which we would bolt with all the vital strength within us. The very, present World's Anger, never once shattering, annihilating, the resplendent purpose.

Meanwhile, as I resist, as you resist, the questions will persist: Who is filming? What are the names of the new films? Where are the young filmmakers showing their work? How has film developed between 1960 and 1968? What has become of the character of film, filmmaking, and filmmakers in the period mentioned? What is the illusion which has been fostered? What is a filmmaker working apart? What is a filmmaker relying upon the immediate contact with other filmmakers? What is the publicity of the New Cinema? What has been the publicity of the New Cinema? Who has profited aesthetically from the publicity of the New Cinema? Who has profited politically from the publicity of the New Cinema? Why has publicity replaced what might be the New Cinema? Why are *cooperatives* needed when there are few new films? Why do filmmakers lack imagination of purpose? Why do filmmakers ignore their Best: that is, their limitations? Why is there the jealousy of this cooperative and that cooperative? Why has the worst that is commercial infiltrated, on even a lesser level, into the New Cinema? Why do filmmakers concern themselves with the trivialities: where to show their films, how to begin, and why begin another film? Why do foundations reject merit in favour of mediocrity? Why do foundations recoil in the face of filmmakers who will not join their elected camp? Where are the patrons of the New Cinema hiding? What do the patrons of the New Cinema want in return for their interest? Should the patrons of the New Cinema want anything in return for their patronage? What is the sublime gesture of patronage? Who is responsible for the continued devaluation of *the supreme art* which is film? Why do colleges prevent filmmakers from owning their film originals? Why do new film institutes insist on entering into the business of film contracts before they may permit a filmmaker assistance? Why do the mediocre professionals invite filmmakers to make films and then gently coerce them into the lowering of all Intentions? Why do the television stations organize student programs which also function on the basis of a gentle, peaceful coercion system? Why do the galleries lack the imagination to sell films through a limited print sales plan? Where are the New Cinema film collectors? Who will be the first New Cinema film collectors? Who will be the first New Cinema film collectors who shall be the first, true patrons of New Cinema films which shall be made?

No more questions: the marvel is film, filmmaking and the filmmaker who persists before the wonder that is the film. The patrons will replace the distributors and the producers. The reward and delight of the patrons of the New Cinema shall be as an individual Joy: the Joy which is as the wonder of Friendship. It is only when this occurs that the film, thus far treated as a fragile and inferior child, will begin to mature. With maturity will come the desire for its proper preservation; for its proper care; for its proper projection; none of which seems possible today, even in the best (still the poorest) finance of the film cinémathèques.

1st of September, 1968
Zürich

TOWARDS A CONSTRUCTIVE COMPLEX IN PROJECTION

I am prompted to write this for a number of reasons: (a) because of a recent tour to Holland and Switzerland; (b) because of more than several discussions I have had in Bruxelles, with the French and Flemish students of INSAS, and, also, with the students of the Free University of Bruxelles; (c) because of continued problems with the printing of my motion picture *Gammelion*; (d) because of the continued grave situation of the serious, creative filmmaker throughout the entire world. For the filmmaker's situation is no different today than it was twenty years ago; that is to say, the filmmaker seriously engaged to his work, and not to some passing, *temporary or long*, it does not matter, Ideological, Political or Social Fancy, must continue to work very much alone. It is not living in an ivory tower by choice, but rather with effort, and what I have often suggested, with grim determination, avoiding the ills, those ills of which Shakespeare spoke so eloquently in *Hamlet*. That these ills when applied to the world of the motion picture are multifold and daily are continuing to confound the serious filmmaker, if not the commercial film industry itself, becomes apparent when: (a) one considers the state of film projection in theatres, in schools, and elsewhere; (b) one considers the state of laboratories; (c) one considers the state of filmmaking itself.

It seems that always in this fast ending Twentieth Century, and in centuries past, that the great potentials have been relegated to a kind of false oblivion. This is true in all the Art-Sciences: Art-Sciences for one is never separable from the other. One is as *heart* to the other, just as one is *mind* to the other; always interchangeable and all powerful: Purposeful when utilized in their most sublime function: *Searching, Researching*. Yet the imperfect and confused attitudes of men seem destined always to progress curiously. I am reminded of the film student who recently asked, "What are the experimental methods which you employ?" This student did not understand that a filmmaker does not deliberately seek the experimental; that a filmmaker does not in reality *search for experimental methods for experimental methods' sake*; that a filmmaker does not employ experimental methods he has heard of or seen; *and*, that if a filmmaker does make a discovery, (*it should be postulated that it does not matter if the discovery is:* (a) new, or (b) whether the discovery is new for the filmmaker himself: both are equal) it is dubbed *experimental*, usually by a critic, a student of the film, or by the film spectators themselves. All three, of course, believing that by calling something Experimental, that they perceive Meaning itself! Thus, the purposeful intentions of the filmmaker are confounded by that worst ill of our civilization: deliberately trying to communicate what should rather be slowly learned; in this case the style and feeling which is completely different from one filmmaker to another.

I have suggested that the imperfect attitudes of men progress first through Commerce, buoyant beyond the very needs of mankind; buoyant beyond the natural needs of Commerce itself; buoyant under the guise and aura of attitudes which permit that debatable faltering of Mankind. Time itself is the jocular, daily delay; the hawking eagle of Progress is the sore of Pretence.

Let me mention the filmmaker and, in the same breath, the man of Commerce. Both are wary of one another, of one another's decisions: both succumb equally. And each are obliged if not eager to ignore the other's wareful attitude, inorder to Protect and add Progress to the other's wareful attitude. The discredit and pain which follows each decision is part of the secret service agreed upon and never admitted to by both parties.

With the motion picture the motion picture frame, its novel accompaniment till now sound, and the method of projection were from the advent of celluloid's invention relegated by the merchants of the medium to the kind of false oblivion mentioned in my first paragraph. Certainly, the merchants that persist in the medium of motion pictures, not to mention the other arts are of two varieties: (a) the producer, and, (b) the variety which he attracts to his web; the variety which nets the profits for him under the aura and damnation of the present commercial cinema round the world. That this has even now besieged the New American Cinema, goes without saying. And its inevitable demise is, unhappily, assured by the progress of such Intentions? It is for me, this very fact, that causes me to say the filmmaker is in as bad a situation today as he ever was!

Returning to the motion picture film frame, its novel accompaniment till now sound, and the method of projection: these three although relegated to their respective false oblivions by the merchants of motion pictures were, nevertheless, indirectly assured of their salvation from a total oblivion. The disadvantages to which these three – *frame, sound, projection* – were subjected for reasons of questionable entertainment have since become the Necessity which is the sharp ascent towards the *film as film*. This ascent is known to all filmmakers and it is with slippery footholds that this essay is concerned. To become aware of the footholds, to persevere, to ascend is to be a filmmaker; and similarly its complement is the New Film Spectator!

Today when the merchants of the motion picture are once again redrafting before the image of socio-political attitudes, before the image of socio-aesthetic attitudes (I consider Pop Art), all the clichés of distribution, that is for enticing the public, it is imperative for the serious filmmaker, for the New Film Spectator to reconsider the reasons he has accepted the imperfect in film: *frame, sound, projection*. It is a matter of re-evaluating what has been taken for granted. Taste, time, knowledge, concern play their role; and they should play an even greater role. Demands should be made; but let the demands not be presumptuous questions to filmmakers who in presenting their work have spoken, have presented their inmost concerns. Rather let the demands begin with quality of projection: for in the future the projectionist shall be not so much an ordinary technician or worker as he will need to be not unlike a symphony conductor. Someone who realizes that from one film to another (*creative film*) there is as much difference as there may be between a composition by Beethoven and a composition by Stockhausen. But it does not cease there. There is the matter of how and where a film is presented; the room temperature, the comfort of the space involved, the intensity of the illumination, the concern with which the architects did or did not ignore the construction, of the space proper and conducive to the presentation of film, the concern with which the manufacturers of projection machines produced their projectors without being false to their audiences. The filmmaker, the New Film Spectator must look with dismay on the use of improper lenses for projection, the use of plastic lenses or imperfect zoom lenses which blur the image, make it flat.

Thus, the future of the *film as film* lies as much in projection as it does in anything else. The New Projection of films in double copies run side by side; films in double copy one projected forwards and one backwards, side by side; films in which the screen is in triptych, but unlike Abel Gance's *Napoleon*; films in which the films are projected first on the central screen, and then other parts come into play on either side with variations during the projection itself; films in which the images are reflected upon glass; or even, as Robert Beavers has suggested films in which a complex of a mirror is held in front of the lens, reconstructing the image upon the screen's surface, and beyond the screen's surface.

It seems, finally, that all that is *film as film* may be accomplished by those who are the New Film Spectators, by those who must be agreeable to the New Projection, by those who must care and preserve the film image which contains eternity. And each of these must, most naturally admit, that *interest*, that *freedom*, rests in *knowing one's limitations*; and in *accepting one's limitations*.

23rd of May, 1968
Petit Sablon, Bruxelles

A SUPREME ART IN A DARK AGE

I

I am writing this essay from a land which was, until a few weeks ago, nearly unknown to me; this, even though, I had been here on a brief and curious film presentation during circa 1968. This presentation had been sponsored by the Nederlands Filmmuseum. However, this time, the museum and I have necessarily parted ways on ethical and idealistic levels, and so I have become acquainted through a vast amount of almost daily travel by train and on foot with the country itself. It is a country which was described to me quite appropriately as a vast *laboratorium*. To this I accede, and add, that with its importation of brain power from the west, coupled with its own capabilities, it resembles more what happened with the mischief achieved by the sorcerer's apprentice: *recall the music by Dukas*. But this is true of Europe in general.

Upon my arrival it became apparent that there would be a tremendous opposition to the film presentations I have had to arrange myself. Opposition due to: (a) from the would-be commercial film promoters; (b) from the so-called benefactors and protectors of film; (c) from educators; (d) from totally ignorant cine-club masses. My sole alternative was to continue, even as Erasmus would have done were he living today. It is curious to note how many times my discussions have been brought to a deliberate conclusion as I began explaining the crux of *film as film*.

Example A – in the Hague at the Museum of Education, during a brilliantly projected moment of *Palinode* and *The Count of Days*, I encountered a violent reaction to the film work by middle-aged and elderly spectators. From their hopelessly sightless and immobile attitudes emerged such phrases as, "these films should not be shown ... they will drive people crazy ..." and "... modern art is not art, it is just decoration ..." There was no possibility of understanding. It was similar to a presentation which was held some years ago of *Eros, O Basileus* at the University of Heidelberg in Germany. At that time the students were full of derision until Beavers, who was presenting the work, demanded that the projector be turned off until the students returned to normality which they did. But at the Museum of Education I was thanked and ushered to the bleak exit of the place.

Example B – in Arnhem at the Arts Academy my period of explanation was brought to a hasty conclusion as I was thanked profusely at the following point: A young woman was saying, "but in class we must explain why we are using such a colour ... why we are using such a form ..." And to this I replied, "Then you are not involved with painting ..."

I am not certain who is responsible for this false hope for understanding, which students and cine-club audiences seem to demand, and feel it is their privilege to demand. It is, of course, not a search for understanding which takes years to discover, but a false need for understanding to that degree which is not only not necessary but virtually impossible. It is no different than, say, a lawyer trying to achieve towards a delicate operation which can only befit a surgeon's skill. Why people in general demand immediate knowledge of the medium of *film as film* is incomprehensible.

II

Today there seem to be three fronts which involve the medium of film: (a) the creative film which is the use of *film as film*; (b) the use of film as a material for painting; (c) the use of film as video.

All three (a), (b), and (c), claim to be the language of film. And yet with barely a few exceptions the language of film is virtually non-existent for the simple reason that the medium itself is being continuously perverted in one direction or another. *In the case of* (a), the creative film is suffering from every malignant growth possible. There is so little vital criticism of the medium of the film that is not surrounded by the commercial film view (look at any of the available volumes in any library or bookshop), by the psychological, outdated, inaccurate views of critics like Tyler; by the auteur misconceptions of Sarris; by the sophisticated, but inaccurate approaches of Arnheim; by the political/historical approaches of Kracauer or Jacobs. What remains? That which must become the function of the first true critics of the medium of *film as film*.

In the case of (b), the use of film as a material comparable to painting which is the jest now being played by artists all too certain of themselves, and by galleries seeking to preserve their functions as galleries, there is the general attitude that film has never existed until now. This is apparent in such exhibitions as the *Sonsbeek* and the *Prospekt 71*; and will become even more apparent at the book fair in Germany in 1972. It is incredible how film is taken as a mere raw material as if to skyscrape film itself! It is high flying for painters at this moment, and all common sense and creative sense flown out of the window in favour of achieving some commerce in the guise of supposed concern for the buyer/spectator.

The level of understanding film is as follows: I approached a gallery owner who professed interest in film and who had just purchased a new projector in anticipation of the interest in film, to purchase one of my film prints. Her general attitude was that: (a) she could not buy until she learned more; (b) that she would enjoy seeing all the work available, which meant I would have served her free as a kind of educating force; (c) she knew what works in painting the public liked; and she purchased only what she liked; and she knew what she liked! (d) no, she believed in the work of her central artists; and at the same time she used the word over and over again – *investment*. On that basis, and being told she had worked as a banker for ten years, how could one achieve any understanding beyond banking investment. That is not the level the creative filmmaker works from, incredible as it may seem in this moment when science has become blinding in investment for the future.

In the case of (c), the use of film as video, one is overcome with disgust. A system, which is not in reality new, is unleashed for the public good; for the public enlightenment. But the ultimate result will be no different than it has been before; *before* meaning the chaos which has been caused on the whole by audio-visual education. The advantages of video are immediate use and projection without processing; but the very use and results achieved with all the usual items listed as effects, running slowly, backwards, etc., are still film; though in the case of video a perversion of film itself. It is a kind of instrument for recording, but no more.

Of course, this instrument of recording will be placed in practically all the classrooms; but at the same time, who will know how to use the instrument at hand. Who will be informed of its grave and unusual limitations? Who will be concerned that it is not the instrument of language or understanding which its sponsors state it is? And who will realize what may well be, for the first time, its very poor visual immersion implications during viewing?

III

Being so far north I miss the soul which is the Mediterranean. It is the fashion today to designate it as a sick soul; just as it is the fashion in politics to designate the area as the sick Mediterranean. Eyes are cast deliberately towards the East. The Magus of understanding has once again become elusive in its search for the Vision of Truth. The language which was *avant-garde* died to *experimental films*, and *experimental films* died to *underground*, and now *underground* has died to *cinétique*. And none of it was ever the language of film; let alone *film as film*. It is only the vital interest and effort and work which is and makes the filmmaker that can achieve to a language of film. All the strained efforts of culture today cannot regulate the creative necessity. The best example is the constant spectre of the *documentary* and now *political* film; the formula forever looming, appearing, disappearing, appearing again. The results are always the same: impure, boring. No different than the enforced films made in film academies everywhere in their sum total exactly alike – one only need think of the performances and banalities of the festivals of Oberhausen and Mannheim.

There is evident today a false sense of experimentation and the equally false sense of research. All research in the end negates itself when it ignores the principle which is the creative necessity. In the medium of film, of *film as film, the creative film*, there is no deliberate attempt to research: just as there is never any deliberate attempt to experiment. The point, the moment, the thought involved is acute; and it can only be reached through work after work; through many a decision and indecision. It is the decision and indecision which create the language of film. For each filmmaker working with the medium of *film as film* is the moment that he does and does not hesitate. But the unknown principle is what cannot be taught how and where, and for what reason to hesitate and not to hesitate. That is the genius which is the native creative act. Some may attempt to computerize this creative act which is the spirit, but the formula will be basically inhuman in human terms. *There is a difference between the inhuman human, and the inhuman in or of nature.* The one is machine achieved as in computerizing, while the other is natural to the Universe, and is what the ancients designated as Chaos. Let no one think it strange that such terms be used – for after all we are and have been sinking into the New Dark Ages.

To achieve towards a language of the film, the filmmaker must dismiss the idea of sound related to image; that is not the language of film. It has been only the form of the commercial motion picture. There must be an integral growth of the language of each individual filmmaker. It is no different, this moot idea, than it has been in the past in literature, in painting, in music. Today, the idea of film is so great that it stirs bad imagery and effects in every one of the old arts: literature, painting, music, and dance. In literature one has the sustaining effects of Robbe-Grillet; in painting one has the deviations of someone like Jan Dibbets; in music one has the visualizations of Diacono;[i] in dance one has the filmic allusions of movement of today's modern dance choreographers. All is become fast motion, slow motion: Hans Werner Henze, Hans van Manen.

IV

Recherches/Picturales/Avant-garde/Cinema Underground

Little did I know when I first made my film at the age of twelve, *The Christmas Carol*, three minutes long, and later *Twice a Man*, that the language of film was in constant birth within me, myself as filmmaker. I have had no delusions about it, and for this reason I am able to believe in, and conceive *film as film*, the Supreme Art. And it is a basic love and, thereafter, understanding of the arts of painting, literature, dance, and music which permits me to acknowledge the fact that in film alone is it possible on this level of love and understanding to be so inspired as to beckon these older arts to command. I emphasize to command as points of inspiration not as imitation; for today it is imitation which rules in the other diminishing arts with their always diminishing audiences.

The 70's mock image is that there have been revolutions both in the life scenarios of the populations of the world, and in the arts. But on close inspection one realizes that the revolutions were but irresponsible provocations whose end result still did not erase the basic problems involved, let us for simplicity's sake name them *the Basic Economies*. They persist; *for persistence is growth; for persistence is Man's vanity*. Return to the museums and behold the Rubens and the Frans Hals! Return to the cinemas and behold the films of DeMille and D.W. Griffith! Return to the theatres and behold Bertolt Brecht and Arthur Miller! Return to the libraries and behold Hemingway and Moravia! In these, the errors of compromise before compromise was even necessary, becomes evident.

With information running rampant, and the arts become a vicious conglomeration of imitation from one art to another in the name of Advance and confused with the notion *modern*, the film, too, finds itself, usually, in a nightmare of ideas in superimposition. It is no longer the act of creating, but of taking. One need only consider the state of dance in theatre today and music. One of the most pitiful wastes is, of course, electronic music; the futile attempt to equate to the Infinite, virtually beyond Creation itself.

There can be no hope in what is called research itself; research is only evident at the precise and never calculated moment when the filmmaker decides to be a filmmaker, and takes the materials in hand and begins his work. To seek an explanation of this and to herald experimentation, research, etc., as a noble achievement is to add to the darkness of the age at hand. *Film is without a doubt a supreme art in a dark age.*

20th of December, 1971
Amsterdam

DANTE PRESENT

What is criticism?

Criticisms are the varied green trees which I behold from my window this cloudy mid-afternoon, here in Firenze where I have been for more than several months. Somehow, these trees have all merged together into a setting on the distant hills. They stand today, perhaps, critical, and in utter contempt of the roof tops, the red tiles which mean so much to the poet Carlo Betocchi.[i] They disdain any association with the city save as a triumph of the landscape. Even the clouds above these trees which nourish them and upon which they depend seem to receive no benefits. Only to the eye of the beholder do they speak; but even to such, Distance becomes the secret language with which the conversation takes place.

But what is the conversation?

It is the thought which makes clouds possible. These multiplying clouds this quarter to three in the afternoon. Clouds with pale blue expanses which become total white in the paintings of Signorelli.[ii] Yet all is a matter of space. Space in the Afternoon. Space before a retouched, that is, reconstructed fresco by Raphael. Space before intelligent concern. Space in which to build. Space in which to migrate beyond intelligent concern. Space in which to develop escapes from ordinary concerns inorder to perceive the Meaning which is Criticism.

From Meaning to Criticism:

Just as meaning, because of need, presents itself creatively to the viewer or thinker; so, too, criticism, presents itself to the doubter. Before even the work is in sight, today's tendency is to create criticism. Criticism as the precocious genius of the times parades as the Truth of Reality in a given art. Certainly this is true in the medium of the motion picture which is at an all time low level. One has only to consider the recent gymnastics of television with their financial promotions of motion pictures to serve two fold and three fold purposes.

What is criticism:

But the pale ghost of human chatter as the printed word; and not even the first word of Criticism. Only a Deluge can insure its demise.

29th of May, 1971
Firenze

INHERENT LIMITATIONS

Recently a young student from Massachusetts wrote to inform me that he had failed in obtaining a lecture on my behalf during the Autumn Semester. In the very same communication he asked:

"Another matter: I am interested in your opinion of what a 'Filmmaker's education' should consist of. Would be grateful for any amount of thought on the subject."[1]

I am not completely convinced how this petition dare be answered. But having given assurance that there would be a reply forthcoming before the month of October was over, I am seizing this evening's favourable juncture to reply, oracularly, to the question of what, I believe, should comprise the education of a filmmaker, or whether, indeed there should be any systematic instruction. As might be expected, I must, with all good intentions, have recourse to those associations of this difficult and most doubtful question that might very well, at one time, have affected and related to my own individual circumstances as a student of the motion picture medium.

Towards the final pages of his autobiography, the Greek author Nikos Kazantzakis states: "The creator's responsibility is a great one; he opens a road that may entice the future and force it to make up its mind."[2]

Responsibility. To act without detailed guidance. That which one must do one way and only one way; without compromise, without opposition, without the interference of external forces is the cross-shaped, fractional part, about which the filmmaker's soul is arranged, according to his Muse and Demon. This cross-shaped inheritance traces itself upon Life's Surface and is usually punctuated by the filmmaker's parents. And the signs which enable the filmmaker to chant his always measured, monotonous song as he must are unmistakable. Direct, inflexible, precise,

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1. Letter from student, R.B.B., October 6, 1965. Markopoulos Journal, *Ein Edelweiss*, Volume 20.

2. Nikos Kazantzakis, *Report to Greco.*

unyielding as Man, Woman, Child,[3] the filmmaker lays stress upon himself towards the great deep of primordial matter; and, this act or condition becomes the multiplying unit of his craftsmanship. Unknowingly, the filmmaker contains within himself that self-annihilating element which chains him to the supreme actuating force that becomes his devotion to film.

The present day finds most filmmakers raptured, but without definite goals. They fail to comprehend that the creative individual must of natural necessity pursue points of inspiration and points of departure. How this is to be achieved in a soulless, disinterested and unimaginative society which is concerned only with money, ugliness and war, I do not know. The filmmaker must anxiously seek a haven, not only separately from soulless and unimaginative society, but also independently from his fellow filmmakers; and more particularly from those artisans who would pervert celluloid beyond the human and reasonable which are its inherent qualities. Again, how this can be resolved I do not know.

Some years ago there had been a good deal of desperate desire and some expectation, that perhaps here in New York City, the filmmaker might have functioned as a filmmaker. That a mode of action had been found by which each individual could fulfil his purpose. A design that would enable all filmmakers, no matter what their temperaments, to enter into mutual sympathy with one another; sharing not only the available equipment, but also vibrating, both sober reflection and its corresponding cosmism. Unfortunately such a company of aspirants, before the horror of celluloid, were so newly attuned to the glamour and formlessness of their purpose, that their often shapeless filmic attempts, without determinate or regular form became brilliant essays of pure and impure experimentation; but never any masterpieces. As in such cases, there was without doubt a passionate intensity. But it seems in danger of being short lived. One of the reasons being that the dynamic, minute portion of power that had attempted to bind, connect and unite the filmmakers had done so through a well meaning coercion; without the actual permission or sanction of the individual filmmakers. Thus the filmmaker, certainly, in New York City, now wonders if he shall be able to regain possession of his creative spirit and look with renewed expectation and desire, to another phase, a second quarter, full of greater illumination.

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[3] Markopoulos, *Poems*. ('Narcissus', Verse 3.)
"The sun's frontal slipped away;
came down from the moon's ridges to Narcissus' face
Gemmating upon his laughter;
- Eclogue: you are a man;
Tomorrow a woman; And then apparent child."

For the student who may or may not be a filmmaker, there is a phenomenon with which he must struggle. It is a cluster like a disease which stultifies the constitution of that uncommon individual who is creative. This swarm is composed of: the non-creative individual and the clever intellectual. The non-creative individual and the clever intellectual believe that what is revealed to them has never before been acknowledged by mankind; that their books, their instruments, and technical facilities enable them to inquire into the unknown and to turn to account the unbelievable. Incredible sums of monies are expended for education, for medicine, for the performing arts, for science, for technology, but very little for the Arts and the basic needs of the creative individual. What there is of the public's image of art, in this case, the medium of film, is directed either by businessmen or by compelling cephalopod[4] agencies that oversee even the movements of well-meaning directors of foundations. In the case of the film, the belief is that, perhaps, someday there will be popular support of the motion picture as an art: but, until then, the patronage must be left to private patrons. What can the filmmaker do? Where can he go? How can he begin? How can he survive, when before him loom the major disasters of Lincoln Center,[5] of the Metropolitan Opera House,[6] and more pitiable, New York City's vampyrish network in the fields of art, ballet, education, literature and music. No one seems to realise that the imminent disaster, beyond which no other exists or is possible, will be the Consequence upon the rest of the United States. In the present state of the decayed arts in New York City, I would suggest that the salvation of one creative individual is worth the illiteracy of eleven thousand people.

I do not know as I ponder the question where the filmmaker of today, if he is genuinely a filmmaker, is to seek nourishment and breath; where he can feel the slight movement of air. Should he leave the country or remain? If he leaves the United States where will he venture? Once when I had the same problem I decided that I would despatch a letter to the film school in Moscow. It was towards the end of the Second World War, and I had heard somewhere that it was the place to attend. After waiting for six months I received a short reply saying I would be welcome if the State Department issued a permit for travel. I never requested this favour from the State Department. Instead I decided to attend the Cinema Department of the University of Southern California. For a year and a half I struggled to learn what I did not want to learn. I was no worshipper of degrees; and, I noticed, more and more, each hour, each day, each week, each month, that the film courses[7] permitted no sense of inspiration for the medium I had loved since I was twelve years old. My instructors were mostly dull men who had been recently released from the Army's Motion Picture Units, and had happened upon their positions as instructors of the film. For nearly a year I sensed that this was a place where the *film as film* was being mocked. The end result was that I began making my first 16mm colour film based on the unfinished novelette of Pierre Louÿs.[8] With concern for my medium, intoxicated with colour, light and beautiful bodies, I worked a few hours, days, weeks apart with borrowed cameras, tripods and exposure meters, until, if I recall correctly, I had completed the 20 minute project a year or so later: 1947–48. What ensued in the Cinema Department was total consternation that I had dared to create a film which was in harmony with my ideals and those circumstances which required some immediate course for my creative spirit.

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[4] Mollusc with distinct tentacled head. (Concise Oxford D.)

[5] Balanchine's *Don Quixote*.

[6] The new production of *Faust*.

I sincerely believe that the filmmaker must become enamoured of the odour of celluloid, splicing cement, projection exhalations; he must feel the exhilaration through the pores of his skin. With each 100' reel that he projects he must learn to discard all excess footage. Later he will realize that what he has been discarding is the clue to his particular film form. He must continue filming; he must continue working. He must never be obsessed with any formula save that always tentative formula which in time will become his style. He must seek neither Fantasy nor Reality. Such a filmmaker must miraculously approach himself, and recognize the single world myth within him: the eternal fire that in destroying unites man. He must abhor Psychological and Sociological implications. What he contains of the passions of humankind will become apparent soon enough as he maintains the normal pace of his native creative needs. The blossom that he imparts from himself to his spectators will be his work and will embrace, naturally, the deepest relation to those few of his spectators who will grasp the total work. Those few will understand, they will recognise the very terrible, daily encounter of the filmmaker's Sight and Sound. Others will barely perceive the intent of a particular work. Still others will vault a beautiful work, jealous and fearful of its beauty.[9]

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[7] The true filmmaker should ignore all such courses (usually theatrically orientated) as: Film Design I, Film Workshop I, History of Films, Editing I, Animation Drawing I, Story Board I, Animation Workshop I.

[8] *Psyche*, first part of the trilogy: *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort*, 16mm, colour, sound. The protagonists were portrayed by Ann Wells and George Emmons.

This brings me to the final suggestion, and is, again, based on the beautiful: the ideal beautiful not the beautiful ideal. It must contain what is inviting to both the eye and ear. Too often, filmmakers[10] will ignore the components of sound. They will refuse to understand the element invested in the human form; the combination of qualities that become the film's colour, proportion and shape. It is expedient that the student filmmaker should dismiss *the word* as he has learned to accept it. But he must meet it hostilely and anew. He must drink the black, white, natural draft of all systems (the decayed: writing, painting, music) and ravish the screen with his own vision, so that hopefully some eyes will be turned to his direction; so that hopefully some eyes and ears will be turned to the direction of Eternity. Whether the filmmaker will aspire to joining his images with natural speech, narrative, or a re-orchestration of speech as is the case in the motion picture *Twice a Man*, he must, if he is creating in the image of man (and not in the image of a cyclops) bestow speech. If he intends only a mechanical manipulation of some foreign inspiration (I think of John Cage) for the sound then the filmmaker will become confused. What is needed is a redesigning of words or combinations of words that illustrate the agitation of a given image or action. Thus the image retains the action (visually) and the sound in turn becomes the Thespian approaching our inner consciousness; the vibrations combined and recombined to dramatic purpose. The throb of the ear combines with the pulse of the heart and ascends to the twice divided brain transforming for the spectator the world of the filmmaker's Being. Remaining within himself the filmmaker recognises the whole universe.[11] Such an individual surrenders to film. If he happens to be fortunate, and possessed of both Muse and Demon, he unloosens with this surrender all the forces that are FILM; and, if he is truly a Filmmaker, a divine manifestation, sometimes small, sometimes large, becomes the basis of his finished work.

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[9] One of the basic sicknesses of our society, this fear of the *beau ideal*.

[10] Brakhage, *The Art of Vision*.

If you would be such a filmmaker, Robert, look to no one for an answer as to what a "Filmmaker's education should consist of." To quote Mr. W. McNeil Lowry, Director of the Ford Foundation Program in Humanities and the Arts.

"... I would not want, if I were a graduate dean, to give either credits or degrees to technical (as distinguished from historical) proficiency in the arts beyond the first year. Under present conditions the best service you can perform for the potential artist is to throw him out. If he is more interested in the shadow than the substance, in pretence than in intensity, he will readily find his enclave somewhere else anyway. And if he just should happen to be an artist, he will begin his long and painful education."[12]

Autumn 1966
New York City

This lecture was delivered 29th of October, 1965, at New York University Christian Foundation Film Society.

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[11] "Without going out of the door
One can know the whole world;
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Tao Te Ching – Chap. XLVII

[12] W. McNeil Lowry, "The University and the Creative Arts", *Educational Theatre Journal*, Volume XIV, No. 2, May 1962.

THE PYRAMID OF SIGHT

For us.

For us, while others imagined, or were under the delusion, and false enthusiasm of imbedded Reason which they did not comprehend and still continue not to understand: producing, directing, distributing, there have been and continue to be the working decades. The decades of the Pyramid of Sight.

Without producers, nor in search of producers, we have remained true to the work. True to the unity of the work and each succeeding work. Without producers, without distributors we have remained distant from the imposed obstacles that producers and distributors create for those who attempt to gather their strengths within motion pictures.

After the Second World War, the Imagination, once more, began to be contaminated by the creatrix commerce; the image gradually polluted with *experimental* and *art film*; the latter in the hands of the couples who owned Art Theaters. Later, this was again to be repeated with couples, not only in the United States, but, also, in Europe; for instance, Köln where a couple who had investments in theatres, and wanted to make films, took to the road of creatrix commerce – again *Art in Film* and *Film in Art*.

Among the multitude of efforts to erase the consequences of the Second World War, festivals were organized and established everywhere. It was not very long before the fate of the Imagination was once more perverted and diminished. There sprung during this time as many certified film festivals as there were outbursts of certified nationalities, so much deplored by T. S. Eliot; his letter to Ford Madox Ford.

One such festival, during the summer of July 1949, was the *Festival of Biarritz*. A part of it, at the suggestion of Jean Cocteau, became known as the section *film maudit*. And, if in the United States those who were making films, asked themselves, "What am I? What am I doing? *I am experimental*." In Biarritz, and, later in Belgium the *what am I, what am I doing*, became *film maudit*. Years later Amos Vogel would pretend to the subversive film. Between *experimental* and *film* *maudit* the films were projected to the wide eyed, unsuspecting audiences who knew the commercial films, and, could never, and would never imagine that a purer doctrine of filmmaking existed; or that it would evolve into our *film as film*.

My own film *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort* was shown in London, in Knokke-le-Zoute, and, in Biarritz. The copies were returned months later, and, I had no idea what had taken place. The knowledge came several decades later. And, one was safeguarded for this reason.

It was in Biarritz that the *film maudit* took root for the usual reasons. Like the *avant-garde* it existed because there was so little if anything of quality. There was the film of Robert Bresson, *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne*. It was shown under the label *film maudit*. Newspaper articles in the guise of precise information (a disguise for promotion), stated that since this film, Bresson had not been allowed to make another film; another film since five years. It is interesting to relate that many years later, in Köln, the little capital of educational film subversion, the *film maudit* was again used for the presentation of my work; a presentation at the Wallraf-Richartz-Museum, apart from the planned subway showings instituted by those who felt that one should join them, but did not.[i]

Through the many decades, the *secretariats* of the various cinémathèques, omnivorous, lacking the finer points which presume directions, and disciplines, continued in the gathering of films (*preservation copies* – often made from television copies); other people's property usurped because of the nature of film laws. It was to be no different when the kind Jonas Mekas and his band obtained copies of filmmakers' films.

Between Wien and Bruxelles the visible Corona Austrina; few stars, and, the accompanying, visible nebulosity. Ledoux celebrating with private dinners, the help of *UNESCO*, and the organizing of Knokke-le-Zoute. Konlechner and Kubelka, the illegitimate Peters of film perfection inviting penniless filmmakers to Wien (the famous city of pederasty), and, using the unfortunate methods of New York City, gave the impression to the official dispensers of government and city funds that they were helping the filmmakers to create films. But what was purchased was in time to become illegal. For it has been rumoured that the films collected, as a pretence for other activities, have had their contracts or agreements with the filmmakers rewritten. Thus, between the advances of Bruxelles, and the sumptuous dinners of the Österreichisches Filmmuseum, the filmmakers were saved: *Limbo*.

In all this the spectator suffered. He remained mystified by the *avant-garde*, and, a virtual somnambulist of the always provoked commercial film. The Czechoslovakian educational method of modifying the spectators' thoughts prevailed with what was being accomplished through the misuse of the supreme medium of motion pictures. An influencing of the mind at the mutual borders of East and West. The meetings continued; and, the enormous telephone calls from one saving institution to another grew greater. As in Plato, that which was *bad* was never at unity with itself, and would never be at unity with itself.

Nothing had been established. In the United States what the filmmakers were creating was being seen by the hyena: that is those who take. And how did they take? They came to New York, and elsewhere, saw what was being done and hurried home to do better; utilizing what they had seen as with Resnais, Godard and their associates. Godard forever remaking the films he has seen by American filmmakers.

Then, too, there was the Italian manner. The Italians would come to New York. They would arrange for the filmmakers to gather at someone's apartment in Central Park South. There would be someone present such as Antonioni. Film would be discussed. Some filmmakers foolishly, others naively, would discuss their situations; the matter of existing. Things would be remembered and forgotten. And, Antonioni would return with his newly acquired backing to Italy.

Once a scavenger of Fellini's telephoned and asked if I would have dinner with him. I agreed. Until two in the morning he continued to speak of the superiority and fantasy of Fellini. Of his genius, of his art, in the vein of the philosopher Alexander Gerard. But Gerard would have also said of "brightness", that which Fellini could never achieve. And he continued, never once forgetting to interject, *what was I doing*: *what did it mean*: *why not do it as Fellini*. Till one said good night; and, one never said, Good Morning.

Today, in the midst of the Christian Communist disaster, in the midst of the too much given, the motion picture is completely misused. There have been the early faces of motion pictures, the ensuing faces through the years, the faces through the war years, and, more recently, the incredibly perverse faces. There is no hope whatsoever for the youth; for they are being given nothing. Each moment for them is erased as Milton has said of Plato "through the altercation in the fashion of dress," and the use of primitive noise. To confound is the planned instruction. The supply of electronic fantasy is finite, and portends grave disorders. The hallucinating accord for the unfortunate and bewildered spectator has been completed. The sound collected is unable to change the character of those listening, and never those performing. The grave disorders are multiplying and the changes in the State become sudden, inevitable. Introduced, on every level, are the futuristic aspects of diseases; disease as sin, and sin as Disease. An artificial epidemic is conjured by the World Health Organization.

The totalitarian character of the animators, the corrupt experts (the *MONICA* conference in Augsburg recently – why not have called it Michael?),[ii] and those who are today's dismal restorers of motion pictures is reaching towards an apex. In the past there have been the miserable reconstructions of Dreyer's *Vampyr*, in Wien. *Vampyr*: "... collected sounds. What was the most sound ... abrupt cuts of sound synchronized to the image (at the beginning and end of the image)." And in München the reconstruction of Fritz Lang's *Nibelungen*.[iii] Lang suffering as much as Thomas Mann; both through their own generosity, again suffering. Generosity to those who reached them, to those who surrounded them. Allowing it was their error.

Will there ever Be?

Will there ever be a moment to benefit the illustrious Past? Who will found the new University of Leipzig? With its Franconian, Polish, Meissen and Saxon *nation*? Mazarin[iv] in 1611 created the Collège des Quatre-Nations, which the deceived of the French Revolution dissolved.

Who shall do it?

Who shall do it, for the *pais*, *ephebe*, and *kouros*?[v] Who will return the conscience, and give Conscience to them? As in Spenser, when he speaks of those astray,

> ... from their course astray,
> Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.[vi]

Today.

San Giovanni in Lateran. Three days: enroute to Rome by train through the continuous European Night. Sunrise and shades of a Belle Époque. This, inorder to accompany the filmmaker nearing Borromini[vii] and Iraqi.[viii] A schedule of filming three rolls of Eastman negative. Or three minutes of film per day. The same as the classic, daily commitment of the once normal film schedule. The five seconds close-up.

San Giovanni in Lateran. The fourth day of filming in Rome. Beavers mentioning the baptising of Constantine by S. Silvestro. Inside the basilica, "It's the first basilica of Rome." Suddenly a guard stopping, and, rushing to the Vatican for a permit. To the amazement of the guard, the permit gained within an hour. There, Helios basileus,[ix] as the great Filmmaker Physician, completed his work in beginning his work.

When the beloved listens, he gains. When the beloved and the lover both listen, then is there Harmony in the World.

27th of April, 1986
München

THE INTUITION SPACE

Premise: The life span of Cinema is barely the life span of today's mediocre elements; elements before the death struggle of the impending New Species; a new species which will, inevitably, emerge in two hundred years.

Theory: Time is a crystallization. A Universal particle: a particle in the long sentence which is the meaning of Man.

What men imagine is not unlike the risks of voyaging into the unknown. The dominant forces are Water and Air. Fire, itself has, for decades, if not for centuries, been smothered under the pretext of divine concerns.

We move in accelerated Time with our vision and movements reduced (probably retarded) before what we know as our time, and what we know through intuition or moments in science of other more universal times.

The film image is a crystallization of Time; indeed, a crystallization in Time. One particle of Time contains trillions of imprisoned images, and all those foreign bodies which create the sense of the image itself.

The Content of a film image is like a magnificent, super terrestrial, chlorophyllic process (in constant Evolution) which creates, and at the same time preserves or imbues, enforces, a sense of human reality. A human reality, always, incomprehensible. Incomprehensible because of the existence of the Gigantic Reality; with both Human Reality and the Gigantic Reality forever doomed in a state of Illusion as opposites.

In this state of the Illusion of opposites, the Human Reality retains its state only so long as it remains unresolved; and, the Gigantic Reality forbids any communication with Human Reality, or Meaning itself, until the ultimate moment is achieved or revealed.

PART ONE

The Unsuspected Mode

The question must be asked: What does the filmmaker see? What does the film spectator see? What does the film projectionist see?

The filmmaker, if he is truly a filmmaker, looks at a film image on a table; a sparse table. He views by hand, using a small magnifying piece, a single frame, a film image. This constant instant of contact produces the undisturbed vision which becomes the meaning of the work. What is the meaning of the work? *The Work Is The Meaning.*

The smaller the image, the greater the final creation which the filmmaker completes. The larger the image, the lesser the final creation which the filmmaker completes. It is in the insignificant moment that significance becomes disturbed and the power of filmmaking is established.

For the filmmaker to refrain from viewing his film rolls as images in movement is to imbue them with a far greater and extraordinary Movement. It is, perhaps, a fallacy to continue to believe that film is constant movement. The movement must be separated and achieved by the filmmaker's craftsmanship in editing. This craftsmanship of editing is a reflection which mirrors the art of meaning. The materials to this greater end are less known in today's filmmaking than they were fifty years ago. The reasons for this are the same, always the same: commerce.

An inspiring voice says, "Look how pink the branches look through the green leaves!"[1]

What we are dealing with is the use of the image, a single frame, as a measured element in the construction of films. Just as we cannot imagine the meaning of the universe, so too, in viewing on a table a single film frame or groups of film frames, we cannot imagine what they actually contain. We see the single frame. We hold it this way and that way; upside down, right side up, reversed. All sides seen and unseen. From these we begin to construct the life course, the filmic form of the work at hand. Whether one succeeds or not depends as in all the arts upon the gift which is individual of the, in this case, filmmaker before the divided elements before him. It is a rare privilege for the filmmaker to create for the film spectator a whole from the divided parts before him. That is filmmaking; that is creation; that is always a divine inheritance, never achieved, never learned, but continuously sought. The learned, the achieved are the entertainers.

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[1] RBB.

Who can dare to imagine what a single frame might contain? What future process could activate a single frame? What action could void its singular flatness and cause the necessary Collision? Could cause that collision which would animate the very contents of each, individual single frame?

One clue in many might be the emulsion; in the layers of emulsion which might magically yield the Essence they retain of an existence, heretofore, unknown. Just as a cloud appears and then vanishes and is certainly a prediction undecipherable to human eyes; just as white caps on a rough lake begin and end their journey from a moment of calm through a tempest to a moment of calm; so, too, the inherent clue in activating a single frame.

There are always secret laws, but obvious secret laws: the light which records and photographs; the light which develops; and, the light which projects. But a fourth light or source must exist which comprehends what the other three have merely appeared to capture and suspend. That is the issue. It could be speed. A speed measurable in Time itself; and, measurable in Time on an opposite scale; perhaps, in a retarded manner close to what we call the Invisible.

Robert Beavers has brilliantly suggested the invisible image between the frames which is seemingly never photographed; and that other invisible image between the film frames which is never projected. This is a basic clue of Revelation in Film. It is the reality of Dynamic Visual Thought not merely perceived but made visible. Add to this Content become the living thing; that is, again the sight of the Supreme Reality, what in the past was named a Vision, and one begins to realize that there is a secret path towards a dimension of film never before suspected.

PART TWO

The Immeasurable Barrier

Until now, the film spectator has imagined that he was viewing *a moving picture* on the screen. However, the fact that the moving picture is never in actual movement has never been considered by the film spectator. This one immeasurable barrier has prevented the film spectator from understanding not only what the nature of *film as film* is, but has prevented him from understanding, also, the Nature of what he is constantly being subjected to by the various types of films which he views. If the spectator imagined at one time that it was entertainment that he was viewing, it was not entertainment; if the spectator imagined that it was propaganda that he was viewing, it was not propaganda; and, if today, the still unenlightened film spectator imagines that he is viewing the *film as film* he is sadly in error.

An inspiring voice says, "If one tried to collect a perfect audience for film it would barely fill the projection room of the cinémathèque in Brussels."[2]

If the film spectator has been told that the film consists of: (1) the silent classics, (2) the Hollywood classics, (3) the foreign film – depending in which one country one is in, (4) the documentary film, (5) the educational film, (6) the industrial film, (7) the experimental film, the film student, today, is again told by the mediocre film agents who teach film, that the film consists of the political film. And from Munich to Salzburg; from Padova to Bologna to Taormina; from Oslo to Helsinki the grossest perversions of the medium continue and will continue unabated in the name of film education. Of course, the films that are being used consistently, and have always been used from the earliest examples to be found in articles of *Cahiers du cinéma*, with its cycle of film subjects repeated every five to ten years (as any research into the publication will reveal), are the classic film become out of the cycles of commercial films the directors or Autorenfilms: the filmmakers! All else, the *film as film* is absolutely dismissed.

Thus, it does not matter if one is an ignorant film spectator or an equally ignorant film student the result is the same: a calculated ignorance for the noblest medium of our time, if not of all time. A medium as noble as sculpture was for the ancient Greeks; for film deals with man. Man is form. Film is form. It is true one could imagine the world without film. But on the other hand one could not imagine the world without Form or even Man. Film is, thus, the Eternal Aspect of Life itself. It is the ennobling aspect that those who attempt to teach film never consider; would never consider to discuss, for the simple fact that they are dealers in Untruths; and, also because they fear the Titanic power of Inspiration and Freedom which such a revelation would unleash.

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[2] RBB.

There is no possibility that the film spectator of the Temenos of the Twenty-First Century will appear in the next decade, the awesome decade of continued violence and world strife. But here and there, a film spectator Nascent, will and Must follow a long and hazardous solitary ascent for many years in order to arrive in the vicinity of the Temenos of the Twenty-First Century. He may, in fact, never view a single film of the Temenos Catalogue, but he will Wish, will therefore Know what to reveal to him who has followed and is nearby. Both will be refreshed in the encounter of Film Understanding. One, *The One*, will find himself before the Space which will be for Beavers, for Markopoulos.

The Immeasurable Barrier is, then, the Act Of Unlearning. It is the act of disarming the meddlesome imagery of false facts which have nothing in common with the *film as film. Dismissed is the Art of Film! Dismissed is the Art of Vision! Dismissed is Film Culture! Dismissed is the Illusion itself!*

Heralded is Reality. The approach to the Human Reality, and the acknowledgement of the Gigantic Reality. The awakened is truth; *the truth which with Form and Content Becomes Evident in time with Time.* The sense of Reality is unchained; the dream life, the dream of daily life is Dispersed.

There is no language. There is no art. There is no knowledge. There is but *film as film*: the beginning and the eternal moment.

PART THREE

The Temenos

The projectionist of the Temenos must consider his will bound to silence. He must regulate the image and the sound as a constant to what the film spectator is beholding.

Light which passes the Time and is Time must be subjected to the intense speculations of what the spectator is anticipating. It is through Recognition that the film spectator of the Intuition Space of the Temenos will feel selected to observe the Choice which is the sublime work of Beavers and Markopoulos.

The image which is the reflection, the breath, the state of Thought and Action, the life in the works of Beavers and Markopoulos must be imparted to the film spectator of the Twenty-First Century in the purest visual projection possible. The mass must be the mass. The light must be the light. And, for the spectator the reception must be the triumph of the Intuition Space of the Temenos.

That which must distinguish the Absolute Definition, that is the inherent freedom of the works of Beavers and Markopoulos, shall be the simplicity of the Temenos; and, certainly, the absence of the source of the projection. What the planets are to the universe.

What is deemed modern shall not be applied to the elements of the Temenos. Its construction must be as that of a magnificent suite: Wondrous, Clear, and above all Constant. Comfort for the spectator must be addressed as comfort and not as mere elegance, fashion or the mere new.

Just as a work of Beavers or Markopoulos will not be treated as short or long but as the whole which it is, so, too, the Intuition Space of the Temenos shall be designed as the Essence which it must contain. An Essence which the inheritors of the Temenos, that is its spectators of the Twenty-First Century, must always entertain in the strictest adherence.

The form which passes as form in film must be dismissed in favour of the form which must be for the Temenos. A form illustrated in the idea of the colour of what it will contain. And what it will contain is the *Catalogue of the Works of Beavers and Markopoulos.*

Colour as weightlessness, and Space as bodilessness will be the clues that the architect of the Temenos must bear in mind. The simplest elements for the greatest endurance of the Idea: the Intuition Space.

Just as Endurance and Magnificent Energy have made possible the works of Beavers and Markopoulos, so, too, Endurance will Elevate the Temenos of the Twenty-First Century; so, too, Endurance will promise it to its film spectators of the Twenty-First Century; so, too, Magnificent Energy will Preserve it.

23rd of June, 1973
Munich

II

AVANT-GARDE CHRONICLE

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A PART OF THE ALPHABET

A.

> Grand âge, nous voici. Rendez-vous pris, et de longtemps, avec cette heure de grand sens.
>
> St.-John Perse, *Chronique*

B.

Begun at Brentano's, Paper Bound Division, Saturday July 1, 1961.

C.

I am a great believer in listening and in asking questions. I prefer the mountains to the sea.

D.

Why is it that film creators create their films and then abandon them to chance showings? Why do they fail in the struggle to show their works?

Where do the New American Cinema films go from here – now that they have been shown at Spoleto? Who will show them? Will it be the "Embassy", Amos Vogel of "Cinema 16", the "New Yorker", the "Charles", the "Carnegie", or the "Bleecker Street Cinema?"

Why should these films be shown? Who will want to see them?

Why were these films made? What type of films are they?

What are the various remarkable themes of the New American Cinema films? Why New American Cinema?

Why were some of the films made in black and white and others in colour? Why were some made on 16mm and others on so called standard 35mm?

What was the quality of the direction, story content, photography, editing – in the various films?

Which films of necessity had to use outdated film?

Which film creators (due to circumstances beyond their control) were not permitted rehearsals? Which film creators were unable to see their rushes until many months later?

Which film creators had much time and no needs? Which film creators had little time but no needs? Which film creators had few needs but no time? Which film creators had little time and many needs?

Why were the films sent to Spoleto? Are European audiences superior to American audiences? Is European film criticism better or worse than it is here in the United States?

What is the daily diet of the filmmaker? How many the sacrifices? Does anyone care? And why the continued belief in Cinema?

These are some of the questions which each film spectator should put to himself if he desires to understand the New American Cinema films.

E.

There are the film creators who are ambitious. There are the film creators who have no technical command over the camera. There are the film creators who wish to recreate what has already been done in Cinema. There are the film creators who are fascinated by unusual sites. There are the film creators who are painters on celluloid. There are the film creators who in imitating Hollywood create below standard works. There are the film creators who cleverly use all that has seemed best in other film. There are the film creators who are primarily actors and who create on the level of the popular stage using realistic sets or locales as if they were props. There are the film creators who will become the poets of Cinema.

F.

After Thoughts. Back from Spoleto.

SPOLETO I

The ancient bridge – 12th century. The Spoletini who bravely sat through the experiment of *Serenity*. Lime. Aziz.[i] David and Barbara Stone – Jerome Hill – their many trips back and forth, Rome to Spoleto, clearing the films out of customs and censors. The fabulous printers who made up my posters and programs. The infamous chief of police who cancelled the insert in my program for *Serenity* in which I sought help for the Algerian Refugees – doing this without asking me. My tower room in the Villa Missisi, 3 via Matteoti, where I lived for 800 lire a day. The chat with De Chirico, the artist.

SPOLETO II

Music. Moth eaten sets. No help from Menotti for the film festival.[ii] Empty theatres. False publicity. Cancellation of E.E. Cummings' play "Him". The superb, informal, noon concerts at the "Caio Melisso". Attendance of a rehearsal at the Teatro Nuovo of *Salome* with Schippers and Visconti at work. Opening night of the Berzoyka Dancers – front row with Jean Marais, Lucy,[iii] Barbara, David.

SPOLETO III – a trip

I take Jerome, Aziz, Lucy, the Stones to the Castle of Roccasinibalda to meet Caresse Crosby.[iv] A fantastic castle built in the shape of an eagle. Madame Crosby graciously gives me permission to use the castle for my next film; either, *The Castle of Argol* or *Twice a Man*. We meet Mann, the musician,[v] and Frank Latimore, the actor.[vi]

G.

IN FLIGHT

Beginnings of the scenario for *Twice a Man* inspired by the legend of Hippolytus. In three parts: *Constantine*, *Aphrodite*, and *Chiron*. Constantine, alias Hippolytus, become Constantine. Aphrodite, alias Phaedra, become Aphrodite the mother of Hippolytus. Chiron, a new character; the artist as physician.

1.	White leader – cut:	
2.	Title: TWICE A MAN (In French, English and Chinese) – cut:	
3.	Title: CONSTANTINE (In French, English and Chinese) – cut:	
4.	White leader – cut:	
5.	Red – deep red	3 frames
6.	White –	1 frame
7.	Blue – deep blue	3 frames
8.	Red –	3 frames
9.	White –	1 frame
10.	Blue –	3 frames
11.	Red –	3 frames
12.	White –	1 frame
13.	Blue –	3 frames
14.	Red –	3 frames
15.	The Chinese symbol for: HE SHE IT	6 frames
16.	Red –	1 frame
17.	#15 –	6 frames
18.	Red –	1 frame
19.	#15 –	6 frames
20.	Red –	1 frame
21.	#15 –	6 frames
22.	Red –	1 frame
23.	#15 –	6 frames
24.	Red –	1 frame
25.	Through 30: increase in red	1 frame each
31.	Blue – Deep blue	3 frames
32.	C	6 frames
33.	Blue –	3 frames
34.	O	6 frames
35.	Blue –	3 frames
36.	N	6 frames
37.	Blue –	3 frames
38.	S	6 frames
39.	Blue –	3 frames
40.	T	6 frames
41.	Blue –	3 frames

42. A	6 frames
43. Blue –	3 frames
44. N	6 frames
45. Blue –	3 frames
46. T	6 frames
47. Blue –	3 frames
48. I	6 frames
49. Blue –	3 frames
50. N	6 frames
51. Blue –	3 frames
52. E	6 frames
53. Red –	3 frames
54. White –	1 frame
55. Blue –	3 frames
56. Red –	3 frames
57. White –	1 frame
58. Blue –	3 frames
59. Red –	3 frames
60. White –	1 frame
61. Blue –	3 frames
62. CONSTANTINE	12 frames
63. Red –	3 frames
64. White –	1 frame
65. Blue –	3 frames
66. CONSTANTINE	12 frame
67. Red –	3 frames
68. White –	1 frame
69. Blue –	3 frames
70. CONSTANTINE	12 frames
71. Red –	3 frames
72. White –	1 frame
73. Blue –	3 frames
74. CONSTANTINE	12 frames
75. The Chinese symbol for: HE SHE IT	3 frames
76. CONSTANTINE	12 frames
77. #75 –	3 frames

78. CONSTANTINE	12 frames
79. #75 –	3 frames
80. CONSTANTINE	12 frames

H.

THE NEW AMERICAN CINEMA – held in Spoleto June 16 through July 15.

The films were first shown in Rome to the censors and film critics. Information was sent out through various agents, chief of which was the United States Information Service.

Some of the films were banned. Others were released. Still others arrived late. Others failed to arrive.

From Rome the films were sent to Spoleto where they were shown at the "Teatro Sperimentale" belonging to the archbishop. Each film was shown three times a day on two separate days. Showings were at 5:30pm, 9:00pm, and at midnight. There was a special admission for the Spoletini.

Among the films which failed to arrive or were banned were: *Blast of Silence* by Brody, *Time of the Heathen* by Peter Kass and the complete withdrawal of *The Savage Eye*.

Friday, June 16.

The Sand Castle – Written, produced and directed by Jerome Hill.

Out of sweat, sun, water, air, hard work and youthful enthusiasm, Jerome Hill created the handsome feature *The Sand Castle* with its remarkable episode in colour. Amusingly enough the censors wanted to ban the film because of the zany beach baseball scene with the nuns.

Pleasantly, *The Sand Castle* was the film chosen to open the film festival of the New American Cinema in Spoleto.

The Language of Faces, a film by John Korty, was the companion piece. Teiji Ito's music was particularly appealing and original.

Saturday, June 17.

Guns of the Trees – A film by Jonas Mekas; assisted by Adolfas Mekas.

Certainly one of the major events at the Festival of Two Worlds was the first showing of Jonas Mekas' work *Guns of the Trees*. Few in the audience were aware that it was a rough first print which they were seeing – with all the faults of a first print. Faults of the professional film laboratory! The soundtrack was exceedingly shrill. Too, there was the major difficulty of the projection which at a certain hour became dim and ran low.

Gian Carlo Menotti walked out of the theatre after the middle of the work. Apparently he could not face the living idea that is the exploding force of *Guns of the Trees*.

The appearance of Jonas Mekas as one of the poets of Cinema, at the beginning and end of *Guns of the Trees*, recalled to me the Second Part, Saas Fee, Chapter VII, of André Gide's *The Counterfeiters* where the author reviews his characters. Unlike Gide, Jonas Mekas was able through the power of the film medium to invade the sacred domain of the spectator.

Jonas Mekas has performed his visual surgery with limited means, great privation, and brilliantly without anaesthesia.

The accompanying film short *Sunday*, by Dan Drasin, suffered because of the similarity of footage which also appeared in *Guns of the Trees*.

Sunday, June 18.

Downfall – Directed by Graeme Ferguson.

If some of the films seemed to lack the usual kind of story that film audiences are accustomed to, *Downfall* had too much of a story; and, a rather contrived story. The spectator was continuously irritated with the false, though probably well thought out, occurrences in the script.

Downfall is a fine example of the use of locales for their sake alone. For instance the unnecessary chase episode at the end of the film.

When the film was over the audience breathed a sigh of relief.

The day's offering began with the superb works of Richard Preston, *Nightscapes*, *The Maze*, *The Candidates*, and *Conversations in Limbo*.

Monday, June 19.

The Sin of Jesus – Directed and produced by Robert Frank.

With *The Sin of Jesus*, the film festival entered into the second week of its struggle at Spoleto. I say struggle because there seemed to be a boycott by the festival proper against the films. David Stone was nearly left alone to struggle with the problems of box office, publicity and the usual intrigues of festivals.

With *The Sin of Jesus*, David Stone selected to be shown *The Cry of Jazz* by Edward O. Bland, one of the most anti-negro films I have ever seen. Visconti refused to sit through it and left, missing Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie's *Pull My Daisy*.

The Sin of Jesus is one of those breaths of inspiration which emanate from the soul of the film creator – from the very seat of the soul itself, the liver. The use of black and white film is extraordinary though at times, I suspect, underexposed. The fantasy episode shows that economy of means which it is almost a pleasure to behold; even though, one wonders at the perfection that might have been had there been unlimited means.

Tuesday, June 20.

Night Tide – Written and directed by Curtis Harrington.

I would like to know where Curtis Harrington discovered the source of the mermaid legend on which his film *Night Tide* is based.

Night Tide is an unfortunate example of trying to ape Hollywood. The opening scene is an imitation of von Sternberg – recall his brilliant scene in *Der Blaue Engel*. Harrington's scenes are contrived, though clearly executed, and poverty stricken as far as content is concerned.

When Harrington made his 16mm film *Fragment of Seeking* (originally entitled *Symbol of Decadence*) I had the good fortune to watch his fine hand at work with limited means. Indeed, I was camera push-buttoner while he acted in front of the camera. Subsequently with his film *Picnic*, I again was on the scene, and this time helped him obtain his work print. During this period, Harrington had prepared and shot on 8mm a very handsome project entitled *Renaissance*, about a day at the beach in Santa Monica – boy and girl story. The material had been shot in colour. I could not help but recall this footage when I saw *Night Tide*.

Perhaps, Harrington will one day rid himself of his demons: Edgar Allan Poe, Josef von Sternberg, and half interests in Greek Mythology transplanted to California.

With *Night Tide* David Stone showed *The End of Summer*, one of the many fine shorts owned by Amos Vogel of Cinema 16.

Wednesday, June 21.

The Flower Thief – Directed and produced by Ron Rice.

Pow Wow – Directed, produced and photographed by Jerome Liebling and Allen Downs.

The Pleasure Garden – A film by James Broughton.

Tired; exhausted from the scurrying about Spoleto handing out programs, posting posters and the like. Stayed in my tower at the Villa Missisi. Slept. Did not get to the films. Upset by the censorship of *The Savage Eye.*

Thursday, June 22.

Shadows – Directed by John Cassavetes.

David Stone decided to show *Shadows* due to difficulties with *Time of the Heathen*. Huge posters were plastered all over town, but only a few people arrived.

Shadows is a young actor's sweep into films not for the sake of film itself, but rather for the sake of acting. I do not know what actors mean by free improvisation. The moment the camera is revealed or set up for a "take", improvisation is vanquished. If people have found spontaneity in *Shadows* they have merely misunderstood spontaneity for enthusiasm. The film spectator is charmed by the faces of some of the actors.

I feel film creators become presumptuous when they state that they have caught the authenticity of .... It is like saying that the creation of a documentary is possible. How can that be? The moment the film creator's idea is born for a documentary; the moment he looks through the camera; the moment he sends his actors toward a locale, all the sense of what can never be a documentary is lost.

Friday, June 23.

Anticipation of the Night, Daybreak, Whiteeye – By Stan Brakhage.

There are hints in Stan Brakhage's films of the superb possibilities of the poetry of cinema. However, too much is left to chance. One is appalled with the ends of reels of rushes which he leaves in his films for the effects of colour – the fogged ends. A film is not intentionally silent and let's not kid ourselves. It is silent because of a lack of funds. Anyone truly inspired by J. S. Bach or Anton von Webern as Brakhage says he was, will seek to complement the inspiration, not deluge it in the darkness of a silent film effort.

The films of Robert Breer, *Recreation, A Man and His Dog Out for Air, Jamestown Baloos, Cats, Inner and Outer Space, Blazes, Homage to New York*, were accepted by the audience as *Breer* asked that they be accepted in his program note, "... one should not be concerned with what has happened, nor try to anticipate what will happen, but simply admit *what* is happening."

Saturday, June 24.

Jazz on a Summer's Day – Produced and directed by Bert Stern.

An Italian version of the film was shown due to the withdrawal of the scheduled film *Bast of Silence*. Stone received a cable saying there were distributor obligations which would not permit the showing of the film in Spoleto. One wonders why the cable was sent the last minute.

Jazz on a Summer's Day is executed beautifully utilizing, particularly in the designs on the water, some of the ideas of early experimental film. The colour is superb. Audiences in Spoleto found it a bit overlong.

On the same program we saw *Have I Told You Lately That I Love You?*, a typical example of what is expected of anyone seeking to take a course at the University of Southern California. The deliberate close-ups of things which one would never consider of any interest or value find their way in this rather tedious film.

Sunday, June 25.

Serenity – A work of Gregory J. Markopoulos.

What Who How, A La Mode, Mankinda, Science Friction – Four short films by Stan Vanderbeek.

Stan Vanderbeek's films were received quite extraordinarily and without strain. The spectators sat through them effortlessly as if they were happy birds in flight.

For those who may see *Serenity*, I must inform them that it was a film made, unfortunately, without rehearsals or retakes. Nor did I view my film rushes until six months later in Rome after the shooting had been completed in Greece. The print sent to Spoleto was of necessity an uncorrected colour work print. The work print itself was edited so that there were audible clicks as the sound passed through the sound head. Yet with all these difficulties, *Serenity* had the biggest box office success of any of the films shown at the Festival of Two Worlds during its first two weeks. The Teatro Sperimentale was filled to capacity.

The idea of *Serenity* was to create a stream of consciousness work with a four part, intercut, language track. The English narrates the story. The Greek narrates the non-existing dialogue. The German narrates a poetic pavane dealing with ancient Smyrna, the place where the refugees have come from. Finally, the Russian narrates a historical line; the events which took place in 1921 in various countries throughout the world. There are no fades; but in their place split-screen compositions which become an integral part of the whole I was trying to conceive.

Audience reaction to *Serenity* was mixed. At times violent. Some left. More than half stayed. Curiously others left and then returned – this I do not understand. At the end some wanted to applaud while others refused. The theatre teemed with excitement. I was exhausted and refused to attend the nine o'clock and midnight showings.

I.

REGRETS

That it was impossible for all the film creators to be present at the Festival of Two Worlds for the showings of the New American Cinema works.

J.

HOPES

That next year the film creators will band together and promote an International Film Festival in New York City – with all the film creators represented again.

K.

DREAMS

To build a modest home for the Cinema. To build the home step by step just as our films were made. To find the property. To find the funds for its construction. And if need be devote time and energy to the very building of it.

L.

DELIGHTS

Having gone to Spoleto. Having returned to New York.

M.

JOYS

Seeing at long last the road I must follow. Having discovered a greater symbol of friendship in the Friendship of film creators aiding each other.

4th of July, 1961, listening to the music of Charles Ives
New York City

These notes dedicated to Alfrange and Friedman, my attorneys – in deep recognition of their unfailing aid in my struggles with Serenity.

OVERTIME

OGNUNO STA SOLO SUL CUOR DELLA TERRA
TRAFFITTO DA UN RAGGIO DI SOLE:
ED È SÙBITO SERA.
SALVATORE QUASIMODO.

What not to write. What not to say. What not to do. What not to think about the New American Cinema.

Somewhere Thomas Mann has said that success is only the matter of survival. So the New American Cinema shall survive.

Perhaps, we should forget about what we have learned, each in our own peculiar way as artists, from the silent film classics. Classics by whose standards? By the standards of directors of film institutes or museums? By the standards of directors of film divisions in the public libraries?

Only Henri Langlois of the French Cinémathèque can be considered the sincere and outstanding director par excellence of a film institute.

Last evening *Guns of the Trees* was shown at the Bleecker Theater. Among those present in the overcrowded theatre were Herman Weinberg and his daughter, Parker Tyler, Amos Vogel, Maya Deren, Charles Boultenhouse, Jerome Hill and others.

If in Spoleto at the Festival of Two Worlds the theatre was hot, here in New York it was cold. The same can be said of the spectators' reactions.

This reminds me of Josef von Sternberg who, in a seminar in *directing* at the University of Southern California, suggested that there are "hot" and "cold" directors. So, too, the audiences one might add.

The print shown at the Bleecker Theater of *Guns of the Trees* was, I believe, the third print prepared by Jonas Mekas. He did well in eliminating the "chapter headings" which appeared in the first print which was shown at Spoleto.

Seeing, seeing, seeing – but what did we see? Certainly, the opening and ending shots of Mekas at work – the very idea – regardless of its success – are brilliant. Too, who can forgive some very bad photography, but who can forget the exquisite composition of the two women under the trees with the child between them. The short episode (I wish it had been longer) on Fifth Avenue is really the germ of a possible new film that Jonas might consider preparing.

I noticed Maya Deren sitting motionless in the row in front of us. From time to time her one eye, the only one I could see, darted a dying glance – boredom – and then it would return to the screen again.

Left the Bleecker Theater with charming Gregory Battcock.[i] We discussed a variety of things at the San Remo including my scenario of Julien Gracq's *The Castle of Argol*.[ii] He encouraged me in agreeing that the scene of Albert descending into the dungeons might be done with no images on the screen whatsoever – only darkness, the sound of water, footsteps, and suddenly Albert (one of the three characters in the novel) bursting into a verse by Francesco Petrarca. The one beginning:

> Di pensier in pensier, di monte in monte
> me guida Amor; ch'ogni segnato calle
> provo contrario a la tranquilla vita.[iii]

I cannot help thinking, here in my boredom at Brentano's, that in preparing scenarios, I must not consider how I will find monies to film my scenarios. For if I stop to consider how it will be accomplished, not only do I destroy the creative outline on which I am working, but I also take too long in my initial preparations.

In the new issue of *La Fiera del Cinema*, the July issue, another article dealing with the New American Cinema. Caption on the fine article reads: *E Arrivato Finalmente in Italia – New Wave: Verita e Angoscia*. The article is by Enrico Rossetti. I am pleased to see that the New American Cinema seal created by Jerome Hill is reproduced.

Cocteau has said that we need not obey the public that doesn't know what it wants. Nor do we need to obey the critics who do not know what we are trying through Cinema to do – I think, you see, of the showings that took place in Rome for the clergy and critics – the New American Cinema films. Some of the critics who did not understand gave their assignments to other reporters.

Problem: how to present *Serenity* in its present state. By this I mean, an uncorrected colour work print and all the faults that go with such a print. Perhaps, I should just announce that the film will be shown at such and such an hour at the Bleecker Theater; thus, permitting anyone interested in viewing the film. But who will understand the reasons for the bad acting – there were no rehearsals permitted. Who will understand that the slight cuts heard on the screen were due to the editing of the uncorrected colour print. Who will know that it was a film in which the image was photographed once and that was it. Who will know that the footage was not available to me until six months after the shooting was completed.

Rather, the audience will arrive knowing what good acting is, what good photography is, what a story is, what editing is, what directing is. They will know all these things, and so I will show the film *Serenity* – for that one person who will brave the experiment. And if there appear to be others, I will be encouraged.

What I demand is enthusiasm.

3rd of August, 1961
Overtime at Brentano's, New York City

AVANT-GARDE CHRONICLE

WHAT AM I TO DO NOW? WHERE SHALL I GET MY MONEY NOW ... HOW CAN I WORK WHEN I AM HUNGRY ... These words written in a letter to Apollon Nikolayevitch Maikov by Fyodor Dostoevsky could have been written by any one of the American filmmakers living in New York City. After the Spoleto Film Festival in 1961 and the projection of the New American Cinema films throughout Europe, a general negative attitude prevailed concerning further filmmaking in New York City. The question was asked if a New American Cinema actually existed. The filmmakers responded to this challenge by returning immediately to new projects. They kept working. What had seemed a genuine disaster was the shock and pain of the birth of not only the New American Cinema, but also the birth of the spirit of a Modern Cinema. Again the question was asked: BUT WHAT ARE THE INDUCEMENTS, THE ADVANTAGES THAT MOTIVATE THE FILMMAKERS TO PUT THEIR TALENTS TO WORK? There were no inducements nor advantages, but there were films to be conceived, and everywhere along the Atlantic seaboard the activities of the American filmmakers broke loose.

For most New American Cinema filmmakers (this includes the avant-garde, recent experimental and documentary) the motion picture is not a continuous photograph of nature as in the conventional, apathetic, non-poetic, commercial motion pictures; and, this includes the so called art products that are foisted upon the unsuspecting public from Europe by the commercial 16mm and 35mm film distributors. The filmmakers realize that story telling has been clearly best achieved in the silent motion picture. Rather, they feel an urgency for a kind of philosophical, metaphysical, ethical Modern Cinema. The American filmmakers are aware that this is their ultimate destination. Before this destination is reached the filmmaker shall continue to question the morals, politics, and aesthetics of their society. They shall continue to navigate beyond the shouts of their critics who accuse the filmmakers of a lack of candour and honesty. The filmmaker shall further rebel with all their soul against the greater accusations of their critics that they do not know how to maintain a coherent editing plan, that they are unable to use symbolism, that they have no conception of photography or composition. Do the accusers ever question themselves? Do the film spectators, for instance, search for a greater meaning in the symbols which they view on the screen? Or do they remain satisfied with the limited knowledge of the few symbols they have gathered at random. Happy, then, the film spectators with their symbols, with the film forms already in existence, enjoying, thriving in their misinterpreting of the efforts of the New American Cinema films. Like hollow patriots, proud only of their mother tongue, disinterested in any other language but their own, the film spectators remain in their kindergarten of motion picture appreciation. Will the film spectators and the filmmakers ever unite and someday unseal the silences of their hearts?

Unlike the European avant-garde film movement of the twenties which turned to modern painting for its inspiration, the American filmmakers' movement has always looked to film itself as the source of inspiration. The filmmakers are aware that motion pictures may continue as a living art only so long as there is a continued experimentation, and a devotion to such experimentation through practical application. Because the filmmakers do not imitate the classic motion pictures *per se* their work has been damned. Yet, this serious departure from imitation is what heralds great art. Still other filmmakers have been accused of adorning their films with obscure personal or mythological allusions – but allusions no more obscure than those used by a Ronsard or Dante. Perhaps there should be footnotes in motion pictures for the benefit of the literary, so that a straight and narrow path to the heights of their kind of poetry would be assured!

During the years – 1940 to the present – the American filmmakers have discovered that it is not necessary or advisable to spend large amounts of money; that it is not necessary to employ great numbers of people, any more than a portrait painter or a writer does; that it is possible to be in constant disagreement as to what a motion picture should or should not contain, but, at the same time united. However, never, until the past few years has there been such an extraordinary faith, a common faith among all filmmakers, as the one produced by the unique climate of filmmaking in New York City. One has only to think of the Filmmakers' Cooperative and the magnificent work it has done during

1962. Where else in the world is it possible for a filmmaker to bring his film and leave it for distribution without any questions asked or imposed by the distributor?

Motion pictures, say the New American Cinema filmmakers, have the beat of poetry; a poetry which is not an imitation of the written word. The beat, then, and only the beat, is the fantastic force that propels the American filmmakers about their spacious Garden of Eden – New York, Vermont, Connecticut, Maine, Virginia, the Carolinas, Puerto Rico. Selecting the direction of their special interest, psychology, sociology, mythology, astrology, the American filmmakers blast away the striking, often limited form and design of their individual works. When a filmmaker is able to create a harmonious fusion and establishes a togetherness of the basic qualities of his art, his fellow filmmakers are the first to applaud. If the opposite occurs, the filmmakers are the first to condemn their fellow filmmaker. Whatever the case may be, good or bad, the emphasis is upon long hard periods of work. This hard work possesses the whole of the New American Cinema movement.

The seeming absences in the work of the New American Cinema are not to be construed as hindrances, but rather as part of an extraordinary erosion which has taken place between the deathly, very embarrassing stillness of the commercial motion picture, consistently opposed to life, and that of the vigorous, energetic, vivid, interesting – always interesting and exciting – experiments of the New American Cinema filmmakers.

The strong current of filmmaking on the Atlantic seaboard becomes apparent by the following partial list of American filmmakers' works in progress or nearing completion:[i]

Kenneth Anger – *Bat Out of Hell.* Colour, 16mm, sound.

Marshall Anker – *The Crossroads of the World.* Colour, 16mm, sound.

Beverly Applebaum – *Adolescence and Mirror and World.* Work in progress – 35mm.

Charles Boultenhouse – *Dionysius.* Colour, 16mm, sound. The cast includes: Nicholas Magallanes as Pentheus; Louis Falco of the José Limón Company as Dionysius; Anna Duncan, one of the original adopted daughters of Isadora Duncan, as Agave.

David Brooks – *Grasshoppers in My Pillow.*

Dan Drasin – *X*. Black and white, 16mm, sound. Stars Stan Vanderbeek. The film has been enlarged to 35mm.

Robert Frank – a film about Sunday lovers. Camera: Gert Berliner. Story: Magid; and script: Magid, Berliner, Frank. Black and white. Running time 25 minutes.

Storm De Hirsch – *Goodbye in the Mirror*. A feature.

Gordon Hitchens – *Old Dog Blue*. Black and white, 35mm, sound. *Dixie Paradise*. Black and white, 35mm, sound. Both films have been shot in New York and New Jersey. Mr. Hitchens is involved in filmmaking, film publishing, and is the coordinator of several important film festivals.

George Landow – The Isidore Isou of the American Cinema is preparing a new film. Some of his work includes: *Faulty Pronoun Reference. Concerto for Projector No. I, II, III, IV. A Stringent Prediction at the Early Hermaphroditic Stage.*

Lou LeFort – *Duet* – The story of the retrogression of a girl's life. The stumbling block in this production has been the cost of the soundtrack.

Willard Maas – *Shadows of Evening*. Black and white, 16mm, sound. Mr. Maas is also preparing a feature to be shot in Puerto Rico.

Gerard Malanga – *The Bridge*. This first film by the editor of the Wagner Literary Review is to be shot in the shadow of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. Colour, 16mm, sound.

Gregory J. Markopoulos – *Twice a Man*. Colour, 16mm feature, sound. The cast includes Paul Kilb who is a spitting image of the great classic French actor Talma; Olympia Dukakis who appeared in the Masque Theatre production of *A Man's a Man*; Madame Roditi, the mother of the art critic Edouard Roditi; and Albert Torgesen, painter.

Joseph Marzano – *Man Outside*. A feature. Mr. Marzano has also completed a short film using stills of the Canadian actress Barbara Ellen.

Adolphas Mekas – *Hallelujah the Hills*. Feature, black and white romance, 35mm, sound.

Jonas Mekas – A secret work in progress.

Marie Menken – Miss Menken has reedited and expanded the superb three pieces from her *Notebook – Raindrops, Go!Go!Go!* and *Moonplay*. She has also re-shot *Mood Mondrian, Nightwriting*, and *Sidewalk*. Eagerly awaited is her film *The Grave-Diggers of Grandie* shot in colour in Spain.

Ron Rice – *The Queen of Sheba Meets the Atom Man*. With Winifred Bryan and Taylor Mead. Another case of the soundtrack proving a stumbling block.

Stan Vanderbeek – *Death and Dreath*. A film anthology of Buster Keaton. *Someit* (Burlesque of a Summit Conference).

There is no doubt that the New American Cinema, riding upon the crests of the Experimental Film Movement of the forties, is the only hope for motion pictures. One is reminded of the beautiful passage from Virginia Woolf's *Between the Acts*:

"The tune began; the first note meant a second; the second a third. Then down beneath a force was born in opposition; then another. On different levels they diverged. On different levels ourselves went forward; flower gathering some on the surface; others descending to wrestle with the meaning; but all comprehending; all enlisted ..."

8th of February, 1963
New York City

PROJECTION OF THOUGHTS

In preparing this article I abandon the commercial film critics, the critics who make their living writing for the general public. I abandon the Hollywood producers, who seek fantastic financial returns from their films. I abandon the so-called independent films and their contrivers who imitate Hollywood from afar; those independent films that contain formulas which are inferior to the Hollywood formulas for making money. I abandon the foundations which hate the medium of motion pictures, and I particularly applaud the decision of the Ford Foundation in their recent rejection of the filmmakers; for in so doing they have unconsciously bestowed upon the filmmakers a greater courage and determination to create their films than any $10,000 grant would ever have attained for them. Too, I abandon and condemn the public institutions, schools and colleges who in the face of being plagued by the double mirage of: (a) the Little Theatre Movement; (b) a total disinterest in the medium of motion pictures as an art; (c) instructors who are would-be filmmakers and not teachers of the motion picture medium, in wasting their students' time, monies, and energies with false film programs. And thus, my beam of inspiration coupled to Light, Colour, and the Sound of the Human Voice, is directed to: (a) film students; (b) the New Spectators of the New Cinema. Both these students and the New Spectators are at last focusing their attention upon what George Landow, filmmaker, recently called, Awareness. For them the films of the New American Cinema become their immediate workshop; their advance seminar in motion picture appreciation and instruction. The ignorance that prevails among the American motion picture spectator drugged by the Hollywood product can be challenged through learning. But the spirit of the motion picture spectator must first have a need for such learning. It is a matter for the spirit of man. To quote Ibsen, "What is all important is the revolution of the spirit of man ..." and it is this with which I am concerned.

The filmmakers who have banded together under the auspices of the Film-Makers' Cooperative have each and every one of them that divine fire and confidence which the ancient Greeks called *thrasos*. That is to say insolence. But insolence of a divine nature. For them cells, air bubbles, atoms, rays, film frames are the flame of their continued existence. Like the ancient priests of Egypt who sang hymns to their gods by uttering the seven vowels in succession, the sound of which, says Demetrius of Alexandria, produced on their hearers as strong a musical impression as the flute and lyre, just so, the filmmakers today are experimenting to a degree where their images, symbols, sounds are as if unknown. To the film spectator they seem strange. For instance, the slightest darkness of the screen for any length of time causes the film spectator to automatically turn and look up toward the projection booth to see what the difficulty may be. The film spectator arrives at the motion picture house with the attitude that he is going to see something difficult; something that he must try very hard to understand. Within this attitude the film spectator becomes lost. He makes no attempt, whatsoever to understand the symbols he considers strange. So it is told by word of mouth, and through the written word of the unqualified critics of motion pictures, that the filmmakers use obscure symbols, unusual sounds, incomprehensible images. Still the same individuals can read a literary passage from Gide's *The Pastoral Symphony*, quote:

> "Imagine white as something absolutely pure, something in which colour no longer exists, but only light; and black, on the contrary, something so full of colour that it has become dark."

and say that they understand it. The word seen on the page and read is understood, but the image as *word*, or similarly seen on the screen is not understood. Here, something is wrong; and it is not the filmmaker who is at fault regardless how poor his film may be. The trouble lies in the vision of the film spectator who through his limited sense and interpretation of his psychology of reality cannot see, still less understand what the filmmaker is presenting or sending toward the beaded screen. The spectator does not see as well as he imagines.

If in the other arts the symbols appear to be clear, their lucidity lies in the imagination of the observers. The symbols may not be clear; and, in truth they may not even be interpreted as their creators intended. That any symbol may appear to contain the truth of reality is chiefly due to the historical accident or myth that has developed and surrounded a particular work in any art form. Time, with the aid of the scholars who must necessarily increase their salaries through yearly or annual publication of literary works, helps to weave literary tales of true and false meanings in the various arts. We believe what we are told. There are authorities which we respect but which we do not suspect of being inaccurate. And who is the average spectator who has the time and energy after struggling through a chaotic day's work to question any authority. Few, indeed.

Jean-Paul Sartre has told how Alexander Calder prefers to work with simple, often poor materials: tin, sheet, and iron. This we understand. Yet we fail to understand the fact that a filmmaker uses outdated motion picture film. We cannot believe that the film spectator is capable of discovering the extraordinary properties which outdated motion picture film (depending on the date of its expiration) contains. We have no respect for such filmmakers, though the discovery for the filmmakers may be a noble and exciting one. The spectator does not allow himself to accompany the filmmakers among the facades and holy places through which their courageous spirits wander and return to implant the motion picture with ideas. The spectator is afraid of ideas; he is afraid of the spirit of man; he rejects the spirit of man. He sees a new code of filmmaking bursting before his eyes, the universe, personal and impersonal of a Jack Smith, a Ron Rice, a Barbara Rubin, a Stan Brakhage, a Charles Boultenhouse, or a Jonas Mekas, or an Andy Warhol, and he turns away. One could easily say the spectator is not truly interested in the human community of which he poses to be a part.

Today, in New York City and west of the Appalachians, the American filmmakers are easily differentiated from the commercial filmmakers by their startling individuality. Banded though they may be, in the Film-Makers' Cooperative, and one is reminded of the old Parisian group, the Société des Artistes Indépendants, they still remain, consistently single minded within their own attempts at filmmaking. Each filmmaker has his own artistic problems: subject, money, equipment. Each filmmaker retains an unusually strong conception of what a motion picture should be. The conception may contain form or it may destroy form as we know it or accept it. On the other hand there may be a strong tendency toward sensuousness without camera precision or vice versa with extraordinary precision. Here I would like to state that the general idea that filmmakers are incapable of taking a clear, perfect image is a sheer fallacy; an untruth imposed upon the film spectator by individuals who hate the motion picture medium; hate the motion picture medium because of the vast possibilities of truth which it contains and projects to vast or limited audiences, the equation becomes identical.

The embarrassment which the average, uneducated (motion picture wise) film spectator feels in viewing the new American films is understandable. Before a classic motion picture such as Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures* or Barbara Rubin's *Christmas on Earth* (as yet not seen publicly) the film spectator becomes lost. He cannot understand what he is viewing. He cannot believe what he is viewing. He leaves or he stays. If he stays his eyes become glued to the screen and when the house lights go up he is either in a daze, vociferous about the content, or silently attempting to fathom what in fact is the chief attribute of a classic work, its simplicity. Was it any different when a Nolde[i] painting was first exhibited? Was not the embarrassment similar? Before the stage, before the motion picture screen, before paintings the spectator will like what he will like. He will look at Claude Monet's "Green Wave" and believe he understands it. He will look at Ron Rice's film *Chumlum* and believe that he understands it; yet does he understand it? Does he experience the layers of images floating one through the other? Does the spectator recognize the precision that the mad creative spirit of a Ron Rice has accidentally imposed upon the film image? Again the spectator stands before a painting at the Metropolitan Museum. He is before Degas' "Portrait of a Lady in Gray" – the tiny pink flower in the painting – does he see it, does it mean something to him, does he recognize the motion? Perhaps, perhaps not. He must view the painting again and again. Each time he will discover its differences according to his mood, the illumination, the hour of the day, the silence or hushed noise of the gallery. Why does he not accept the same ritual for the motion picture? Why does he believe that he can accept the pale ghosts of paintings in a museum, the actually you might say out of focus drawings of a Boscoli,[ii] the redocumented and interpreted executions of musical performances or theatrical performances, and not attempt to understand the finished and unfinished experiments of the filmmakers?

One of the spectators' excuses in not understanding the films of the New American Cinema is *over* and *under* exposure of the images, or out of focus images. Once and for all the word *over-exposure, under-exposure, in focus, out of focus* becomes the prerogative of the individual filmmaker. To understand their films this must be made a prime maximum. Once this principal idea is understood by the motion picture spectator he will recognize why the sun of inspiration shines upon the hands of the filmmakers. Why their eyes are moonlit. New exposures, new focusings, new portrayals are the challenges which the filmmakers are both confronted with and confronting their spectators. The filmmakers will use outdated motion picture film, they will over-expose, under-expose, go out of focus, pull the camera from the tripod and go beyond parallax, respect the human body in all its beauty or ugliness, and thus introduce their separate souls: true filmmakers as opposed to the commercial filmmakers.

These differences which the filmmakers have discovered are as real and essential to the spirit of experimentation, and to the spirit of man as any proposed journey to the Moon or Mars. Indeed, the arrival upon those planets may well be very close, that is similar, to the keys, in seeming fantasy, discovered and suggested by the filmmakers. In this lies a kind of uncanny greatness of the art of motion pictures. That is why I often in the past have publicly and privately referred to film as an art containing *eternity*. I would venture to suggest that what we believe to be real in the medium of the theatre is not real at all. Further, I would venture to suggest that only in the motion picture as an art form and that means, immediate and continued experimentation/creativity/inspiration while at work, is there the truth of what we enjoy naming Reality. If we speak of the motion picture as the realm of fantasy, it is only because of a misconception in our present human mind's formation, which realizes the motion picture as fantasy, when in truth it is *beyond fantasy and reality*.

An over-exposure or an under-exposure is like a painter mixing his colours. It is like the ancient poets who knew how the effect of a passage could be enriched by introducing into it a phrase or turn of speech which stirred in the ear of the spectator a train of emotional association. A scratching of the film is like the scratches that may be found in paintings which are called masterpieces. Rembrandt's "Christ with a Pilgrim's Staff" contains such scratches, on the very shoulder of Christ. Just as a poor surface or canvas may be used by a painter, just as a cheap notebook may be used by a writer, just as ordinary clay may be used by a sculptor, so too any materials that a filmmaker may utilize for his own work. In the end it is not the materials that reveal the spirit of the artist but rather the soul of the artist is revealed by the contents of the film.

These contents may be as vastly different as a painting by Redon, a vase of flowers by Margareta Haverman[iii] (16th century and reminiscent of the colours in Jack Smith's new motion picture *Normal Love*) or the latest work of Salvador Dali. The film spectator in his desire to understand the filmmakers may extend his generosity even further: he may recognize that as in the other arts which he understands or has learned to understand, that the filmmakers may be preoccupied with light or a kind of light, and in this sense the exposures of his material affected. The filmmaker, like every artist, presents a different performance for the spectator. The filmmakers handle their equipment, their materials with the same precise pressure that a pianist touches the key of his piano, or the slightest light or heavy stroke of the sculptor's chisel. The very affection, interest or disinterest with which a filmmaker holds his camera or moves the head of his tripod on which the motion picture camera is attached becomes a part of the work of his art. These gestures create the different types of work in the arts, and it is no different when applied to the medium of motion pictures.

From place to place, from person to person, from state to state, from body of water to body of water, the films of the American filmmakers are being shown and created. A Charles Boultenhouse works as if in a temple; a Jonas Mekas works as if on the brink of the first flight of man moving his camera as if it contained a million sounding eyes at once; a Jack Smith and a Ron Rice work from opposite poles, both with flood lit rooms not unlike those in Hollywood, i.e. flood lit as if they were sitting on the sun; a George Landow works in silence; a Kenneth Anger works in a spider's net of American myth; a Marie Menken works as if night were day; and, a Stan Brakhage works in the medium's purest light, for one has only to recall the exquisite *Mothlight*. So it is!

1964
New York City

JUDGEMENT THROUGH BAD CONSCIENCE

The film festival brochure stated that "Movies" were to be shown March 11th through March 14th at seven and nine in the evening in the Architecture and Design Auditorium. The brochure continued further:

"To encourage the work of the independent producer, and to promote the concept of the film as art, the Cinema Guild of the University of Michigan and the Dramatic Arts Center of Ann Arbor take pleasure in announcing the THIRD ANN ARBOR FILM FESTIVAL."

Mr. Mekas had asked me if I might take his place at the Ann Arbor film festival due to other pressing business with which he was involved, I accepted and took the plane to Detroit where I was met by Mr. George Manupelli, the chief organiser of the film festivals in Ann Arbor. That same evening the opening programme of the film festival was held; prior to this I made an opening speech during which time I said that all the arts were dead except film. The students accepted my comment. No one challenged it. One young woman asked, at one point during my informal discussion, "Why are we unable to see these films?" I replied that it was mostly because of the incompetence of the individuals in charge of the film societies; and, also because of such individuals' total disinterest in the *film as film*. I continued that such individuals treated and thought of the film on the same level as the commercial theatre owners and motion picture distributors. Curiously, later, after the end of the first evening's program I was approached by two members of the Cinema Guild who seemed amazed at the tremendous reception which the stu-dents had given to the films. Many had been turned away. This reaction reminds me of similar reactions of some foundations who are surprised when projects for which they have given insufficient funds are completed and well received. At such times foundations recoil more bewildered than ever. Indeed, the accountants who are in charge of the foundations cannot fathom what has happened.

The best received motion picture of the first evening of the festival was David Brooks' *Nightspring Daystar*. One judge remarked that it reminded him of a Rauschenberg lithograph. *Some Don't* by Ben Van Meter proved an equally original work. *Quiet* by Robert H. Spring was a hilarious spoof made in a morgue. Also, *The Devil is Dead* by Carl Linder. Several people commented that the film was too long. What we fail to understand is that one of the privileges of the filmmaker is to create a motion picture as long or as short as he feels. Certainly, a spectator would never consider suggesting to a painter that he should use less of this or that colour. There is a strange tendency today (like the misinterpretation of *camp*) that both the film spectator and those aforementioned accountants in charge of foundations to fear that the average man, the masses, shall and shall not have share of TIME. Man is become free, but he is not allowed to do with his TIME as he will. Leisure is promoted and chains have already been put upon TIME.

Certainly one of the highlights of the four day stay in Ann Arbor was a showing of 8mm films. Later when I was to request that these films also be included in the voting for prizes I was more or less told that if the 8mm films were accepted, then next year the selection committee headed by Mr. Manupelli would have to accept "all those 8mm films". Apparently in the swamplands they do not consider 8mm as film. Another curiosity of the pre-selection committee was mentioned the evening of the festival. One member commented after having seen the films again in a proper auditorium with good projection, "The films looked so different ... on the wall they looked so insignificant." That's how NEW AMERICAN CINEMA, all the films of the filmmakers across the country who are in love with the medium, blossom, and will bloom on the surfaces, the old and the new surfaces that are inevitable, in the new theatres for film across the nation.

During the four days that I was in Ann Arbor I had an opportunity to research the kind of reviews that the experimental films had received. As has happened elsewhere on other campuses, there was no understanding of the *film as film*. The general attitude was that in order to understand film it must be given the meaning of literature, the meaning of painting, the dubious meaning of psychology or sociology, but never its innate meaning as film itself. Advertisements that purported to be devoted to film programs would read like one which I found:

"Audience members who may be disturbed or offended by scenes representing the more extreme tendencies in experimental filming are urged not to attend."

Other works which were received with tremendous enthusiasm by the students were *Poon-Tang Trilogy* by Ben Van Meter. The satirical and marvellous surprise of the festival was Benjamin Hayeem's *Papillote*, which was shot in the New York Stock Exchange. Nathaniel Dorsky's film *Ingreen* was also roundly applauded. Many wanted to view the film again; they did not know what it was about. One of the grave faults of the festival: there were no program notes. Finally, the greatest horror of the film festival was a film made at New York University, *It's Not Just You, Murray!*[1] It boasted an Edward Kingsley award.

Late in the afternoon of the second or third day of the festival I learned that certain films had not been admitted into the festival because Mr. Manupelli's selection committee thought them unworthy of inclusion. Among these were Miss Naomi Levine's lovely *Jeromelu*, and José Soltero's *Jerovi*, another film on masturbation like *Ingreen* but more direct, and without the symbolism of *Ingreen*. A part of the selection committee ran the *Jerovi* film and they were visibly shaken. One young women immediately proclaimed it pornographic. "What's pornographic about it?" I asked. No reply. Then I learned that this film was shown privately, at the home of Mr. Manupelli, the festival organizer, during a party with music which made it seem obscene. I considered it an outrage inasmuch that the filmmakers send their films to filmmakers festivals in good faith and it is the privilege and responsibility of the organizers to respect the filmmakers efforts; finished efforts or not.

In the evening having spoken to Mr. Manupelli and insisted that both Miss Levine's and Mr. Soltero's film be included in the festival I met with the Greek poet Konstantinos Lardas. Prior to this I had seen last year's award winner *First Time Here* by Richard Meyers, and also his latest film, *Coronation*. Both films were theatrical in content, well made, but not deserving of the first prize which *Coronation* was to receive later. The truly remarkable film of the evening was *Glass House* by Lawrence Janiak with its evocative soundtrack.

Sunday afternoon the judges met. One admitted being unqualified to judge the films. He did not understand Breer or Vanderbeek, for instance. Before proceeding with the problems of judging the film for first, second and third prizes, I asked the judges for a short statement as to their attitude towards the medium of film. I should have resigned then and there. Film for these judges was unfortunately film which corresponds to literature, film which corresponds to the drafting table of the art department.

The judging of the films took place in the following manner: the films were read one by one and eliminated. *Jerovi* (which I had managed to have shown) and *Ingreen* were both thrown out, "to make the judging easier," since both were about masturbation! And so it went. But I remained, until the moment that a point system was used to judge the films. I waited for the results and resigned on the spot. It was threatened that if I didn't stay that the cheque issued for my expenses, meagre though it was, would be stopped. Another selection committee member shouted, "You have been contracted".

I walked out of the house where the committee was meeting with my notes and left Ann Arbor. I had accomplished the showing of Naomi Levine's *Jeromelu* and *Jerovi*. I later learned that these films were received very well. And much, much later I learned that even the *Poon-Tang Trilogy* had received a prize of fifty dollars even though more than half of the judges had said, initially, that it was devoid of content!

The results of the awards after I left were announced an follows: *Coronation* $250. *Nightspring Daystar* $150. *Everybody Hit Their Brother Once* $100. *Papillote* $50. *Poon-Tang Trilogy* $50. Honourable mentions to: *Ingreen, Fist Fight, Disintegration Line.*

My wire of resignation sent to the *Michigan Daily* and President Harlan Hatcher read as follows:

"Sir: I have resigned from the Third Ann Arbor Film Festival as Jurist and Guest Speaker. I find its direction hardly of an international scope as advertised by Mr. Manupelli. I am further horrified that a sense of censorship should prevail during such an event, an event which is for the students and not to insure the showing of local film out of competition. It is to be hoped that a true festival of the film will take place under the auspices of more inspired management. I have since yesterday been waging a battle for the public showing of *Jerovi* by José Rodriguez-Soltero. This afternoon the Jury overcame the discontent of the preselection committee and the film has been entered into the festival. I take leave of your campus with a very interesting image which I beheld the other day near the Student Union. A young man talking to a tree. Sincerely. Gregory J. Markopoulos."

22nd of March, 1965
New York City

WHAT ARE YOU READY FOR?

I am prefacing my lecture this afternoon with the following excerpt contained in a letter recently sent to me from the Midwest:[1]

"But it is hard to gauge the lowest common denominator of the taste on this campus, student *and* faculty. Item: the mistake was made recently of not showing *Virgin Spring* in a small theatre as is usual with foreign films but in the main auditorium, where huge audiences are accustomed to watching Doris Day on week-ends; the result was raucous laughter, at the rape, at the murder of the boy, at everything. Item: a faculty member asked me recently whether we were getting any complaints about 'the moral' aspect of *Virgin Spring, A Taste of Honey, La Dolce Vita* ... Item: *Scorpio Rising* was shown in San Francisco to a convention of heads of university unions, and most of them, including our jackass, walked out after the first five minutes. Item: last spring a student film selection committee solemnly decided that Charles Chaplin was a little too old hat for our sophisticated student body. *What* are we 'ready' for?"

Twentieth Century man is unknowingly bound by Fate to the experiment of film. Film contains that "something real and true in the realm of mind and emotion," of which Hofmannsthal has spoken to Richard Strauss.[2] Film is the key to Eternity. Jean Cocteau has already suggested this key through his use of the mirrored image in his first film, *Le Sang d'un poète*, and much later in *Orphée*.

In both of these major works of the film, the protagonists pass within or without a mirror, continue their travels, and finally return into the world of reality; that is, the reality of our particular planet. It is significant that in *Orphée*, though the protagonist returns to our world, that other mirrored image of himself, as portrayed by the lovely Maria Casares, continues into the unknown which one may prefigure as the first dimension of Eternity. There is nothing *dream-like* about the film

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[1] Ed Daniels' letter – Bowling Green University.

[2] *A Working Friendship*, Random House.

Orphée as the Brandon Film Rental Catalogue suggests. As a matter of fact the expression *dream-like* is merely a catch phrase used as freely by commercial distributors of the film (Janus Films, Times Film Corporation, Contemporary Films Inc., Brandon Films Inc.) and commercial critics of the film (Hollis Alpert, Arthur Knight, Brendan Gill) as is the expression *the art film*.

What is meant by *dream-like*? What is meant by *art film*? I am able to recall that as a film student,[3] vitally involved with the idea of film as film, the expression *dream-like* meant anything that was superimposed, in slow motion, or in some way contradicted what I had been taughtwas the natural flow of time and sequence. As for the term *art film*it meant either the films which had been labelled classics (Chaplin, Flaherty, Griffith) by the 16mm distributors, or the films which had been produced other than in the United States (Eisenstein, Pabst, Renoir, Rossellini). The result has been a glorious mystification of terms, and complete chaos insofar as the understanding of film as film is concerned.

With the use of the term *art film* the crowds are drawn to the box office, to the school or the museum auditorium. Yet the film has nothing in common with Art. It does not need the crutch. Film in fact is not an art. It is, in my estimation, beyond all the arts; and this because, for one reason, it truly deals directly with man in one way or another. Film as film, apart from the trappings of the very dead theatre, must serve the same purpose as that of the sacred dramas once performed in Greece. Only with such a purpose may there be a communion of spirits, an exchange of ideas between filmmaker and filmmaker, and, lastly, the offering (experiment or completed work) which the filmmaker finally bestows forever to the spectator.

The filmmaker as filmmaker concerned with film as film is painfully aware that there are three basic types of motion picture spectators: the commercial spectator, the non-commercial spectator, and the ideal spectator as spectator. The commercial spectator will pay exorbitant prices to see *Lawrence of Arabia*. During the intermission period of this motion picture, he will feel fatigued and bored, but sit he will through the rest of the motion picture. The non-commercial spectator will attend "movies" at the Museum of Modern Art, the Theodore Huff Society, and the Bleecker Street Cinema. This non-commercial spectator will know the scenes, the casts, the very lines from many of *the classics*,[4] both old and new. He is the spectator of Antonioni, Bergman, Hitchcock, Ford, and Welles. Finally, there is that most sublime of the motion picture spectators: the spectator as spectator. This is the spectator who is aware that he himself is and has been an image in the living stream of celluloid throughout the film's summary history. Here is the spectator who is aware that he is present during the most chaotic and vigorous days of filmmaking since Méliès. This spectator as spectator is attuned to the sense of experimentation on all of its intricate levels. By this I mean that the spectator is aware that experimentation may include complete and incomplete works. It is no different in the other mediums. This spectator as spectator realizes that the profound may well occur in some single experiment during a film showing at the Film-Makers' Cinematheque, and just as suddenly vanish.[5]

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[3] I began making films at the age of 12 with an 8mm Keystone camera. My first film was *A Christmas Carol*. It still exists. This was followed with a black and white, colour film retelling of *Wuthering Heights*. This was followed with a monster movie made in collaboration with Andy Fenady. This was followed with a retelling of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Finally at USC I began my last 8mm colour film, *Green Mansions*. *Green Mansions* was subsequently enlarged to 16mm. From there on I began working on 16mm and 35mm.

You as motion picture spectators sitting through the commercial, non-commercial, and New American motion pictures seldom question or suspect the effort that has gone into the liberation of a single print of film without which there could be no projection. One need only consider some of the films shown in New York at the New Yorker Theatre by Mr. Daniel Talbot. What strange journeys a film may embark upon before and after its completion one can never foretell. In the case of the commercial motion picture, the film may have been viewed by the theatre owner's immediate family (with suggestions for deletions), by the distributor, or by the censors themselves. In each case a different kind of censorship being applied either for business, educational, moral, political, or religious motives. And always according to individual or group intentions. Only at the Film-Makers' Cinematheque in New York City are all films shown without prejudgment of any kind.[6]

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[4] The idea of *the classics*, American or Foreign, has been established according to personal tastes by such critics of the film as Richard Griffith, Grierson, Jacobs, Leyda, Rotha, Taylor, Sadoul.

[5] Jonas Mekas has suggested 8mm archives.

On another level how many students majoring in film, unfaithful to the film as film and oriented to the film only through a sense of glamour, who study the inadequate histories (Bardèche and Brasillach, Kracauer)[7] that have been written, can ever decipher for themselves, let alone through the aid of audio-visual instructors,[8] art department instructors who teach film as Art, or imported documentary filmmakers,[9] can ever realize what any one motion picture was like in its original form? Consider Eisenstein, von Stroheim. In one case the charge for a film's alterations may be placed upon the shoulders of a nation's determined dictator using the film solely for propaganda purposes; in another case, it is a producing company, Metro Goldwyn Mayer, that must be charged. Do you realize how often for commercial, political or religious[10] reasons a motion picture may have been irreparably altered? Is there one dispassionate student of the motion picture or at least one equally sober spectator as spectator in this audience who has questioned what the particular conditions of shooting, editing, and completing any one motion picture are? But why take students to task when even a director like von Sternberg writes his biography but reveals few of the truths of the actual filmmaking? Is this because the incidents were too painful to relate or because von Sternberg was just one more employee loyal to the Hollywood factory? And what of Charles Chaplin who in his biography

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6. It is the individual who is working with a particular medium who is the first to censor his work. Censorship is a matter of taking infinite care with one's work; and, indeed, creating that limitation which may produce the truest moment for the spectator in a particular work. In the beginning one must approach one's work as a child.

7. See *Una historia del cine* by Ángel Zúñiga. Published in Barcelona. Two volumes. Mr. Zúñiga is now working on a third volume of his brilliant history of the film.

8. Boston University, UCLA, University of Southern California, New York University.

9. The Carpenter Center of Harvard. The Motion Picture Department is lodged in the basement of this centre. The courses are taught by documentary filmmakers: subjects being animation and documentary filmmaking.

10. I often hear students extol or argue how free each of the commercial directors that they are interested in may be. But such is not the case. In Fellini's recent motion picture *8½*, the fabulous ending was struck out of existence at the request of the late Pope John. Fellini had intended that his cast and the whole Ecumenical Council board a spacecraft, head for the moon and back to Earth.

does not even mention the ill-fated motion picture *The Woman of the Sea*? Nor does the present state of motion picture criticism with its *auteur* theories add much, except controversy, to the understanding of the film as film.[11] There is no doubt that in the face of such conditions the daily known history of the motion picture makes film viewing very painful for the spectator as spectator: the spectator who sees, hears, and thinks film as film.

Respectfully, believing in the film as film, related to no art, I would like to leave far behind the old-fashioned commercial film directors, the derivative directors such as Sidney Lumet,[12] the audio-visual instructors who believe they are teaching their students to communicate, the documentary filmmakers or *cinéma vérité* filmmakers, the animators, the anti-New American Cinema cliques, and discuss the filmmaker as filmmaker.

It is very difficult, as you must realize, that being at the State University of New York at Buffalo for only a brief period, to suggest to you all of the various achievements, anticipations, concerns and problems of the filmmaker as filmmaker. Nevertheless, this much I may state. In order to understand New American Cinema, you dare not approach the film as you approach the commercial films. You must set aside the existence of the commercial films. You must forget the arts in general. But what is left, you may ask? My reply is simple. What is left is film as film. Film which contains as much of metaphor, simile, and allusion as any of the basic poets which you have studied. Your problem is how to approach the films of the New American Cinema which you shall be viewing in the future. Perhaps some of you have read Terry Ramsaye's *A Million and One Nights*, in which he says while discussing David Wark Griffith's monumental work *Intolerance*, that allusion, simile, and metaphor belong to the word alone.[13] There was little truth in this statement of Ramsaye's when he first made it and no truth in it today. The difficulty with Mr. Ramsaye was that he could not read film as film.

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[11] If one is to apply the *auteur* theory at all it should be applied to the work of the New American Cinema filmmaker, whose work shows a continuous growth.

[12] *The Pawnbroker*.

[13] "Allusion, simile, and metaphor can succeed in the printed and spoken word as an aid to the dim pictorial quality of the word expression. The motion picture has no use for them, because it itself is the event. It is too specific and final to accept such aids."

Today, in viewing any New American Cinema film you must experience the film that you are seeing as film. Allusions, similes, metaphors will abound. Certainly, at a first sitting of, say, my own motion picture *Twice a Man*, you will make every attempt to futilely retain all the clusters of images. You should do the exact opposite: allow the images to become fleeting and in their fleetingness you will later, tomorrow, and the day after, discover that you can actually recall the clusters of images to memory.

Today, when the various philosophies are being questioned, when the Philosophy of Education has little to offer to its hungry and anxious students, there is the spirit of film as film, of New American Cinema searching for the old truths buried deep in the earth. There is a different kind of feeling that rushes through an audience when New American Cinema films are shown. One such occasion I witnessed recently, when Mr. Slavko Vorkapich lectured on film. A group of commercial films were shown as examples, followed by New American Cinema excerpts; one of the excerpts being from the late Ron Rice's motion picture *Chumlum*. Just as one recognizes works of art in a museum, or the two beautiful dancers in a rare performance,[14] so, too, the Museum of Modern Art audience knew that they were witnessing film as film: the New American Cinema film, perhaps for the first time.

It is a beautiful fact that filmmakers as filmmakers exist only in the United States.[15] There are, of course, films being made in other countries,[16] but only in the United States (New York, Denver, San Francisco) are films being created by such filmmakers as: Kenneth Anger, Bruce Baillie, Marie Menken, Robert Breer, Willard Maas, Stephen Lovi, Ken Jacobs, David Brooks, Carl Linder, Harry Smith.[17] These filmmakers are not primarily interested in creating films on the intellectual and commercial level of say a Cukor or Hawks. They are involved with film as film. They handle the camera, they make mistakes and they dare to use their mistakes, they edit their own films, they laugh at the professionals who work with work-prints, and they permit their experiments or finished works to be as long as they so desire. In the end they account to no one but themselves.

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[14] Patricia McBride as Queen of the Morphides, Anthony Blum as Iphias, in the Philippe Heriat ballet *Piège de Lumière*. Music by Jean-Michel Demase. Choreography by John Taras.

[15] P. Adams Sitney has spoken of Kubelka, filmmaker in Vienna.

[16] Such as the derivative film *Diálogos de la paz*, by José María Font-Espina and Jorge Feliu. Made in Spain.

[17] *Scorpio Rising*, Kenneth Anger. *Mass*, Bruce Baillie. *Bagatelle for Willard Maas*, Marie Menken. *Pat's Birthday*, Robert Breer. *Geography of the Body*, Willard Maas. *A Portrait of the Lady in the Yellow Hat*, Stephen Lovi. *Little Stabs at Happiness*, Ken Jacobs. *Nightspring Daystar*, David Brooks. *Skin*, Carl Linder. *Magic Feature*, Harry Smith.

The New American Cinema films are shown everywhere. They are shown in the auditoriums of high schools and colleges, of libraries, of museums, on the lawns of sorority and fraternity houses, in municipal parks, at festivals, at convocations, along lake fronts, in the gardens of private homes, during cocktail parties, in churches, and in many foreign countries.[18] Thus, there is a cultural exchange taking place which none of the Performing Arts sponsored by the Rockefeller and Ford Foundations could ever boast or attain. I am reminded of how Tabarin and Antoine Girard once set up their medium shows with the performances taking place on the Pont Neuf.[19] Slowly the spectators of these films are learning that there is no "secret quality to filmmaking"[20] as was suggested so cryptically in a statement issued during the Sixth American Film Festival last April–May 1964 in New York City, save *poetic spirit, coupled with intense work.*

Where the producer of the commercial motion picture is basically concerned with the income he derives from his audience, the New American Cinema filmmakers are in love with film. Just as there are people in real life who are incapable of loving, so, too, in the motion picture industry are there the individual craftsmen who are concerned only with their appointed tasks, none of which contain the elements of love; and no poetry. With their great concern for the medium, Jack Smith, Charles Boultenhouse, Stan Brakhage, the late Ron Rice, Jonas Mekas, Storm De Hirsch,[21] very often take the camera and use it as if they were in love with it.

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[18] There has been a New American Cinema exposition of films shown throughout Europe by Mr. P. Adams Sitney. A similar one is being prepared for South America at this time.

[19] *The Early Public Theatre in France*, by W. L. Wiley.

[20] EFLA Bulletin, Volume XXII, No. 7, April–May 1964.

[21] *Normal Love*, Jack Smith. *Dionysius*, Charles Boultenhouse. *Cat's Cradle*, Stan Brakhage. *The Queen of Sheba Meets the Atom Man*, Ron Rice. *The Brig*, Jonas Mekas. *Goodbye in the Mirror*, Storm De Hirsch.

As was the case with artists in former ages, the true filmmaker knows that the first prerequisite in understanding film as film is *to touch*. To see, to hear, to feel, to touch, to know that there can be no compromise is what the filmmaker is composed of. His declaration, in fact, is no different than the Declaration of Independence. And your declarations as spectators can be no different than those of the filmmaker as filmmaker. If you are to understand our films you must become spectators as spectators. Understand the commercial motion picture product for what it is;[22] understand what the imported films from abroad termed *art films* really are;[23] and open your eyes, ears, and minds to what is being done in New American Cinema.

This lecture was delivered at the New York State University at Buffalo, 22nd of April, 1965.

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[22] *Lord Jim*, Richard Brooks.

[23] *The Lovers*, Louis Malle.

INSTITUTIONS, CUSTOMS, LANDSCAPES

FOR ANDY WARHOL

INTRODUCTION

I do not believe that the average film spectator, the film classics film spectator, nor the student film spectator who is about to view ten films of the New Cinema has ever cast a single reflection towards the silver screen. Most film spectators continue to be as incapable of such reflection as they are wary of holding a mirror to their faces, or even raising the palms of their hands and realizing or reading within those palms the Jungian inscriptions. The reasons for this are manifold. I do not intend to suggest what they are as you already know what they are. It is your complaint, a kind of bodily ailment concerning bones, sinews and muscles, which have been replaced by wax-flesh. There is a remarkable example of what I am trying to suggest to you in the work of one of America's greatest young sculptors, Mr. Paul Thek. Let me quote to you from an interview which appeared with the opening of his new exhibit at the Pace Gallery in New York City. Mr. Thek is speaking of the work of Francis Bacon:

"... But I think he's got a bit of the life-as-a-tragic-experience attitude. He's bringing moral colour which I can't think is relative to aspects of human drives. But his subject-matter strides make him a genius of the first type ... This poor humanity attitude is small; I have no patience with it. His paintings reek of guilt. My things are not sexy in that way. They're guiltless, not immoral. It's just an experience ... And, after all, even the most rarefied aesthetic can be followed back to sexual tastes – but its like calling an eagle a bird. I would rather read Ad Reinhardt than a Freudian analysis of him."[1]

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[1] G. R. Swenson, "Beneath the Skin", *Art News*, Vol. 65, No. 2, April 1966.

Lucky is that spectator in this audience tonight who is not caught up in the net tendencies of Today. Fortunate is the spectator who is unaware of the manifestations, subtle and otherwise, which continually issue forth like the flaming papier-mâché tongues that Jean Cocteau once used in a retelling of the Oedipus legend. It is this ideal film spectator that I seek, and to whom I address tonight's lecture. My gesture will appear absurd to many members of the audience. Yet my deliberate constructions toward an understanding of the New Cinema will become apparent after the projection of the ten films this evening, and the ultimate projections tomorrow morning and tomorrow afternoon. My desire is to merely trace, effortlessly, like Andy Warhol's floating helium pillows, the air between us. Your eyes and ears must supply what is or is not lacking in each New Cinema film. Woe, however, to these spectators who would rather see the clever, the ingenious, the witty, and not the soul of Man. In a word, viewing the New Cinema is not a matter for blowing smoke rings. It is more what Edward Carpenter was saying in 1912:

"We cannot very well confine our meaning and our enquiry to the little brain-self, and leave out of consideration the great self of the emotions and impulses – of genius, love, enthusiasm and so forth. No, we must include both – the more intimate, though more hidden self, as well as the self of the façade and the front window."[2]

The New Cinema is both within and without the fringe of the Art World. It is significant that not one art critic of national stature has truly invaded the sacred precincts of either the Film-Makers' Cooperative or of the new Film-Makers' Cinematheque with any longing for understanding or describing to their many readers (who are interested) what is happening in the city of the New Cinema, New York. Private screenings are held at their request (often without rental of the films) and still they fail or are unable to distinguish between what they behold upon the screen as they might some hieroglyphic. The film and non film images of the New Cinema are too priestly for such commercial critics. The searching, artificial reflections, futuristic keys, are dismissed with captions of "Chimpanzees at Work." And, often as not, the interest of the reporter has little to do with the immediate content or form of the

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2. Edward Carpenter, *The Drama Of Love And Death.*

New Cinema films. A good example is the following excerpt from *The National Observer*:

"The Police Moved In

"For a long time, the audience for such epics – good and bad, serious and trivial – was limited largely to the filmmakers themselves, fanatic film addicts, and thrill seekers. When in 1964, Jonas Mekas was twice gaoled for publicly screening some of the products of the Sensualists, Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures* dominant among them, the outlets dwindled even further. Since that low-water mark, however, the underground audience has grown steadily larger. In many cities, film addicts have set up 'private' clubs where the franker products can be shown without official harassment. And as serious critics began to praise the movement, and museums all over the country took to showing its films, the world of commerce displayed interest too.

"In Los Angeles, the Cinema, a 750-seat theatre, initiated a series of Saturday midnight screenings; in time the 'new' films became part of the daily repertoire. In San Francisco both the Presidio and the Movie have had similar success, the latter recently with a series of Japanese underground films that will be shown here next fall at the Museum of Modern Art. Bill Raney, owner of the Movie, is blunt about the reason why: "The majority of my customers are college students. If you took away the underground films that emphasize sex – and that means 75 per cent of them – they wouldn't come." But John Heinz, film chairman at the Hyde Park Art Institute near the University of Chicago, a group that screens undergrounders on a semi-weekly basis, reports an increase of late in older customers. 'We no longer have all-student audiences,' he says."[3]

PART ONE

Oswald Spengler has said "... no art of any greatness has ever been *reborn*."[4]

This is true of the theatre which has been dead for thousands of years. For it disintegrated when the ancient world was destroyed and refashioned in the image of an ever changing Catholic Church. Fortunately, the annihilation of a civilization does not destroy the image, but rather preserves it desperately to replace its twin, the image, with itself, but in a sense it has proven futile. Today, one is tempted to admit that the future of civilization rests simply upon the conveyance of images similar to the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Of *hieroglyphic*, the Columbia Encyclopedia informs us:

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[3] "The Movie Melangic – How 'Underground' Films See the Light as a New Art Form," *The National Observer*, 28th of March, 1966.

[4] Oswald Spengler, *The Decline of the West*.

"The distinguishing feature of hieroglyphics is that they are conventionalized pictures used chiefly to represent meanings that seem arbitrary and are seldom obvious. Egyptian hieroglyphics appear in several stages: the I Dynasty, when they were already perfected; the Old Kingdom; the Middle Kingdom, when they were beginning to go out of use; the New Empire, when they were no longer well understood by the scribes;[5] and the late *hieroglyphics* (from 560 B.C.), when the use of them was a *tour de force*. There were in general three uses to which a given hieroglyphic might be put (though very few were used for all three purposes): as an ideogram, e.g., a sign resembling a man meant 'man' or a closely connected idea (thus a man carrying something meant 'carrying'), as a phonogram, e.g., an owl meant the sound *m*, for its principal consonant; or as a determinative, e.g., a sitting man placed with a collection of signs meant that the signs taken together were a man's name. The phonograms were, of course, the controlling factor in the progress of hieroglyphic writing, because of the fundamental convenience of an ALPHABET."[6]

Still other alphabets which also contained the elements of the motion pictures image were the pictographic styles of the Aztec, Hittite, and Mayan civilizations. In a very curious sense one is not surprised to find that these images also contain the functions of sound. Is it not, partly, in this special sense that the work of Brakhage takes on particular significance? To see and to hear become a state of mind, both equal to one another, and if the film spectator is attuned only to the entertainment film, the art film (say a film on Rubens or Michelangelo), or the now defunct newsreel film, or boring educational film, it will take him some time to discover the communication of a Brakhage. For the manner in which students are taught, the manner in which they receive and digest their information, seems not the manner of learning in the great tradition of the past; for today's educators with their Dun and Bradstreet fixations ignore the emotions, the susceptibilities, sympathies. The universities and colleges have become factories!

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[5] I would compare many manufacturers and technicians of the film industries round the globe to these same Egyptian scribes. For such manufacturers and technicians seldom concern themselves with the inevitable possibilities of the motion picture. Like Egyptian scribes they no longer understand the medium.

[6] *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, Second Edition, 1950.

Nevertheless, the creative artists are more than ever involved with the idea of Perception. As F. S. C. Northrop says of the dance:

"Erick Hawkins expresses the soul of an alive, emotional human being where passion is the essence. He expresses this with the freshness and aesthetic meaning of a magical and excessive beauty ..."[7]

And further on in the same essay:

"It was his genius to discover a new technique and vocabulary of unusual aesthetic purity and immediacy. It is immediately natural ... If modern minded free men are not to create a commercially cheap and aesthetically vulgar world, they must rediscover emotively felt, immediate experience ..."[8]

To those initiated, and by this time suffocated, only with the literary conception of life (the grave error of English Departments across the United States), the motion picture of a man sleeping, as in Andy Warhol's *Sleep*, will seemingly contain nothingness and appear worthless to all such spectators. The reason that the Warhol films at first glance may appear worthless or wearing to the New Film Spectator is because Warhol has not made the fatal mistake of irresponsibly giving that line of cursiveness to his images for which he himself feels no affinity. At the same time it is true that if he did attempt even a casual control, his films would then be imbued with that attractiveness which makes a work of Art. As it is now, the films, such as *Vinyl*, are too saturated with the self consciousness of his pseudo underground performers (of these performers I would accept Baby Jane Holzer).

The New Film Spectators of today are in the same position as the film spectators of the very late 1890's and early 1900's; but now they are viewing without realizing it (the historians of the New Cinema have not appeared) extraordinary works; a *Flaming City* by Dick Higgins; the major work by the brilliant Harry Smith; the splendid master works of an Ed Emshwiller, *Totem*, *Thanatopsis*; the explosive *Doomshow* by the unheralded Ray Wisniewski; the virtuoso endgames of the late Ron Rice, *Chumlum* and *The Flower Thief*; the Blakeian illumination, *Wormwood Star* by Curtis Harrington; the shattering, soul defying, *The Brig* by Jonas Mekas. Without deliberate effort, (unlike the avant-garde artists who made films in the twenties or the politically oriented documentary films of the thirties)[9] the New Filmmakers like the filmmakers of 1895 and 1900 (Méliès, Lumière) are also proceeding with their impossible voyages, which is more than fitting to our times. Those who would criticise the American filmmakers for a total lack of social consciousness might do well to reconsider the content of the New Film. Such interested individuals would need to peer underneath the skin with eye scalpel and ear forceps; indeed, they would find it of extraordinary value to actually examine the films, almost frame by frame, in order to understand what they have been condemning.[10] Such methods would once and for all dispel the anaemic film criticism which still

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[7] *The Dance* (A series of fine essays concerning the work of Erick Hawkins, Lucia Dlugoszewski, and Ralph Dorazio), "Sensuous Humanism" by F. S. C. Northrop.

[8] Ibid.

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9. The Avant-Garde:
Viking Eggeling (*Diagonal Symphonie*); Mertzner (*Uberfall*); Epstein (*Photogenie*); Duhamel (*Souvenirs de Paris*); Kirsanov (*Ménilmontant*); R. Landau (*Rythmes d'une cathédrale*); Hans Richter (*Essai de publicité*); Ralph Steiner (H_2O); J. V. Durden, Mary Field and F. Percy Smith (*Secretos de la Naturaleza*); Marcel Carné (*Nogent, Eldorado du dimanche*); Bruguiere and Blakeston (*Ritmos de Luz*); Gussy Lauwson (*Light and Shade*); Marcel Duchamp (*Anemic Cinema*); Fernand Léger and Dudley Murphy (*Ballet mécanique*); Henri Chomette (*Jeux des reflets et de la vitesse*); Watson and Webber (*La caída de la Casa Usher*); Robert Florey (*The Love of Zero*); Man Ray (*Le Chateau de Dé*); Buñuel and Dali (*L'age d'or*); Germaine Dulac (*Arabesque, Disque 957, La Coquille et le Clergyman*); Claude Autant-Lara (*Construire un feu*); Julien Duvivier (*Poil de Carotte*).
The Documentary:
André Gide and Marc Allégret (*Voyage au Congo*); Henri Lepage and Julian Duvivier (*La machine à refaire la vie*); Jean Epstein (*Finis terrae*); Edmond Gréville (*El nacimiento de las horas*); Jean Vigo (*À propos de Nice*); Georges Lecombe (*La Zone*); Jean Grémillon (*Tour au large*); André Sauvage (*Paris port*).
See Ángel Zúñiga, *Una historia del cine* (Vol. I).

10. The grade schools would do well to introduce, freely, the new penmanship to their students of the 8mm camera. Used 8mm cameras may be purchased for as little as $10.00.

prevails, including the sagacious articles written by members of the Ph.D. set.[11]

PART TWO

Élie Faure has said that in order to realise the idea of unity in the mind, and in order to transmit this unity to the creative work, one should obey the need of a durable yet general order which the universe at large imposes upon man. This general order of things, in particular geographic locale subtle to the condition of man, must subscribe towards faith and worship.

To a remarkable extent what Élie Faure believed was that such an order of things has been and continues to be; similarly, the order of things with the New American Cinema, and with the New Cinema Spectator. Just as in the forties, during the Second World War, when the art of painting (Abstract Expressionism) was represented to such a vivid degree from one end of Fifty Seventh Street, West to East, and East to West on Manhattan, so too, the filmmakers, the New American Cinema filmmakers found themselves, with few exceptions, centred in one dramatic horizon, the sun never rising or setting, from the Eastern Seaboard, across the Appalachians, to the plains, to the canyons, to the Rockies, and finally to the Western Seaboard and the blue Pacific. These filmmakers[12] conscious of the forces that for too long have been dispiriting the vital spiritual energies of Man, found it necessary to adopt the motion picture camera which was then (late fifties and sixties) so easy to come by; that is, to purchase or rent or borrow. The deepest desire to communicate ideas, the deepest desire to wound the contented spectator, and eager to eject him out of his complacency, content to work within their own neighbourhoods, on the road, or in the cities, and convinced with their cosmic mission (like the ancient citizens of Greece); thus, knowing this they began performing the impossible, and, this before the eyes of many an unbelieving citizen or parent. I say parent because the younger of the filmmakers had many an explanation to give to their parents.[13] And when it came time to project the finished or unfinished film experiments, the filmmakers found themselves confronted with an insensate audience, accustomed to the boredom of the Broadway theatre, the commercial motion picture theatres, television, and many a concert performance. Yet these same spectators believing that they knew what was *Good* or *Bad*, who could not recognise their own perpetual boredom, denounced the New American Cinema experiments, finished and unfinished, and their accompanying mature works as boring. It was to take at least three or four years before even a few realised that what seemed the boredom of an Andy Warhol film or a Jack Smith film or a Storm De Hirsch film or a Jonas Mekas film was a philosophical point reconsidering the effort involved in the supreme creative act with which the aforementioned and other filmmakers were involved.[14] And if during that time one had dared to suggest the sublime involvement of many of the filmmakers, the spectator of boredom with the face which is often a facsimile of the *New York Times* would have cried out: "Fraud!"[15] Nevertheless, it was out of such groups of spectators that first one then another spectator became interested, and very often became concerned with the New American Cinema movement. Within a few years the friends of the New American Cinema came to realise that no one was saying that every film which was being projected was a masterpiece, least of all the filmmakers involved but certainly they, the New Cinema Spectators, even found it more comfortable, interesting, and of far greater entertainment value to discover through the various viewings of the New Cinema film experiments what was being attempted than they did sitting through the many commercial films which were being heralded as The New Art Form. Many felt as Hosea Biglow once felt about, "the fresh American flowers instead of the far away verdure of the British poets,"[16] when he wrote:

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[11] I refer to the first issue of the new periodical, *Film Heritage*, published at the University of Dayton.

[12] See Film-Makers' Cooperative catalogue.

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[13] Kuchar Brothers, Andrew Meyers, etc. And many a would-be filmmaker and future filmmaker.

[14] Andy Warhol (*Empire*); Jack Smith (*Normal Love*); Storm De Hirsch (*Goodbye in the Mirror*); Jonas Mekas (*Guns of the Trees*).

[15] Such a spectator would never understand that it was probably Art which gave birth to Science and not vice versa, though the situation seems reversed.

[16] Van Wyck Brooks, *The Flowering of New England* (1815–1865) (The end of Chapter 11, "The Coast and the Hinterland.").

Why, I'd give more for one live bobolink
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink.[17]

Undergoing examination, holding firm, munching on sandwiches, drinking cognac from tiny flasks, motionless, entranced (like the initiates at Delphi) the New Cinema Spectators at the Film-Makers' Cinematheque became future spectators, i.e., actors, the real, the actual, existing in the present but involved thusly, in the Past and in the Future. Beginning by tolerating himself, tolerating the spectator next to him,tolerating the total assembly of spectators in the tradition of the ancient theatre of Greece, aloof and apart from the sense of boredom, of posing, of brooding (as is the case in the Broadway Palaces and even at Lincoln Centre), the New Cinema Spectator begins to reflect the Silver Screen, and many an emotion which has not glistened as truly as on Mediterranean or Chaldean mirrors returns with joy incising the Light Years, Past, Present and Future, while mixing with the waves of Sound outside the body Face. Gradually, the New Cinema Spectator reconsiders time itself his own, his dearest possession from sunrise to sunset. To sit through *Sleep, The Art of Vision*, or the proposed *The Last Homeric Laugh* (a total retelling of the "Iliad" by Homer)[18] becomes an inevitable religious act: containing all that the Sciences, various as they are, very often do not contain, and often as not do not communicate to the average spectator.

This festival of the emotions, of the spirit, of the mind, continues week after week. Its intention is perhaps Dionysian, and the New Cinema Spectators enter as freely into it as the ancients entered into their Dionysian revels. If for the ancient Greeks the fermented juice of the grape was the gift of the gods, for the New Cinema Spectator the combinations of single frames, the out-of-focused, the non-focused, the dark, the light (both in black and white and in colour films), become the intoxicating elements offered by the ever socially conscious filmmaker.[19] Often, when the footage projected is a work in progress (as in *Normal*

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[17] Ibid.

[18] Andy Warhol, Stan Brakhage, Gregory J. Markopoulos.

[19] The New American Cinema filmmakers contain social consciousness on that supreme level which is not necessarily deliberate. Just the same as a novelist writes first for himself (so said Günther Grass at Princeton's Response Week recently) and hopes the public will read him, so too the filmmaker creates first for himself. In this lies the greatest social concern.

Love and the private projections of the film rushes from *The Illiac Passion* at the Bleecker Street Cinema) the New Cinema Spectator finds himself engulfed with a divine frenzy or enthusiasm, sharing the excitement of the filmmaker himself. It is almost needless to say that it has been a hard, difficult and often obscure struggle, but the new life principle, that animating body of the New American Cinema and the New Cinema Spectator is prevailing throughout the United States. It is now visible where before it seemed invisible. The marvel, the remarkable events that led to the first formation and subsequent formation of the various divisions of the New American Cinema, is now the very foundation for the future of the Cinema, not only here in the United States but also on the global level. The disorder, the confusion, the chaos within Hollywood and the other commercial film markets is a well known fact. Fortunately, the film's supreme union to *the essence of the various arts* which had been lost is now left to the protection of the New American Cinema, the New Cinema filmmaker. For the New Cinema filmmaker has those hundred sensuous images, the passions of the Latin hymn writers of the Middle Ages. To quote Pater more fully:

"*...for one moral or spiritual sentiment (they) had a hundred sensuous images*. A passion of which the outlets are sealed begets a tension of nerve in which the sensible world comes to one with a reinforced brilliancy and relief all redness turned into blood, all water into tears. Hence, a wild convulsed sensuousness in all the poetry of the middle ages, in which the things of nature began to play a strange delirious part."[i]

This lecture was delivered at Amherst College, 15th of April 1966.

THE GOLDEN POET

On July 8th, 1962, Ron Rice was awarded the *Filmmakers' Festival Award* for his experimental film, *Senseless*, at the Charles Theatre. Ron Rice has had the privilege of working in the medium of film; he has not failed the film spectator in being true to the medium of film. In great part, he has dared to penetrate time, and he has succeeded in destroying time through the eternity that only the art of film possesses. The sweet fictions of contemporary films, telling a story or pretending to documentary styles (I've never seen a documentary nor do I ever hope to see one[1]) are shadowed by Ron Rice's original investigations in *Senseless*.

At first elusive as if each image were the reflection of the filmmaker himself, *Senseless* creates for the film spectator a disarranged but glorious night. Images like floating songs pass between the screen and the film spectator. The film spectator's conditioned states become eclipsed; thoughts collide in disbelief. Truth causes blemishes upon the surface of the film spectator's brain. Alone, surrounded by burning fires of truth, Ron Rice salutes the sun, as the spectators seek refuge.

Ron Rice's images in *Senseless* become linked in a golden chain, and like the words of a poem they quarrel, dispute and seek their meaning through the joyous encounter of light upon imprisoned celluloid. Leaping like fantastic silver fish, the images in black and white, continuously accelerated, often soft, consistently graceful, become ecstatic before the film spectator's eyes. In rising and falling crescendo images of ugliness and torment are introduced suggesting a measure of contemporary life. Minutes and seconds no longer exist; precise meanings in this rich journey of symbol born of visions test the imagination of the film spectator.

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[1] Josef von Sternberg has suggested that it is impossible to create a documentary film. Once the filmmaker selects even a setting, or plans a composition – does any planning – the film ceases to be spontaneous; ceases to be a documentary.

An image of a swarm of bees may, perhaps, denote false friendship. The image of the intestines of a bull may or may not denote compassion and affection? Ultimately the film spectator must select and prepare the itinerary of the filmic journey himself. If he fails to perceive any meaning whatsoever, then that particular film spectator is without a soul: a representative of twentieth century society. Or is it too much to demand an act of faith?

To whom does Ron Rice offer his golden images; from what mountain peak has he descended like Zarathustra to revisit the city through his film *Senseless*; what has he experienced during his act of faith, the filming of *Senseless*? From the depths of the marble sea of inspiration a rainbow has risen, arched itself across the earth and its resplendent colours have mingled with the language of the beasts. Ron Rice deliriously rising and falling in the lower world of the Styx has populated his work with Night Gods within a projecting space of twenty-eight minutes.

Moving along a bankside the film spectator becomes absent within the image of two figures whose bodies, faces, hands, feet remain barely visible. The film spectator experiences a feeling of his body, face, hands, feet subsiding beyond time. Suddenly the images change; there is an increased awareness of joyousness. Streams of water, cascades, jubilant fountains splash across the absorbed faces of the film spectators. Laces, designs, a male torso, a female torso, negative footage of a bullfight become life and death. The world reels, Aristotle is toppled; beginning, middle and end become displaced, the present is shattered. *Senseless*, everywhere, everyone, everything shouts Ron Rice. With one midnight stroke Ron Rice's film shoots out of the projector leaving his spectator impaled upon disbelief. A filmmaker's soul has approached the film spectator through poetry and it is the privilege of the film spectator to approach the offspring, *Senseless*, with heart and mind, for it is the work of a filmmaker; a golden poet.

12th of April, 1962
New York City

SCORPIO RISING

Kenneth Anger's *Scorpio Rising* was shown at a sneak preview last evening at the Gramercy Arts Theatre, the temporary home of the American cinema. The showing did not begin until 2:00 am due to the length of the regular program. But from the moment that Kenneth Anger's arachnid talents flashed on the silver screen, everyone knew, indeed felt, that an extraordinary motion picture was being unfurled under the mischievous banner of Puck Films, a name which Anger chose for his production company.

The first instant image, Anger's lobster like claws and jointed Imagination's tail, conveyed the film spectators of the Gramercy Arts Theatre into the heart of the eighth sign of the zodiac, *Scorpio Rising*. Beginning with supernal images of a young hoodlum cleaning his motorcycle in Brooklyn, the motion picture proceeds formally towards its less formal conclusion. The images of the various parts of the motorcycle as, perhaps, the chief protagonist rise over and again before us, in pan shots, in moving shots, always elegantly composed. These images have the quality of having been tempered of steel. *Scorpio Rising* has been made in the image of contemporary America.

Kenneth Anger's continued sympathy to the work of Sergei Eisenstein is again apparent in *Scorpio Rising*. He keeps respectfully to Eisenstein's theories, even to the colour theories of Eisenstein which were first used and misunderstood in the final part of *Ivan the Terrible*. It is as if an extraordinary part of Eisenstein were alive, glowing uncannily through Anger's fingertips. Anger stands before his fantastic finery. One might say that in the photography his greater sympathies are with Josef von Sternberg; for often bright stars shimmer from various parts of the motorcycle being assembled.

But it is not only by Eisenstein and Sternberg (certainly to be classified among the few experimentalists in the commercial industry) that Kenneth Anger has been inspired; for in this very American motion picture, he galumphs beyond the mysteries that made David Wark Griffith triumph. Anger's emotional gazetteer surveys and juxtaposes comic strips with television images of not only Marlon Brando in *The Wild One* but the story of the Passion of Christ (it is photographed in blue – eternity) contrasted with subterranean masochistic ecstasies of the motorcyclists.

Throughout, from the formal opening to the ritualistic dressing of several of the motorcyclists, to the faggot party with its initiatory references, the motion picture *Scorpio Rising* balances ironically to the accompaniment of a soundtrack devoted to current rock and roll songs. These rock and roll songs create a loose story line which becomes stupefying with the last song at the end of the motion picture.

Scorpio Rising with all its brilliance lacks for me one of the great requirements of this greatest art, motion pictures: the need for immediate visionary speculation such as is found in the simplicity of Genet's *Un chant d'amour*, in the magnificence of Stan Brakhage's work, in the awakening art of Jack Smith.

19th of October, 1963
New York City

INNOCENT REVELS

When *Flaming Creatures* was first presented in New York City, the avant-garde centre of the globe, it was received by the average film spectator with a considerable amount of merriment. I recall one such hilarious occasion during the glorious projections at the Bleecker Street Cinema. Apparently, at that time, the film spectators were projected into a state of cosmic or filmic shock. Those images, scenes and sequences which they had envisioned and had wished would appear in the commercial film which they attended (the Sophia Loren, Rita Hayworth, Sylvia Sidney, Lauren Bacall, Susan Hayward, Clark Gable, Humphrey Bogart, James Mason, Stewart Granger films, and the much earlier serial films) were unexpectedly offered before their eyes. The spiritless eyes of the motion picture spectators and the sometimes dim brilliance of Smith's images became involved in a joyous and unprecedented collision. The audiences burst forth and roared, while the walls of censorship began to crack. *Flaming Creatures* had ushered in a new era in the brief history of the motion picture, which unlike any other art has an active, glowing history. The unexpected had occurred; something which neither film spectators nor the filmmaker could hardly have predicted or planned. *Flaming Creatures*, the satire on sex attitudes, was reshaping and infusing the inner consciousness of the average filmgoer. At both the Bleecker Street Cinema and the Gramercy Arts Theatre, the college student, the film enthusiasts, the mockers of the avant-garde or of the New American Cinema, found themselves no longer chuckling. Though the same motion picture, a master work, was being projected, *Flaming Creatures* had begun to inhale and exhale the breath of man, that first and only breath that all true efforts contain. For the commercial film spectator the encounter had become a serious and disturbing conflict. The feast was over.

Claude Bernard has called each terrestrial being an aquarium in which his cells live. Each of Jack Smith's creatures exemplify Claude Bernard's thesis. In the vocabulary of the filmmaker and in the stock words of the filmmaker's friends is the preferred, elusive phrase, *flaming* *creatures*. In referring to any passer-by, and more particularly to members of their own intimate group, the meaningful unit *flaming creatures* has become organic to their lives.

"The characters were my friends, and my friends the characters," relates Smith. Determined to discover the source which constituted his friends' fantasies, those unuttered, unintelligibly modulated images which existed in their minds, as in the case of Joel Markman who had an insatiable desire (which was fulfilled) to portray a vampire, Smith waited and observed. He obeyed and suffered within Time; the Muse and Demon of inspiration by his side.

The ideal student of *film as film*, the serious student interested in the spirit of man as opposed to the hysteria of mass communication as expounded in the educational policy across the nation (I respect Allen Tate's *communion*[1]) will perceive instantly the remarkableness of the film medium as conveyed in the *amateur motion picture*. The *amateur motion picture* permits a formidable analysis of the character figures who appear in the film, the filmmakers, who create the film, and the film spectators who view the film, comparable to those sacred journeys which the ancients partook, periodically, to Epidaurus, Thebes, and Lamia. There is no other part in its sublime amateur state in which such an inspired analysis as expounded in psychology and sociology becomes immediate. For once, warring psychology and sociology become irresistibly reconciled in the medium of the *amateur motion picture*. What psychology and sociology scheme to arrange, each to their own frustrating purpose, the medium of film, specifically the *amateur motion picture*, executes spontaneously and purely.

It is not only the individual, the actor or character figure, the *flaming creature* in Jack Smith's art form who becomes transformed; the transformation magically attunes to that still rarer creature, the *amateur*

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[1] "[Men] ... have got to communicate through love. Communication that is not also communion is incomplete. We *use* communication; we *participate* in communion. 'All the certainty of our knowledge,' says Coleridge, 'depends [on this]; and this becomes intelligible to no man by the ministry of mere words from without. The medium, by which spirits understand each other, is not the surrounding air; but the *freedom* which they posses in common.' (The italics are Coleridge's.) Neither the artist nor the statesman will communicate fully again until the rule of love, added to the rule of law, has liberated him." *The Man of Letters in the Modern World*, Allen Tate.

film spectator. In the commercial motion picture there is an attainment to a preconceived decadent state which becomes the propaganda of the mass communication system. In the *amateur motion picture* there is the attainment to a natural human state which is in harmonic sympathy with the vital senses of the film spectator; preferably, the *amateur film spectator*. Unperturbed with pecuniary returns, gracefully inclined towards his Muse and Demon, the amateur filmmaker experiments and suffers because of the toll that supposition, inevitably, requires. The vigour of the unpredictable amateur image, combined with the most directly manufactured light source, under the conducting hands of every responsible projectionist, swim together in their moon pool before, and with, the visual and aural dramatic progressions of the motion picture spectator becoming the perceiving angler.

The purposeful selection of what might be referred to as the incarnate individuals or character figures (in preference to the outmoded idea of the *actor*) has always been one of the high marks in the work of creative individuals working their variations on Life in the various arts. In painting Amadeo Modigliani is a prime example, himself in his fabulous nudes. In literature Marcel Proust. In poetry Mayakovsky. In theatre the unknown New Theatre of Kenneth Kelman. In music Tschaikovsky. In the dance Isadora Duncan. In the commercial film David Wark Griffith, Erich von Stroheim, Cecil B. DeMille, Josef von Sternberg, Marcel Carné, Michelangelo Antonioni, and Adolfas Mekas. In the amateur film Louis Delluc, Hans Richter, James Broughton, Kenneth Anger, Curtis Harrington, Charles Boultenhouse, Ken Jacobs, Barbara Rubin, and Naomi Levine. In each of the filmic cases cited above the relationship of the character figures to the filmmaker has been an extended personal reflection resting upon the ashes of the religious significance which is the basis of the filmmaker's particular art form. In the past, during the thirties Rotha,[2] Grierson, Griffith, during the forties and fifties Henry Hart, Arthur Knight, during the sixties the mass critics Bosley Crowther, Judith Crist, Kate Cameron, Archer Winsten have irresponsibly criticized the avant-garde, the experimental, the New American Cinema, the *amateur motion picture* as being too esoteric; just as critics before them have scorned and stormed whenever the image of the filmmaker himself appeared on the screen as protagonist. How terribly have the critics (supposedly responsible to the community) failed to perceive the subtleties of experimentation and casting, even in the master commercial experimentalist Josef von Sternberg. The interested reader need only refer to the reviews of the thirties. In nearly every film by von Sternberg the protagonist resembles in some way the director (the protagonists in *Underworld, The Scarlet Empress, Caprice Espagnol, Crime and Punishment*). More recent examples being Dennis Hopper in Curtis Harrington's motion picture *Night Tide*, Stan Brakhage in the epic *Dog Star Man*, and Smith in his nearly completed *Normal Love*.

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[2] "usual avant-garde kindergarten product ..." *The Film Till Now*, Paul Rotha.

Smith has discovered that outside the usually accepted relationship, the idealistic relationship of the creative artist and his character figure, the filmmaker may charge the costume of the character figure. This is to say, the costume becomes the character and the character the costume. Anyone may step into the costume. The possibilities of this proven experiment become infinite and markedly revert to the ancient theatre. A costume replaces the actor or character figure as it glissades toward the motionless motion picture spectator. Out of the seeming static characterizations of the avant-garde of the forties have arisen the delirious movements, the bacchic revels of the sixties. The characterizations of both periods betray the truth that man exists in Time without movement. Thus the universal visions of the fabulous creatures of the past, the Abbe Bremond, Verlaine, Richard Wagner, Gordon Craig, Adolphe Appia, Nazimova, and Madame Sikelianos, persist in the *amateur motion picture*.

Jack Smith was born in Columbus, Ohio in 1932 at about the time that the dogs of hell in Hollywood were already howling the greater advent of sound, while Paul Rotha was stating in his book, *Celluloid*:[1]

"Colour is unnecessary in the dramatic theatrical film ... it definitely diminishes appeal. These reasons, I think, make clear to a large extent why the public was unresponsive, why colour must always remain a speculation from a commercial point of view, and how for aesthetic reasons colour is a white elephant to the cinematic medium. In any case, how is one to cut in terms of colour? Only on the rarest occasions and then purely for a decorative purpose such as in posters, cartoon and abstract films, can I visualize colour in the cinema."

Smith states that movies were his only imaginative release during his childhood. When he graduated from high school Smith induced his parents (just as other filmmakers had done) to purchase for him an 8mm motion picture camera. Soon after receiving the much prized camera Smith was burglarized and his camera stolen. The twist of events modifying his desire to make films, Smith took to still photography. Although the Museum of Modern Art purchased several of his photographs Smith had no chance towards further exhibition or exploitation of his work.[ii] As fate would have it, declaring and weighing the prophetic scales towards the imbalance of seeming imperfection of the filmmaker's soul, this delving into still photography with its more immediate concerns with over-exposing and under-exposing, with much of the creative process taking place in the darkroom, ultimately whisked Smith from the middle path and thrust him (as in the chthonic rites) into the darker, more ominous passage through which the creative soul receives the communion and taste of Originality forever. Having drunken from both the fountain of forgetfulness and remembrance, Smith was reborn. Like the character of Loki in Wagner's masterpiece, the filmmaker craftily alternated the materials which were in and out of focus. From this material which most film students, under the pres-sure of mass communication instructors, would discard as unusable, Jack Smith created the agitated visual rhythms which may now be properly called his personal film form. A form which defies conventional criticism.

In preparing *Flaming Creatures* Jack Smith used outdated motion picture stock and a non-reflex Bolex camera. Before laboratory expenses the motion picture cost a mere hundred dollars. Like many another supreme filmmaker[3] Jack Smith has proved that cost means very little when it comes to the breath that is art. *Flaming Creatures* was photographed on the roof of the Windsor Theatre in Manhattan which is the oldest still standing motion picture house in New York City. The project took eight weekends; again proof of what the amateur motion picture is able to accomplish which the commercial motion picture has forgotten, frowns upon and disavows.

There is the *sense of seriousness* and there is the *sense of the comical.* Jack Smith chose the sense of the comical, the sense of fun in creating

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3. Jonas Mekas has shot his motion picture *The Brig* with sync sound for $900, in five hours.

his *Flaming Creatures*. Passing through the space that is ruled by the Muse of Provocation, Smith gasped and was bathed in her image. With the remembrance of effort he began his editing which took one week. The soundtrack was prepared under the supervision of Tony Conrad, a close friend of the filmmaker, who owned a tape recorder. The sound images which in the New American Cinema are patterned in the image of the ancient God of Silence were the very chance sensations out of which mankind has created Life; in direct opposition to Radiant Energy. During the earthquake sequence the sound of the tolling bells was prepared electronically through the magnification of a dinner bell. The soundtrack was measured to the image and printed without any synchronization whatsoever.[4] Again the amateur motion picture through experimentation points the way to the wonders that are to be perceived in the future of motion pictures.[5]

In viewing any of Smith's works, *Blonde Cobra, Flaming Creatures, Scotch Tape,* the film spectator recreates, without realizing it, what Jack Smith has experienced in resting in an Automat; watching, studying the movements of its clientele. Those diners who reveal and betray their past are the marvellous glimpses that shed light upon one of the important sources of Smith's work. What the uninitiated regard as ramblings in his work is actually Smith's universality; *everywhere observing*. Devoted to his subject, each image approved by no one else except himself. Smith masks himself, and in so doing unmasks himself. His mask, the mask that he donates to the public, is the world mask; perhaps, the mask of the ancient theatre. Because he lives in New York City, because he starves (subsists on days old oatmeal and fried, sautéed onions), suffers and works in New York City which is a motion picture screen, the mask which Smith offers becomes the very removal of the city's hideous disguise. Portently, as filmmaker (and in this respect he is close to the filmmakers who deal with myth) he subdues the very image of his spectators.

[4] As in Cocteau's *La Belle et la Bête*, Harrington's *Fragment of Seeking*, Markopoulos' *Lysis*.

[5] I believe the motion picture is a sacred art. It is capable of healing. For instance, what would occur if in cases of cerebral palsy the patients were photographed reenacting a puppet play (those who cannot from one moment to another recall what has transpired) and then had the images returned to them, systematically through the medium of motion pictures, i.e., projection – double, triple, projection.

Those who would censor Smith's work are terrified by the existence of their own image which either consciously or unconsciously has revealed to them their God. Behind the Smith mask hides not a Creator but a Creatrix. The burden of viewing *Flaming Creatures*, and their subsequent feeling that the inanimate are the living and the animate the dead, causes Smith's detractors to recoil from his work. There is little wonder in their daily lives. They can never know the agonies involved in Smith's or any other worker's art form. That Smith may have spent hours, a whole night, arranging, changing, shifting, replacing, placing objects, people, cheesecloths, fabrics about a prefabricated moon pool, has no more meaning for his critics than does the craftsmanship involved in the marvellous jewels created by Buccelatti on Fifth Avenue. Because the community critics do not concern themselves with the artist worker, because they fail to understand the points of exhaustion beyond which these artists must float and scale, their criticism based only upon the mirage needs of the community becomes false. The critics' inability to accept the suffering of one of the free human beings they so audaciously pretend to understand continuously sacrifices the creative individual, *the sole hope for the survival of their community*. In our civil day, the filmmaker.

There are numerous scenes in Smith's work which remind one of that fantastic description in William Tenn's story entitled *Winthrop Was Stubborn*:[iii]

"The single garment that Winthrop wore similarly kept adjusting itself upon him. At one moment it would be a striped red and white tunic; covering everything from his shoulders to his thighs; then it would slowly elongate into a green gown that trickled over his outstretched toes; and, abruptly, it would contract into a pair of light brown shorts decorated with a complex pattern of brilliant seashells.

Mrs. Brucks observed all this with an almost religious disapproval. A man was meant, she felt dimly, to be dressed approximately the same way from one moment to the next, not to swoop wildly from one garment to another like a montage sequence in the movies."

The infatuation with surface materials that controls the work of Jack Smith, and his personal attraction to the eighteenth century painter Watteau have inspired *Normal Love*, the motion picture which he is now editing slowly. The spirit of spontaneity apparent from the avant-garde of the late forties to the present is continuously evoked, but with *magical* connotations, such as the brilliant snake-goddess episode with the dazzling new actress Beverly Grant. There is, too, Smith's consistent belief in intersexuality, kindred spirit to the Spanish physician Marañón's volume entitled *The Evolution of Sex and Intersexual Conditions*:[iv]

"The classic concept of sex as an immutable and non-evolutionary value, which established an opposition instead of a gradation between 'feminine' and 'masculine', has prevented many questions of sexual physiology and pathology from being examined in all their complexity with clear vision and in their proper light. The social and moral aspects of these problems has been falsely interpreted for the same reason."

From Maya Deren, Willard Maas, Marie Menken, Sidney Peterson, Frank Stauffacher, Kenneth Anger, Jonas Mekas, Charles Boultenhouse, Stan Brakhage, Storm De Hirsch, Naomi Levine to the defenders of the *amateur motion picture*, Parker Tyler, Joseph Campbell, P. Adams Sitney, H. G. Weinberg, Dr. Kaster,[v] Dr. George Amberg and through the perennial mockers of the *amateur motion picture*, Grierson, the film documentarist; James Card, director of the Eastman House; Henry Hart, editor of Films in Review; Richard Griffith of the Museum of Modern Art; through the great film archivists and preservers of motion pictures, Jacques Ledoux of Belgium, Henri Langlois of France, the moment is here and one is obliged to raise an unfurling bunting towards the rebirth of the creative arts through a rebirth of the manner in which men create, and preserve a comprehension of their creations.

In the *amateur motion picture* the mourning black and white fade-in and fade-out used both in black and white films and colour films becomes obsolete. Let there be, instead, coloured fade-outs and fade-ins. For Jack Smith, to which the body of this article is pursued, pink leaders, spiralling oranges, cadmium-red-lights and lime greens. Let the globe be bathed for the first time in the arts with an abundance of light and colour.

Upon the dying bull, the commercial motion picture, has arisen what has been called the avant-garde cinema, the amateur cinema, the New American Cinema, and may at this writing more properly be renamed the Consolation Cinema. Not since the ancient world has any art begun to serve its fatal life function as a religion. *Flaming Creatures, Yes, Dionysius, Dog Star Man, Little Stabs at Happiness, Handwritten, Serenity* are a few of the films that have directed the flame. Each filmmaker his own flame devoted to his particular film form, as the Roman Priests were devoted to a particular god.

After all is said, dreamed and desired, I feel no need to defend *Flaming Creatures*. The practice of community critics being paid certain hundreds of dollars to give a set number of star ratings to a motion picture is nearing its end. There must be only the criticism of Enthusiasm. In this sense, *Flaming Creatures* has no need of defence. It is a motion picture. Its radiant and passionate creator is Jack Smith.

This lecture was delivered at the Maison Française, New York University, 24th of June, 1964.

THREE FILMMAKERS

ANDY MEYER, CHARLES BOULTENHOUSE, STORM DE HIRSCH

The filmmakers of the New American Cinema are not only unlike any other filmmakers of the past – unlike the avant-gardists of the twenties, the politically oriented filmmakers of the thirties, or the avant-gardists of the forties, or even the Midwest school of filmmakers of the middle and late 50's – they are also unlike each other in their mode of filmic conception as any birth from coenogenesis, ectogenesis and parthenogenesis. The foundation of the New American Cinema is moulded out of invisibility and decorated in indivisibility. Within such a foundation, films are begun like quick-fire even as others are being completed ...

The celestial body of New American Cinema has an extensive range. There is the amazing first work performed in 8mm by Andy Meyer. Reference is made to his film *Shades and Drumbeats*. In the same millimetre, there are the humorously detailed comedies spoofing Hollywood by the young Kuchar brothers. On another level, there is the 16mm work of Charles Boultenhouse – his motion picture *Handwritten*, and his more recent work *Dionysius*, with its extraordinary ending conceived in the tradition of the satyr play. And recently there has appeared the fine work of the poet and filmmaker Storm De Hirsch, whose *Goodbye in the Mirror* contains that visual wisdom from which too many individuals working in the motion picture medium have become disengaged. Nor can one ignore the continuous work in progress of Marie Menken ...

I would like to concentrate here on several newly completed films by three of the above mentioned filmmakers. The youngest of the three is Andy Meyer, who at this writing has returned to Brandeis University to continue his studies. Through exceedingly limited means, Mr. Meyer has gloriously, with the use of an 8mm motion picture camera, created one of those remarkable films incensed with the values which everyman forgets, caught as he is in the sedge flats he calls his streets. It is these disowned values that Mr. Meyer obstinately, and with the greatest of poise, works with and surprises his film spectator. Unimportant at this juncture of the young filmmaker's career is the fact that his film does not pretend to technical achievement. The spirit of an artist transcends the idea of technical achievement. The anguish and delirium of *Shades and Drumbeats* is enhanced by that form of editing which envelops the filmmaker; and out of the available materials before him, he creates his world for the first time, and, thereafter, with each new work or experiment.

The world of *Shades and Drumbeats* has no need for sound; the film frames become the filmic grammar. They speak and contain the words, the sentences that reveal to the engrossed film spectator the spirit of Meyer's work. Those who are fortunate in viewing *Shades and Drumbeats* will come away having inhaled the most precious of aromatic barks.

Charles Boultenhouse's 16mm work *Dionysius*, so vastly different from the work of Meyer, contains an abundance of riches which one may gladly say is never for one moment thrust toward the spectator, as occurs in the recently and much publicized commercial motion picture *Topkapi* by Jules Dassin. *Dionysius* is divided into more than several parts, during which time the soundtrack is first spoken in English, then in French, and finally in Greek. Both the poetry, which enhances the images, and the spoken word are handsomely invented. One is reminded of the complex musical levels of the composer Charles Ives. Though the title *Dionysius* suggests the legend of the Greek god of wine, the film remains supremely American. Inspired by that happy hour of its creation, Mr. Boultenhouse has used as a chorus a group of filmmakers which becomes the visual sonata form of his film. Because the film spectator cannot help but become possessed during the viewing of *Dionysius*, as one becomes possessed in the face of the sensuous temple homes of Frank Lloyd Wright in the films of Kenneth Anger, the consequences of his share as a film spectator becomes an extraordinary catharsis. The only point upon which Mr. Boultenhouse might be taken to task is the fact that he did not photograph the figures of Pentheus and Dionysius naked. For he did, to a certain degree, employ the same device throughout his film that the Belgian surrealist Paul Delvaux used in his painting of a boy (Eros) entering a room and finding a female nude with her hands to her breasts, Eros' wings having been dismissed by the painter.

The third filmmaker in this triumvirate is Storm De Hirsch. Having several films to her credit, the ones that have been most impressive are

Divinations, with its exciting soundtrack, its hand-coloured images, and her first feature work *Goodbye in the Mirror*, which is completely unpretentious both in the selection of theme (concerning a young woman who goes to Rome to find herself a husband) and its presentation on the screen. From the very inception of the credit titles, the film spectator feels the power of one of the most fascinating cities in the world – Rome. From the beginning to the end of the film, the spectator's pleasure and understanding are enhanced on the same social filmic scale of that grand experimentalist Rossellini. Though the images in most films are easily forgotten, such is not the case with those of *Goodbye in the Mirror*. Best retained and rooted are the images and episodes of the turning streetcar; the protagonists Maria and Marco; the sweeper; the scurrying nuns; the steps to the water supply tank (homage, perhaps, to Maya Deren's *Meshes of the Afternoon*); the well-documented bathroom scene; the very amusing song "I Wish I Was a Fascinating Bitch"; the visual melodies as conceived in the walk episodes which alternate between one character and another; Marco's performance; the grapes being washed and the paper bag crumpled by the same two lovers. One is reminded that here is a sense of existence as in the famous *Sous les toits de Paris* by René Clair.

Regarding things as they are, Miss De Hirsch has paid the closest attention to her soundtrack. For instance, the scene where the English girl is picked up and goes riding in a horse-drawn carriage: the buildings, the Coliseum looming towards the spectator, past, beyond and returning to him, the trot of the horse, the sound of the jingling bells, the street lamps in the late afternoon, the chuckles of the couple in the carriage, and then *direct cut* – it is evening, a descending Mediterranean evening. Still another area to which Miss De Hirsch has paid vivid attention is that of the actors and in the use of their hands.[1] There is the expert scene of the guitar lessons with Maria instructing herself, a scene which is beautifully intercut with the contrasting incidents of despair and hope that take place in Maria's apartment between Maria and her two boarders, an English girl and a Swedish girl. At this point in *Goodbye in the Mirror* there is the kind of character delineation which is seldom so eloquently conceived. There is the sublime visit of the lovers (Maria and Marco) to the sculpture studio of Marco's friend, Brooks. The whole sequence is encompassed by Rosa Pradell's performance as she views the sculptures of Brooks for the first time. Not a word of dialogue and yet a whole visit in this initial presentation of Marco's fiancée to his friend is achieved. Only Anna Magnani has revealed the same depth under the inspired direction of Rossellini in *The Miracle*. Lastly, one should not forget the busy noonday episode of the English girl reciting her "Friends, Romans, Countrymen" speech to the unsuspecting passers-by below her balcony.[2] There is no doubt that Storm De Hirsch is one of those rare artists for whose new works the film spectator shall eagerly look forward to viewing but must wait patiently for their appearance.

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[1] "Every part of the human frame should contribute to express the passions and emotions of the soul. Action must be graceful and appropriate to the words ..." – *Thespian Preceptor* or *A Full Essay of the Scenic Art*, published in 1810.

The foregoing remarks are extracts from a lecture delivered by Mr. Markopoulos at the Idaho State University in Pocatello, Idaho on 16th of October, 1964.

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[2] Ron Rice has done equally well in the Hamlet parody in his unfinished film *The Queen of Sheba Meets the Atom Man.*

STILLE NACHT

For some twenty-one films, Stan Brakhage has been invading the motion picture screen, possessed with the majesty of silence. His strength lies in his devotion to Cinema. Just as the Symbolists sought music through poetry, so too, Brakhage has sought the element of music in Cinema. For him, what seems to matter are the rhythms of the varied speeding film frames in conjunction with the freest movements of the tool, camera. The taken film footage is an improvisation. It is later at the editing table, that the true inspiration (diagnosis) takes place, where order is created out of chaos.

Few films are as possessed with the private exaltations of the filmaker[1] as are those of Stan Brakhage. Pictorially, the images exist and do not exist. They contain and they do not contain. The form becomes celestial. All the analyzing modes are abandoned found useless. Thus, there are no limitations imposed upon the self. The motion of ideas upon a sea of silence is continuously inhabited with beasts and trees waiting for the first strains of heard music from Dog-Star-Man, Stan Brakhage.

Christmas Eve, 1961
Toledo, Ohio

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[1] I propose this form for filmaker. One word only.

JEAN GENET'S ONLY FILM: UN CHANT D'AMOUR

Jean Genet's brilliant film *Un chant d'amour* inspires hope that the cinema can become a great art form. There is hope, too, that the bad effects of such films as *The Andalusian Dog* and *The Blood of a Poet* – which have dug their vampirian claws into young experimentalists and film spectators throughout the world – may be totally erased.

Genet's *Un chant d'amour* is a *pure film*. The spectator views the film and is never aware of arty close-ups, camera angles, or trick effects. There is a continuous flow of the most sensuous poetry. The film frames work their way, magically, through the paths of the projector and awaken on a beaded surface, the screen; but they are the frames of a stream of consciousness. *Un chant d'amour* is the divine moment of inspiration before the poet has destroyed his idea by writing it on paper.

Genet has taken the universal subject of homosexuality and kept it free from the chaos of, say, *Fireworks* by Kenneth Anger. Jean Genet states from the beginning that Eros is present: the love of two convicts.

Eros is present from the opening scene of the police guard against the wall, to the concluding image of the two window bars of the prison, with its garland of flowers, swung from one window cell to the other and caught by one lover. Genet's film work has all the beauty of the Shakespearian sonnets and the intensity of Aeschylus' "Prometheus". It lives, the spectators are moved, the vulture light of every image tears at the liver of every spectator; the seat of the mind, the seat of the passions become disturbed.

There have been many films dealing with homosexuality: *The Student of Prague*, *Aus eines Mannes Mädchenjahren*, *Anders als die Andern*, *Mikaël*, *The Rope*, *Les visiteurs du soir*, the experimental films of Markopoulos, *Psyche, Lysis, Charmides*, Harrington's work *Symbol of Decadence*, now known as *Fragment of Seeking*. Yet, only in Genet's film does the spectator know that he is viewing a homosexual poem. His actors are perfect: the young boy, with his graceful yet manly foot movements, dancing solo as the modern Greeks do; and the lover, a contrast with his heavy wool sweater and darker features, alone in the next cell.

Un chant d'amour commences with the police guard walking away, stopping, turning, and then looking at the camera. The spectator views the barred windows of the two cells. Two hands. One hand has a garland which is swung back and forth in an attempt to pass it to someone in the next cell. This garland is used as a leitmotif throughout the film. Continuously, Genet fades out on a camera set-up on which most directors and film experimentalists would linger to develop their scene. This is one of the great secrets of *Un chant d'amour*. The police guard is seen coming toward the camera, a fade out; and then, the perfect scene of the first prisoner in his cell. He is dressed in coveralls, and undershirt, his heavy belt hangs loosely. The bed in the cell. He walks about the small space of his cell, taking small deliberate steps, at times quickening them, as if he were dancing. This continuous movement of the first prisoner is contrasted with the inner feelings of the second prisoner in the next cell: he falls against the wall. Close-ups of his eyes, filled with tears. The policeman peers through a tiny opening in the door of the cell: his great eye. Here, as in his book *Pompes funèbres*, Genet essays forth upon the screen the scene of the straw being pushed through the wall from one cell to the other; the smoke of a cigarette drifting through, continuing with the first prisoner lying upon his bed, removing his socks; the straw, and the smoke upon his lips; an armpit, the rhythm of muscles, and the image of the belt hanging to one side.

Now the guard enters the cell and brutally beats the other prisoner; but not once do we view the actual scene – fade out, the first of the famous inconsistent ones. Autumn, and the lovers are in the woods. They are running, always past the trunks of trees; then the extraordinary shot of one, the beloved, being carried through the woods in the arms of his lover. He is slowly placed on the ground, Eros and Greek Agape side-by-side, inseparable.

Against a black drape, the garland swings back and forth. Faces embrace – and consume a flower that unfolds, blossoming as in the final scene of "A Dream Play" by Strindberg. Fade in slowly: two male figures reclining, then slowly moving, the nude forms moonlit.

Finally, the symbolic shot of the policeman thrusting his gun into the mouth of the lover: his departure; and the garland of flowers, the two cells, the windows, and the garland being caught as it is swung from one cell window to another. The remarkable film ends. The titles which Genet made himself appear: flowers, April 1950, and the initials MAV and BAADC.

1961
New York City

FILM OF THE ABSURD

Each motion picture image reaches deep into the marvellous layers that compose the film spectator's psyche. Lunette's dive into a world of darkness submerging the film spectator within shot after shot, subtly modifies the very breath of his life. Since the film image can promote or ignore feelings, thoughts, and desires above the written word, motion pictures are feared. The humanists and the literary question whether motion pictures are an art or not. Only the believing film spectator remains unconsciously faithful to the film image which contains the seed of a universal language. For the solitary film spectator motion pictures are similar to that fruit which Marcel Mariën has said is ripening in the universe on a tree of the void. To further paraphrase Marcel Mariën, that fruit is the absolute real, the concrete and the plenary All, becoming a luxuriant forest, the imagination.[1]

In Marcel Mariën's *L'imitation du cinéma*, the film spectator is disenchanted. His optimistic dreams, in this case, the symbol of the cross, are shattered. He becomes engulfed with a familiar image no longer familiar. New impressions dislocate the film spectator's once splendid psyche. The psyche struggles to seek the meaning of *L'imitation du cinéma*. The vanishing film images which contribute to the film spectator's death fix him upon the eternal white screen. Considerations of fleeing from the images seem purposeless as the film spectator remains to the end and is resurrected.

First previewed in 1960, *L'imitation du cinéma* consists of approximately 600 film shots which were produced during a period of ten days. Marcel Mariën makes no pretence concerning the quality of his forty minute film. He is aware that he has been unable to meet some of the most elementary aesthetical requirements.

L'imitation du cinéma is concerned with the practical and external aspects of the Passion of Christ. In following the example of Christ, a young man goes to a department store to select a cross appropriate for his size. The sales girl in charge of the religious supplies has no such cross. The young man then proceeds to a priest who measures him. Taking the measurements to a carpenter, leaving them there, the young man next visits a prostitute. In the prostitute's apartment the sexual requirements of the youth, brutal and erotic, are satisfied. The following morning, with his cross on his bicycle, the imitator of Christ proceeds toward the crucifixion with the symbolic first, second and third falls.

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[1] Marcel Mariën, *Psychological Aspects of the Fourth Dimension*, View, December 1946.

No one has seen the cross for what it really is. Marcel Mariën believes the cross is an object devoid of any significance. It is merely an oddly fashioned piece of metal or wood. Incomprehensible. Irrational. "The believer," says Mariën, "concentrates upon the symbol and ignores the material object, though paradoxically the merchandising of religious articles shows the great emphasis upon the material object beyond its symbolic functions. A gold cross is worth more than a plaster one. On the other hand the non-believer behaves identically. He again seems unable to disassociate the symbol from the object, so that the cross keeps its prestige ..."

Unable, because of limited space to investigate the general historical context into which Marcel Mariën was born, I have remained content with a brief description of his film, *L'imitation du cinéma*, and how it has been received, bearing in mind, continuously, that Marcel Mariën like all surrealists urges a complete transformation of life.

9th of December, 1962
New York City

NEGATIVES

FOR SHIRLEY CLARKE

A few months ago when I was in Vienna as a guest of the Österreichisches Filmmuseum, I had a rather rewarding experience one morning when P. Adams Sitney invited me to view a film by Carl Th. Dreyer. The film was entitled *Mikaël*. I had long been curious about the film because of its purported Athenianism.[i] It was a film that had once been described to me, briefly, by the American friend of Dreyer's, Jan B. Wahl. Too, I had seen an interesting still from the film in one of those many books concerning the film that pass before one's eyes and are all too often forgotten. Once the film *Mikaël* had been mentioned by a critic, I believe it was, who referred to it as an inferior work; hardly comparable to Dreyer's later achievements. What I was soon to see for myself was to prove that such was not the case. The work was not inferior to Dreyer's later work but had a direct bearing upon much of his later work; and, very much, was a clue to many of Dreyer's later works. *Mikaël* was a revelation; perhaps, among the one or two great works of Dreyer: I say, *Mikaël*, *Gertrud*.

The print of *Mikaël* was one of the best preserved prints of any film I have ever seen; comparable is the print in the Paramount vaults in Hollywood of *The Devil is a Woman* by Josef von Sternberg. Between projection in the small vaults of the archives, I noticed the following markings on the film cans: Staatliches Filmarchiv der DDR, 1 Berlin. During the showing of *Mikaël* I jotted the following reference points, those of particular interest to me; and, I offer them for what they are worth as just such notes and no more:

> Titles – Ganni.
> Black tie near white window.
> Black tie – white space.
> Benjamin Christensen – Master.
> Walter Slezak – Mikaël.
> Journalist.

"How do you, ...?"
C.U. – glass is filled *f.o.*

Groups – same – dark in foreground – walks in light.

Cut to statue between – faces; turn; statue between – next cut he is still turning back – bad cut(?).

Light moves from figure –
Princess arrives and is shown the paintings.
Shows paintings – camera – level of paintings.

Curious light – Mikaël approaches with light, and throws light on the Princess' back.

Offers his best painting – clasps his hand – Mikaël puts his hand on the Master's hand. Cut – the whole room – the fountain to the right – the slow walk.

Painting of the eyes.

Servant – Medicine – Is it Mikaël; no it is the Master.

Drink from the English glasses today: motif.

The handing of the bread.

Painting of eyes after dinner.

2nd time light moves; moving light; decreasing light from first one.

1st moving camera. Mikaël's eyes when he paints her eyes.

Window plants. Mikaël goes to the opera. Mikaël orders English glasses for the Master's dinner. The recurring glass motif.

The opera – 2nd love pair. C.U. of her and his waist. 2nd couple – lover leaves – cut to snow. A carriage and he meets her.

Princess comes to Mikaël's room – the Master's painting of him is there. Mikaël uses English(!) glasses. Sitting; standing; sitting.

Article.

Give up Mikaël. "No! I will not remain childless."

Princess comes to Mikaël's place. Letter she brings. He asks, "Why did you use that word?"

2nd couple, husband arrives.

Apple.

How is Mikaël. He is in the country dialogue. How is ... well ... dialogue in reference to the 2nd couple. She is fine. Christ. Statue ... hands tied.

Breaks pipe ... *section incomplete*?

Dealer asks for pipe or paper which says L'Art. It is brought back.

In the country, pan shot, two figures, cut to black before the pan is barely finished.[1]

Mikaël visits the atelier.

Today; the English glass motif.

The fight. Wants to be free – not your little boy dialogue.

Princess calls. They shake hands and leave.

2nd couple; husband returns and finds his wife/sees her with her lover.

The unveiling of the new painting. The countess asks for her son. Dialogue: figure of a man who has lost everything.

The duel.

3rd movement of light. His face and figure of old man.

Before the fireplace. Mikaël rubs the Master's feet, puts his slippers on.

Diabolical figure; bowl; as Mikaël goes out.

The Algiers sketches introduced at the beginning of the film. Critic wants to see the Algiers sketches. Mikaël has taken them.

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[1] I wrote to Dreyer to clarify this scene and he returned a reply that he could not recall; but that if we ever met in the future we could discuss it.

> The Master says he gave the sketches to Mikaël. Dialogue: I'm tired, I want to sleep, sleep.
>
> Master is dying. He makes his will; gives all to Mikaël.
>
> Same shot twice – when the servant goes away.
>
> Mikaël at his place. C.U. the Master dies. The Master is dead, The Princess coddles Mikaël. *f.o.*

After the showing of *Mikaël* was over I realized how very much alike *Mikaël* and *Himself as Herself* were in feeling if not in content. Both treated a kind of Athenianism. Both had the motifs of the figure of the protagonist dressed in a dinner jacket; the glasses, glass in *Himself as Herself*; and other various comparable images. How interesting it would be if *Mikaël* and *Himself as Herself* could be shown on the same program!

10th of January, 1968 – evening before the recording of the soundtrack for Gammelion
Bruxelles

ROBERT BRESSON

A BRIEF SURVEY

Bresson's first film was an experimental film made 20 years ago. The concluding scene in this experimental film showed the christening of a ship; but instead of the champagne bottle being broken against the ship, the ship itself was broken. In 1943 Bresson made *Les Anges du péché*. His second film, *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne*, was made in 1944. Bresson's works contain a strong asexual element.

Les Anges du péché. The film has that rare inspiration which we seldom find in works of our age. Its miraculous unity of style is in accord with both the cadence of the images and the dialogue. Each sequence is complete in itself. From the opening scene of the convent's garden, the bell ringing; the next scene of Sylvie as La Prieure, hurrying to a prison to be present at the release of one of the inmates; the hurried scene through the night (all filmed on location) and the two men following La Prieure, and the released women; the lamps along the street, the taxi hurrying away; the scene of Anne-Marie putting away her worldly belongings; the stunning blacks and the shimmering whites of Agostini; and when finally the police are introduced, as a matter of course, to solve a murder which has been committed, their scenes are short (for they are of the outside world). Then, again, Thérèse as portrayed by Jany Holt while in prison, sending a food-truck filled with soup down the steps of the prison when she becomes irritated with her superior, and the ensuing shots as she attempts to escape from prison: the automatic doors closing, the alarm; to Thérèse killing her lover: she purchases a gun which she sees in a window, the sound of automobiles is heard, but never the cars themselves seen; never the proprietor of the store; further, Thérèse arriving at a door, knocking, stepping back, the door opening, the shadow of a man thrust against the wall; the shot. Now, the nuns sewing, eating, working, or walking in a garden which with its exquisite lighting is reminiscent of the garden in von Sternberg's *The Scarlet Empress*. Toward the end of *Les Anges du péché* we enter into the world outside of the convent in the scene of Anne-Marie chasing Thérèse in the cemetery. The final dazzling brilliance in this work by Bresson culminates in the scene of the death of the character Anna-Marie as portrayed by Renée Faure ... the police are just entering the convent, but the camera follows a group of sisters as they mount some stairs; the hallway is filled with kneeling nuns, and they begin to chant: Anne-Marie lying upon a bed of boards. Thérèse kisses the tiny feet of Anne-Marie, and the camera trucks away to the chanting of the nuns; down the hallway the police handcuff her: the exaggerated sound ofthe handcuffs fade out, and the music of Grünewald continuing even through the darkness of the screen.

Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne. Bresson borrowed the idea from Diderot's *Jacques le fataliste et son maître.* The idea was transported to the twentieth Century and with the aide of Cocteau the dialogue was resurrected. The Garden of the King in the Diderot was changed to the Bois de Boulogne and the former tale of Madame de la Pommeraye and the Marquis des Arcis, was converted into a far crueller history than the original of Diderot.

Bresson has never been pleased with his second film. Alain Cuny was unobtainable at the time, and Bresson had to substitute Paul Bernard. It is a horrible jar to the psyche of a film creator when an essential soul in his film work is unobtainable. With *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne* Robert Bresson utilized his exaggerated sense of sound. For example when Paul Bernard is waiting during a down-pour for the young danseuse (he doesn't know what her profession is), we hear the constant tooting of automobile horns, the voices of pedestrians, but see neither automobile or pedestrian; only, the danseuse crossing the street, her footsteps and the rain. Another example is the scene of the danseuse in the cabaret which is completely concerned with the sound of her tap-dancing, the accompaniment and then fade out. This scene is followed by another in which Maria Casares follows the danseuse to the latter's apartment: the extraordinary close-ups of Maria Casares against the panes of a glass door, the danseuse dancing, suddenly becoming angry with her partner, slapping his face, the ensuing clatter, broken champagne bottles and ice on the floor; the scene of the danseuse and Paul Bernard meeting in the Bois de Boulogne in the rain: the sound of the rain, the footsteps, and the final echoing of voices as the two disappear into the depths of a kind of cavern. In the final footage, the bridegroom returning to his bride who has suffered a stroke (the bride being the danseuse), and again the heavy footsteps as he enters the house; walks through the empty hallway – which that afternoon had been filled with wedding guests.

Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne seems to surpass Bresson's earlier film, *Les Anges du péché*, as far as film construction is concerned. The minor themes are knit closer. The action is more precise, yet not deliberately studied. The dialogue reaches a brilliant high pitch; from the elevator sequence in which Helene stops the elevator by opening a part of the door on her level; her lover trapped mid-way; then the descending and ascending contrasts of elevator and Helene; of Helene's dialogue with her lover, with Helene running down the flight of stairs as the elevator descends. This contrasted with the figure of Helene dressed in black sitting on a love seat awaiting Paul Bernard; waiting to continue the spinning of his inevitable fate; extending her human revenge marrying Paul Bernard to the young danseuse who is ill. After the ceremony, at the reception, Helene tells her lover that he has married a danseuse.

Basically there is little difference between the final scene of *Les Anges du péché* (in which Anne-Marie, the saint, dies and Thérèse, the revoltee, returns to the outer world) and the final scene of *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne*: the death of the young danseuse, Agnes, on the day of her marriage. The bridegroom returns to her chamber where she is lying; her gown spread about her:

"Are you there ... perhaps with time you will pardon me ..." speaks the bridegroom.

"In rest," replies the danseuse, his wife.[i]

The camera with the effect of a *dies irae* rises from Agnes' bedside; perhaps one can even hear director of the cinema, Robert Bresson, saying to his actress:

"Chaud, Elina, chaud!"

Circa 1962

THE MARVELS AND LAMENTATIONS OF MIZOGUCHI

FOR THE GUY LECLERCQS[i]

The following are excerpts from my journal of the films of Mizoguchi seen at the Cinémathèque Belgique; they are written during a time when I am pondering which direction to take. Whether my present situation is the outcome of fatigue, the fatigue of incredible journeys to the United States to complete *The Illiac Passion*; the first shock impressions of the completed *passion film*; or the natural psychic reverberations of the Knokke-le-Zoute experimental film festival, it is impossible at this close range to ascertain. Nevertheless, the fatigue, the problems, once again burdensome – those of finance – become as reassuring as the approach of Spring.

Yuki fujin ezu, 1950: It is a curious film; beautifully poignant; the movements of the Princess and her *male* friend; in the garden their feet barely seen (toes) because of the shrubs when *the friend* proposes a hotel; he finally left out of frame or behind as the camera takes in the Princess who walks out of frame; cut to: the Princess is sitting near the camera, the lake, if I recall correctly, in the distance; and *the friend* approaching; the arrival of the new servant; the use of the mountain shot – terrain/psychological – terrain detail; latter repeated twice, but with the variation of the mountain-side flower(?); on the train the dialogue, *the friend* is compared to an actor(?) and he replies he is flattered: direct character delineation essential for the subtleties of the latter occurrences between him and the Princess. – Note how when she beseeches him he merely lies flat on his back in front of her!

When the servant arrives: the baths; here the Princess, also, bathes;[1] subtle preparation of the Princess' love of water; the lake; the lake which she visits at the end of the film; climbs the hills/mountain/arrives in a mist/later they search for her in a shot which has an extraordinary mist in the background; none in the foreground; she has drowned.

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[1] When the servant girl is bathing – from her the camera travels from one bath to the water flowing into another.

From the moment the Princess enters one has a premonition of a fabulous character; as far as I could say, she portrays a virgin. – The husband's first appearance; drinking; the Princess: sound of crickets; husband drunk; the motif of her garments on the floor; her girdle: motif of *the face* of her girdle(?) – symbol of her virginity(?).

Images: *the face* – her girdle.
the dripping water into the cistern.
the lily on the mantel which falls at the end of the film/ deflowered or(?); the Princess in the shot, but it is the seemingly insignificant flower which is prominent.

The introduction of lesser characters; the woman from Tokyo, and the sinister and unscrupulous *kind, humane* physician who is nothing of the sort. The young boy who eavesdrops.

The orgy at the hotel; drinking party to which the Princess is made to attend by the husband; first introduction of the woman from Tokyo.

Nor should one forget the scene of the husband asking his wife to attend him in dressing at the beginning of the film.

Musashino fujin, 1951: As in the film the evening before it had a kind of sound which was clear, unfiltered, of the 1930's when sound first came into use; and as Brakhage said (in Denver last time we spoke) they were then interested enough in using sound in a distinct manner. The motifs of sound, of camera movement (the long camera movement of the credit titles, the situations,[2] similar to *Yuki fujin ezu)* in variation made one consider how many of the films were a commercial compromise on a very superior level, and how many more of the films yet to be seen would be *achievements*. To reckon further is impossible as one does not have any of the facts available. Curious and notable, also, is the use of music; in both films the similarities were exact. None of the Hollywood commercial composers could have done better or worse. Indeed, one motif of a bird was right out of Wagner's *Siegfried's Rhine Journey*. There is definitely something Wagnerian in Mizoguchi's conceptions.

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[2] Use of the lake again; in this case it is called the Valley of Love; to which the cousins stroll.

I recall, though, the print was abominable, the opening shot: long shot; long road; two figures; in the distance smoke from the bombardment of Tokyo fused photographically into the stratus clouds. The use of the long shot, to a shot *cut to*, to a shot *cut to* with the camera moving naturally (as a man walks) and travelling then a long distance over a gate's entrance into a garden and resting in/before the ancestral home: foreground the garden, middle foreground, the interior, and in the distance another garden.

My feeling is that Mizoguchi studied American films; perhaps, someone/American made/like von Stroheim. In the present film of which I am speaking he uses a largish, it is exactly that, with much bric-a-brac, composition of the deceased mother; a few minutes later, the father's portrait has been added to the same composition. Mizoguchi cuts to it both times; never, of course, with anyone in the scene.

Bringing in the present with that strong, restful sense of the past, alternating customs, alternating daily dress, there is a scene before an air-raid alert; the alert sounded, the heroine hurries to the foot of the deceased; a priest snuffs out two candles: the second in the darkness curls white into the air.

Interesting is the use, almost insistent, of the characters living in a modern Japan, and yet much of the action/the movement takes place on the ground; if they are standing, they suddenly lie on the ground; one such instance is the scene of the hotel room where the two cousins remain until the fade-out, flat on their stomachs on the carpet(?); they have sat and stood before.

I could not help during the scene of, "You like classical music ..." between the two cousins, but recall my own *Serenity*; the play of hands; the very use of a glass motif with Aunt Maria, and Eirene Venis.

Remarkable in its austerity of artistic intent is the death scene, with its squabblings, who is responsible, and the subsequent movements of the main characters surrounding the heroine who has expired: the husband remains as he is, the woman from next door – husband's mistress, falls on the heroine, and the cousin, the male protagonist rises.

The interesting ending reminded me of some of the endings from Swedish films of the late 40's; even to the camera showing a city, in this case Tokyo. – There is the Gidean element in the characterizations, for Mizoguchi shows/reveals only so much and eclipses everything else that he would not show. It is Mizoguchi's voyage on the *océan* *pathétique*;[3] in this case, of humanity. Tomorrow, *Gion no shimai*, 1936.

Gion no shimai, 1936: again there is the theme of loss of home/and possessions; the long dolly shot of the beginning of the film; the manipulations of the characters to the situations they create for themselves. The use of black areas and white areas of light; again the sense of movement in simple action: such as the sister brushing her teeth at the beginning of the film, and later putting on her new frock. The long shots, the long conversations. How unlike cutting from shot to shot to glamorize, to aid the dull dialogue as in German films. The street scenes, the long streets like corridors. Often a quick turn, a gesture by an actor and a quick fade-out to complement the quick turn. And at the end the extraordinary scene of the one sister being carried on the back of a nurse after she has been thrown (purportedly) from a speeding car; she is put to bed behind a screen; finally the ending scene with the sister in bed, she is cold, the other sister covers her with a white comforter; the sister on the floor makes tea; the beaten sister speaks, suddenly, imperceptibly the camera moves in upon her, and hastens towards her; the scene ends: it is the end of the film as she speaks.

Did Mizoguchi influence Sternberg? Or did Sternberg influence Mizoguchi? Or were both working in the same area? Was it like the first time, a few months ago, when I saw Dreyer's *Mikaël* in Vienna, and saw how much like *Himself as Herself* it was; yet both films were made decades apart.

Gion bayashi, 1953: the film opens with someone singing; the significance of the singing I did not understand; interestingly there is a dolly shot from screen right to screen left – recall the journey, *The Scarlet Empress* of Josef von Sternberg, using a similar right to left dolly instead of the conventional left to right.

At one point the film broke; the audience howled; in that howl I sensed their respect for the medium of film – non-existent.

Beautiful is the scene of composition after composition of the lessons of the very young geishas; simple and to the point.

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[3] See Gide's *Voyage sur l'océan pathétique* (published originally in *La Wallonie*, Mai-Juin 1892).

The scenes of spaces between curtains and a figure in focus; used over and over again. Often the content revealed that power which they say Antonioni's films possess.

Again quick camera cuts from shot to shot like an *adonic cadence* in its dying fall in Homeric hexameter; in the case of Mizoguchi moments of conclusion.

The one client who the geisha goes to see at the end of the film; his sensuous movements; when earlier he touches the geisha in two controlled movements: all dependent on a cut from shot to shot. The final encounter; the camera above, he lying on the floor; and the geisha standing, in a remarkable series of angles, all in one shot.

The reconciliation scene of the 16 year old apprentice and the geisha; the cut to the old woman; the servant, in that prolonged shot where she sits fanning on the steps, and watches, watches, saying naught; through the rest of the film she has answered the constantly ringing telephone.

Ugetsu monogatari, 1953: there is a rather irritating title at the beginning of the film which says that the film will tell the story – "film made in a new style ..." – The two men asleep; overhead shot; the arrival of the woman who later is proven a ghost; the fanciful picnic by the river; the two, beautifully cast servants of the ghost woman. – I believe I saw the film on board ship, either crossing to Greece or from Greece, on one of my half dozen trips on behalf of *Serenity*. – Am I mistaken in thinking I saw it in colour?

Sanshô dayû, 1954: the opening shot; no sound to the action, save music, yet we see horses in the scene; the film pursued its purposeful message; poignant dialogue after dialogue, but it lost its clarity on a strictly filmic level. Theme and filmic values did not merge; the film was used as a stage prop. Every now and then an image of consummate beauty emerged: the long shot of the son escaping – the two views of the road; the sister drowning. – Most powerful was the ending scene: the son finding the mother; and the final pan to the fisherman. – Was this film originally shot in colour? – I had the feeling that with this film Mizoguchi had been given a great deal to work with by his producers; the film suffered accordingly.

Yôkihi, 1955; colour: the opening of this Hollywood inspired film opens with a long shot of a corridor and proceeds to an elaborate pan; as in all of Mizoguchi's films there is a preoccupation with overhead compositions; his soundtrack was superb as in all of his films; the dialogue is so organized from character to character, speech to speech, action to action, that it is a joy to listen to; unlike say a Swedish film where the dialogue is overpowering: There was one out of focus dolly of silk curtains which was marvellous;[4] the scene of the music lesson with the emperor, and a later scene equally beautiful where the emperoris playing his own composition to the court. Predominant were greys, pinks, blues, apricots and violets. Interesting was the use, often of a dissolve from a scene to a nearly grey screen without image to the next scene; reminded me of *Winged Dialogue*,[5] the colour fades used in it. – Wonderful was the image at the end of the fallen cloak, the slippers, jewels, at ground-camera-level; the empress is proceeding to her death. Again sound-wise, the laughter at the end of the film: a Japanese happy ending, even though the two central characters are dead.

Last Evening. *Shin heike monogatari*, 1955, was cancelled. It may be shown at the end of the month, provided the print arrives.

Akasen chitai, 1956: it is a marvellous film; I shall simply say it moves like a picture book.

And a postscript: there are still two films by Mizoguchi which have not been presented: the cancelled *Shin heike monogatari*, and *Chikamatsu monogatari*, 1954. Whether these will be shown or not I cannot foresee.

For me it is curious that during the showing of the Mizoguchi films I have found myself deeply involved if not concerned with the problem of what is to happen to *The Illiac Passion*; where it will be seen, by whom it will be seen, the reasons for its being seen; in the end the decision who will distribute the film *The Illiac Passion* and on what level. The decision is now made. The outcome I await.

20th of January, 1968
Petit Sablon, Bruxelles

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[4] I recall the beautiful sequence in Jack Smith's *Normal Love*.

[5] Robert Beavers' film.

III

DISCLOSED KNOWLEDGE

ON MARKOPOULOS

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L'ARBRE AUX CHAMPIGNONS

A LITTLE TRAGEDY OF THE AVANT-GARDE

I began the film one day, as I walked along the Quai, on the right bank of the Seine near Notre Dame. It was early Summer, and the sorcerer of the mind had begun to pierce into my mind the idea that it was time for me to commence a new experimental film. Passing the houses with their closed shutters, I came upon a strange tree. It had no leaves, save for one branch, and around its great black trunk, in the distance Notre Dame, grew ten great mushrooms. For a moment I stood before it, wondering at the audacity of the tree; then, as I walked close to the Seine, I turned and saw the tree from another direction. It seemed to smile and say: "Here is your idea!" and indeed it was, for two months later I began work on my film *L'arbre aux champignons*.

To begin a film, an experimental film, is very difficult; for days, one lies upon the borderline, almost the borderline of asleep. Again and again it is the matter of purchasing the film, of obtaining the camera. At other times one has the camera, but not the film; or the opposite. But always there is that unknown tendency to put off things; and then it happens; you have the film, and the camera: you begin.

I began *L'arbre aux champignons* with a heavy heart. Things were not quite right to begin it seemed. At my disposal I had a Bell and Howell camera with three lenses, and a tripod which I had rented for 1,000 francs a day. Then the negative film at 690 francs a hundred feet or 30 metres. The developing of the film I discovered was to be 240 francs for each film roll or *bobine*.

Thus it was that with my camera, my tripod, as I had done so many times before, I joined my two actors, Jenny and Michel; we took a taxi to the Place de la Concorde, where amidst the early morning sun and many clouds we filmed. The buses passed us, and once or twice a few spectators, mostly Americans, gathered to watch us; Michel was before the camera for the first time and was naturally nervous. Jenny acted as my temporary script girl. It was Jenny's first time to film, but she remained calm throughout.

The first take wasn't any good: Michel came too close to the camera, and then walked out of frame. We tried the camera set-up once again; Michel came before the great white horse, stood a moment, looked, then turned abruptly, according to the directions I was giving him in my broken French, and gazed for a long while toward the fountains of the Place de la Concorde. Then we continued with the various shots of his coming to the fountains, around them, and then toward the great golden gate leading into the Tuileries.

For a few moments we rested. Perhaps if we hadn't rested we might have not had any difficulties with the guard of the gate of the Tuileries who saw us, and who insisted on our having a permit to film. After several long arguments, during which time the sky was getting darker and darker, the guard accepted some money, and we went ahead with our filming.

As Jenny in her costume of grey, and zebra lined, sat by the pool, Michel came upon her: telephoto lens. With the telephoto lens it was possible to capture all of the people about the pool without their being the least conscious of the fact. As Michel came and sat down in a chair by Jenny, a little boy ran into the scene and started arranging the chairs; the naturalness, the suddenness of this new entry was one of the miracles which I continually try to capture, and keep in my film work. This is one of the happiest moments in my work, when I am able to capture such unknown entries. It was so in my first film, *Psyche*, when Georges and Ann are walking up a great flight of stairs and a group of tramps lie about, unaware of their being photographed; again, it was the same in the night sequence of my 35mm film, *The Dead Ones*, when Philipe wanders through the night bumping into the people of Hollywood Boulevard. It is these newer entries that mean so much in the experimental film, and it is a pity when they are abandoned.

The next scene was quite short; and I had planned it many weeks before. I had planned it almost unknown to myself. Early in the morning, coming from the Palais Royal, I would walk through the statues of the Tuileries. Each time they would take a new meaning, till at last I had definitely decided to use six of them. Against the statue of an old man leaning upon a youth, Jenny and Michel would appear; against the statue of a Hercules destroying a bull, the two would walk again; against the statue of an old woman with a shroud over her head, they would continue walking; till, finally, they would arrive at the Carousel of Louis the Fourteenth.

Here the camera was set up at the side of the arch, and Jenny and Michel would walk through it and come together; creating almost a semicircle (recall the circles of light in the ecstasy sequence in *Psyche*). Then the camera cut to the chariot at the top of the arch as Jenny and Michel came into frame, on either side: profiles. The close-up of Michel looking at Jenny was taken with a 1-inch lens: Michel in close-up, and high up, near the upper right corner of the camera frame, was a horseman. The image was perfect. For Jenny it was again the natural face, against the background of the rooftops of the Louvre. The scene terminated with Jenny leaving again, towards the Palais Royal; Michel turned, and the camera fell to his feet.

We had begun the day at 9:00 in the morning or so, and now it was 12:30 noon; Jenny and Michel were quite hungry, so we took the bus back to St. Michel and went to our little restaurant, *La Petite Hostellerie*, and ate.

A half-hour later, we were filming by the Quai, on the left bank, across from the tree of mushrooms. Through the arch of the Pont de la Tournelle, Jenny and Michel coming forth, the women parading their poodles, an old woman, the painters, a couple trying to take a holiday snapshot; then, the camera shooting toward the Tour d'Argent, Jenny and Michel walking up into frame; then cut to the bridge itself, the green statue, and the lights; only the heads of Jenny and Michel seen going across the bridge. My two actors were across to the right bank; they were waiting for me, as I came with my equipment and began the short scene by the tree of mushrooms.

I couldn't quite get the right angle because Jenny and Michel were quite a distance below me, so I took the camera off the tripod and held it on my hand, climbed on the wall of the Quai, and walked along with a hand-held camera as Jenny and Michel came for the first time to the tree of mushrooms; a man was sleeping by it. The great mushrooms, the faces of Jenny and Michel in profile against the sky; all this was very beautiful, but it would never be seen – and yet it existed for a moment.

An old woman sat by the Quai as we filmed the last of our scenes by the tree of mushrooms; she was pulling apart an old pillow, and as Jenny and Michel walked up toward the camera the feathers from the pillow came rushing at them; the whole scene was filled with feathers.

I could not have asked for a more wonderful moment; and it was only a moment.

Four in the afternoon, and we disbanded; my two actors and I. This was Friday. On Saturday morning Jenny and Michel arrived at my hotel to shoot a small scene; again the use of the handheld camera; the use of stop action; the images of Michel against the sky, late in the evening, a crescent in the sky, and the slow smoke coming out of the smokestacks. Jenny arriving in her black costume; the face of a "sybil"; the shocked expression upon her face when she discovers Michel's personality; and Michel laughing at her. This was as I filmed. I did not know, at the time, that this would be all that I would film.

The film was taken to the laboratory, to enter into the dark channels of the Stygian River; perhaps never to emerge again. Twenty-four hours later I was at the Laboratoires cinématographiques modernes in Montreuil with all of my work. I looked at the first roll. The crescent in the sky was well; a half a metre and I was alarmed – the film was light marked; furiously I raced through the four rolls, the girls in the cutting room seemed to sense my plight. All of my work was useless, due to a faulty camera; a light leak, a tiny light leak! I came away from the laboratory in Montreuil and rode the metro back to St. Michel with a heavy heart. The next day I went to the place where I had rented the camera, and got absolutely nowhere with the proprietor. Again the metro to the American Express for my mail, where I discovered that I had to return to the United States immediately for military service. I knew then that I would never make the *L'arbre aux champignons*.

For several days I have been greatly distressed at the outcome of the film I have loved so much. It is not so much that it cannot be made elsewhere, and with other people; it is the fact that it cannot be made with the same people, and under the same circumstances; and with all the difficulties of creating an experimental film.

Thus it is that I have completely abandoned my film, though it has been very difficult to do; I have abandoned the future scenes of Jenny meeting Suzanne, the negress, and their remarkable relationship; I have abandoned the scenes in the back of the Opera, where Suzanne is killed by an umbrella stick by Jenny; of the great statues in the back of the Opera, and Suzanne falling against them as she is struck again and again. Finally I abandon Jenny's nocturnal walks, after the murder, along Boulevard St-Germain-des-Prés, dressed in black trousers, and playing a harmonica; to the very end, I abandon: the scene of Jenny throwing away her man's costume and putting on a white dress and drowning in the Seine at the foot of *L'arbre aux champignons*.

1950

PSYCHE'S SEARCH FOR THE HERB OF INVULNERABILITY

Psyche is the first part of the film trilogy *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort*. The other two parts of the film trilogy are entitled *Lysis* and *Charmides*.

In 1947, I was captivated by the unfinished novellette *Psyche* by the French author Pierre Louÿs, and I decided to write my own version of *Psyche*. The first thing which I did was to delete the novelette of its lush rhetoric and retain only its symbolic colour. In *Psyche*, colour plays an important role, similar to the role which colour plays in the paintings of Toulouse Lautrec. Colour reflects the true character of the individual before us, whether it be on the screen, in a painting, or in the street. Colour is Eros.

In ancient times it was said that Eros was hatched from the silver egg of Night, and was therefore the first God. He was born double-sexed. Sometimes Eros was called Phanes which means "the revealer." For Hesiod, Eros was an abstraction of *sexual passion*. The early Greeks named him Ker or "Winged Sprite." His most famous shrine was at Thespiae where he was worshipped by the Boetians.[i] Our late conception of Eros is based upon what we assume to be the basic need between male and female.

Psyche begins with a door opening and is immediately followed by the symbol of a shrouded figure. A hand offers flowers. The film spectator may assume what he will. The shrouded figure may be Psyche. The door, and it must be noted that the film also ends with the closing of this same door, may symbolize for the film spectator an entrance into the unknown: entering as child, and then emerging at the end of the film, via the same door, as man. The flowers are perhaps the antithesis of Eros' arrows.

Immediately the spectator is thrust by a deliberate note in subjectiveness with the legs of the one protagonist appearing upon the screen, and he finds himself present at a meeting of two people. The meeting is a basic symbol in life. The film spectator does not know who the two people are. He cannot hear what they say to one another, yet their lips move. Why should the words be supplied? The film spectator, thrust into the film by the film creator, supplies the thoughts and feelings which make up the dialogue.

Suddenly a woman dressed in black, symbol of the crone, passes by the two protagonists. Instantly this incident plunges both Psyche and film spectator into a whirl. Who is this plain woman that affects Psyche so? Is she, perhaps, Eileithyia, "she who comes to the aid of women in childbed?" The companion arrives before a window. This, too, is a standard symbol in life. The wind brushes across Psyche's face. It is, perhaps, Eros being born again from the west wind? Who knows? Let us not forget, though, that the West Wind is of a jealous nature.

Psyche appears by a brilliant sea as a motionless figure, and suddenly comes rushing along the shoreline. Out at sea, the waves, which Eros created after he had issued from the silver egg of Night, frolic with one another.

In that single instant when Psyche stands motionless, she may, startlingly enough, be symbolic or a simple phallic pillar; such as the one which was used in the worship of Eros in Thespiae.

Upon the sandy beach, Psyche, who is dressed in white, a symbol of the new moon and her maidenhood, forms a mound. This symbol of the unknown is furthered by the shadow that is cast over Psyche. Quickly Psyche and the film spectator find themselves in the former meeting place. The atmosphere is changed. Time itself is challenged. A close-up appears of the shrouded figure. This same close-up appears frequently throughout the film.

Day and Night no longer exist. Like Hercules, Psyche has begun her search for *the herb of invulnerability*. In order to discover this *herb of invulnerability*, she must journey to another country. So she leaves behind her body, and now travels boldly into the unknown with the film spectator.

Psyche awakes and laughs upon the subconscious level. In her chamber she takes flowers from a bust which is of Psyche herself. A hummingbird upon a cluster of flowers twirls the film spectator joyfully to the two figures which descend through the country garden with its exotic flowers. Suddenly the colours change and the scene becomes pale. Only the violet colour of the flowers which Psyche's cuts for her companion is "alive." This is Psyche's act of "forgetfulness," just as the hummingbird is a symbol complimentary to that of the gadfly which in Greek mythology chased Io, and was the cause of her death.

The lovers, if we may properly call them lovers, arrive before a mountain range. Psyche drops her purse. She removes her gloves. Below is a vast fertile valley. It is down there that *the herb of invulnerability* is to be found. Again, the West Wind rustles across her forehand. Psyche's companion approaches through the tall grass which has taken on the colour of a golden harvest. The erotic nightmare continues. A hand is placed upon Psyche's shoulder. She shudders, for she is in that other country, and it is cold. The fingers of Eros are like frost. Unsuspectedly, the film spectator and silver screen, bathed in blue, become submerged with Psyche upon the borderline of her fears. Upon regaining consciousness, Psyche finds herself in the clever, mischievous arms of Eros, and she abandons him. Psyche leaves as nymph with the silver screen immersed in a reddish-orange.

Next, Psyche appears descending the steps of a cathedral, dressed in black or as a crone. She stops. Her fingers, again the personification of fingers, ordinarily symbolic of birth pangs, burst upon the screen fondling the base of an iron lamp. Then under the light of the sun, having walked across the shadow of a street lamp, she reads a certain letter. What does it contain? The letter is thrust at the film spectator.

Walking through the tunnel which leads to the station platform is Psyche travelling again through the unknown, just as the initiates of ancient Greece were thrust through the oracular chasm. On the station platform Psyche succumbs to the future, her own future, which she creates the instant she falls weeping into Eros' arms. Psyche actually believes that through Eros she will be able to discover *the herb of invulnerability.*

The passing train transports the film spectator to the gardens of Eros which happen to be Japanese. There, Psyche appears dressed in reddish-orange which is also the colour of the bridge she looks upon so fondly. Like the ancient Greek initiate emerging from the oracular chasm, she believes that she has regained her senses, and once again she smiles.

But unpredictable Eros plunges the film spectator into a ritual situation. With the mystic circle of light which surrounds the brief candles, perhaps symbolic of the *psyche*, impending disaster is suggested to the film spectator by the blue light which shimmers upon Psyche's face when Eros embraces her.

Swiftly, with the furious symbols of the stone foot, the stone shoulders, the film reveals the theme of *Psyche* and rushes like the *psyche* towards its completion. Events appear in retrospect, until once again the spectator realizes that he has returned to the original point of departure. The door closes.

May the spirit of *Psyche* find *Serenity*.

Psyche's Search for the Herb of Invulnerability was read before the French Institute in Athens, by Mr. Markopoulos in 1955, before a screening of his film.

A NOTE (FOR HANS VAN MANEN)

ON THE PURCHASE OF A PRINT OF CHARMIDES

Charmides is the third and final part of my trilogy *Du sang de la volupté et de la mort*, which was made in 1947/48. This third part is inspired by the Platonic dialogue of the same name which deals with *temperance*. The film was completely unplanned, and consists of some three-foot shots, prepared one after the other on location. The location: the University of Toledo, Toledo, Ohio.

The passing figures at the beginning of the film, the boys with the tennis balls, the other figures by the brook, were unaware that they were being photographed. Seeing this work after many years I am able to perceive the remarkable consistency which is the form and content of *film as film*.

The music utilized for *Charmides* is Darius Milhaud's *Protée*. Psychological distance between image and sound, in this case music, *becomes* the film.

14th of November, 1971
Amsterdam

BRUISED BY THE CRITICS

To begin at the beginning, inasmuch as you are showing my trilogy *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort* this evening, I would enjoy reading to you a few of the criticisms from the past of my film trilogy which have bruised me personally as a serious filmmaker. But first, since I do not recall the full details of the production period, I would like to quote from an article published in *Home Movies*. The editor of the periodical gives the following account:

"Mr. Markopoulos' departure from the usual filming ideas is called *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort* – three colour films to which soundtracks have been added. Technically they are excellent, with photography and colour used effectively to express moods. As to contents, theme or subject of these surrealist films – if that is what they are – perhaps an art critic rather than a film critic should pass judgment. One gathers the impression that Salvador Dali might make such a movie if he stopped painting melted watches long enough to try movie making.

"... 'What story does it tell? What idea are you trying to get across to your audience?,' we asked at a preview showing of the picture.

"Fritz Lang, famed motion picture producer and director, supplied the answer: 'When you look at a beautiful painting, what story does it tell? What idea does it try to get across?'"[1]

Further on in the article I am quoted as having made the following comments concerning its production:

"Actors in the films were 'handled as puppets,' Mr. Markopoulos says, and were not allowed to know what scene they were doing or to see the script or rushes.

"The 1,200 feet of film shot in the first part of the trilogy was cut to 835 feet. Having no splicer and short of funds, the young producer cut the original by hand, taped the sections together. Having no projector, he was forced to work by direct viewing of the rushes.

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[1] Dennis Hakim, "16mm. Films as an Art Medium", *Home Movies*, October 1948.

"The second phase of the trilogy includes 876 feet of the 900 feet shot, cutting being done in the camera, as was also done in the third sequence.

"... A Bell and Howell camera with 1 and 2 inch and 15mm lenses was used with Kodachrome Commercial film for part 1 and Ansco for parts 2 and 3."[2]

In still another article of that period emanating from England, the following was said of the first part of the trilogy, *Psyche*:

"*Psyche* is, however, less interesting for its impact on oneself than for the insight it gives into the mind of its producer. One would say that he is a young man, with the young man's intolerance of age and narrow convention (note in the film the young couple's scornful amusement at the ill-concealed interest of the passer-by as they stand chatting in the street), the young man's unsureness of himself, his desire for conquest, his struggles in the conflict of sex (there are some voluptuous scenes). But it also reveals a sensitive intelligence, and in the handling of colour a well-developed pictorial sense.

"Probably needless to say, it is a film for a specialist audience only, but even those who are unsympathetic to experiments of this kind may perhaps be prepared to acknowledge its technical competence ..."[3]

It is interesting to note that in both of the articles quoted, the reviewers imagine that the films are for specialist audiences only. The *Home Movies* article ends with:

"Whether there will be a mass audience for films of this type is doubtful, in our opinion ..."

And it is interesting to note that this attitude still prevails, especially with Cultural Advisors (not only film reviewers as opposed to sincere film critics – few of whom there are) who feel that many of the arts must be retranslated from the intentions of the creative individual to meet what they, the Cultural Advisors, try to guess are the needs of today's spectators. Certainly, if there is to be a true renascence of the Creative in the United States, the functions of the Cultural Advisors must be redefined; and this, both for the sake of the spectator and the creative individual who is ignored more than ever.

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2. Ibid.

3. Tony Rose, "The World of Dreams", *Amateur Cine World*, January 1948.

Continuing with the events concerning my trilogy, in 1951, Monday, May 21st, to be exact, I was invited to show my work by Dr. George Amberg, under the auspices of the Division of General Education of New York University. The invitation issued by the university read, "Two Spring Meetings in the Humanities." Although the event took place without seeming incident and with what appeared to all concerned (myself included) huge success, there appeared some weeks later an editorial by Mr. Henry Hart in *Films in Review* which I would like to read to you in its entirety. Quote:

"Some months ago *Films in Review* received several articles for publication from 'gregory j. markopoulos' (sic).[4] We accepted none. One of them was a discussion of motion pictures that dealt openly or covertly with homosexuality.[5] Among these films, Mr. Markopoulos included a picture that he had made, *Trilogy*.

"This picture was shown at the New York University on the evening of May 21st, in a course called 'New Frontiers in the Cinema', given by George Amberg. This course was listed in New York University's Division of General Education and cost $15.

"Although the normal attendance in this course is modest, on the evening the Markopoulos film was shown the lecture room was filled by several hundred people. The members of Cinema 16, which is a corporation that exhibits 16mm films to paying audiences, had been invited to attend.[6] It is possible that outsiders other than Cinema 16 members had also been invited to attend. The editor of *Films in Review* was brought by one of the members of the class.

"The proceedings began with a few words of greeting from a Professor R. G. Ross, who said he was glad to welcome such a large audience and invited everyone present to attend a lecture on literature given in another part of New York University the following week. After this official welcome, Professor Ross turned the platform over to Mr. Amberg.

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[4] I had just discovered e.e. cummings and the titles of von Sternberg, and took heart not to use capitals for a while.

[5] One article dealt with the now famous film by Jean Genet, *Un chant d'amour*.

[6] It is interesting to note that in 1953 Cinema 16 listed the trilogy in the *Educational Film Guide*, 11th Revised Edition. The heading under which the films were listed was entitled "Moving Pictures as Art: Experimental Film". The categories for showing were Senior High School, College & Adult. *Psyche* and *Charmides* included all three categories. *Lysis*, however, was not included for Senior High. Further, it is interesting to note that the 1954–1958 guide carries none of the films.

"Mr. Amberg said he was delighted that so many people were present. He explained that the picture about to be shown was an 'avant-garde' film, that it was 'daring' and 'disturbing' and he urged the members of the audience to 'let themselves go' in order to appreciate what they were about to see. The lights went down and the picture came on.

"The three parts of *Trilogy* are entitled *Psyche*, *Lysis* and *Charmides*.

"Their content consisted of disconnected shots of whatever had interested the photographer.

"Among these disconnected shots were close-ups, in colour and often protracted, of such things as a male nipple, a painted and coiffured male head, a buttock, and two shots of a facially inert girl and a boy with all the animation of a sleep-walker about to get into his coffin. These sequences elicited giggles from youths in the audience with long and pomaded hair.

"There were also disconnected shots of many other things – some of them pleasing vignettes of the natural world.

"And there were quite a few suggestions that abnormal perceptions and moods are desirable.

"Upon the conclusion of this exhibition, Mr. Amberg brought Mr. Markopoulos to the platform. He proved to be a handsome young man in his twenties. He explained in a bored tone of voice that in making the films he had 'wanted my audience to be in mid-air.'

"In this he had certainly succeeded. Several of the adult members of the audience questioned him seriously, striving innocently to understand the meaning of the film. Mr. Arnberg had said it was daring and disturbing. Mr. Markopoulos' answers were off-hand, unenlightening, patronizing, obfuscating.

"This was not education. The resources of a great American university had been scandalously misused.

"We would like to ask whether the Chancellor of New York University, and its trustees, know how their confidence in their faculty has been abused, and how the resources of their great institution, in the name of education and art appreciation, have been misused. The youth of our country, and the adults who pay to learn about 'frontiers of the film' deserve a more sophisticated administration from New York University. So does the motion picture, the real frontiers of which – tv, stereoscopy, new colour techniques and new methods of acting, directing, production and exhibition are meaningful and fascinating."[7]

With the appearance of the editorial by Mr. Henry Hart against *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort*, *Variety* too seized the opportunity and carried a front page editorial reference to the *Films in Review* article, "NYU Sifting Charge of 'Degenerate' Film in Motion Pic Class."[8] The following week, again in *Variety* appeared my own protest, sent from Toledo, Ohio, where I was living and striving to make more films:

"A film like all works of art must have a subject. It is the film creator's privilege to choose the subject which he feels will benefit mankind; the subject which should be explored because it has not been explored in that medium. If any creator in the arts is forbidden to choose a particular subject because of one reason or another, then the overall conception of art and the various arts is liquidated, snuffed out.

"Those who are able to view beauty in a film will recognise beauty and be the better because of their power to see. Those who are able to view degeneration will recognise degeneration in a film or in any other work, but when a spectator deliberately confuses, and sets out to confuse the purpose of what he or she thought was degenerate in a film, then that spectator is liable to his or her conscience.

"The fact that a part of a film may deal with 'decadence' in order to show why decadence may exist, does not make the film itself decadent or degenerate."[9]

That same year, in the Fall, Dr. Amberg again showed and discussed *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort* during his 'Seminar in Film' course in answer to Mr. Henry Hart's editorial.

Not a few years went by, during which period *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort* enjoyed a reasonable recognition through Cinema 16. More and more, individuals truly interested in the medium of the motion picture kept appearing and continuously organised special groups for showing and for analyzing these films known as *experimental or avant-garde*. Sometimes, however, curious things were said concerning the film work. A very fine example is that of an article written by the poet and filmmaker, Mr. Jonas Mekas, in 1955. The article was entitled "The Experimental Film in America":

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[7] Henry Hart, "An Educational Scandal – At New York University a Course on the Movies was Used to Show a Degenerate Film," *Films in Review*, Vol. XI, No. 7, August/September 1951.

[8] *Variety*, Wednesday, August 22, 1951 (Front Page).

[9] "Inside Stuff – Pictures," *Variety*, Wednesday, September 5, 1951.

"When we take into account the great number of young people trying their hand at filmmaking today, we shall not find it surprising that the majority of film poems made at present in America suffer from a markedly adolescent character.

"... The most appropriate phrase to describe the greatest number of these young film poets would be, probably, a term often used in contemporary criticism, namely 'personal lyricism'. Kenneth Anger,[10] Gregory J. Markopoulos,[11] Curtis Harrington,[12] Stanley Brakhage,[13] Ben Moore, Burton Wilner, Robert Vickery are mostly young men with all the characteristics of their age; adolescent frustrations, uncertainty, search for themselves, inner confusion concerning the reality of objects and ideas.

"... There is a clear similarity between young writers and film poets today, be it Brakhage, Maas,[14] Hugo,[15] or Anger. Not only in their zombie-like characters[16] but also in the super-excess of unintelligible details which they include in their works – details that are, most probably, full of significance to the makers but unfortunately convey no meaning to the viewer.[17]

"... it is the conspiracy of homosexuality that is becoming one of the most persistent and most shocking characteristics of American film poetry today ... It is not important to decide here whether or not these neurotic and homosexual poems can be called art. What I want to stress is that this art of abnormality is unmotivated, unresolved and lacks a moral dimension. One has to remember Kafka, Strindberg or Dostoevsky's Smerdiakov to realise what an artist can make of abnormality in a true work of art.

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[10] *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome.*

[11] *Swain.*

[12] *Wormwood Star.*

[13] *Cat's Cradle.*

[14] *Geography of the Body.*

[15] *Bells of Atlantis.*

[16] Since the writing of this article in 1955 there have appeared the films of Jack Smith, Andy Warhol, and Barbara Rubin, *Normal Love, Vinyl, Christmas on Earth.*

[17] Writing in 1955, Mr. Mekas did not consider the following, expressed so aptly by Edward Carpenter in 1912 in his book, *The Drama of Love and Death.*

"... consciousness is born in us first *through* our very limitations. Through the very obstacles that surround us and through the things that seem to divide us from others, first simple consciousness and then *self-consciousness* are born."

"... most of these 'experimental' films betray a conspicuous absence of artistic discipline, the *sine qua non* of any art. This undoubtedly could be remedied if their makers attempted to acquire a more solid technical and theoretical background ..."[18]

Now as I have stated earlier, these quotes are from the year 1955. Although a great deal has occurred since then in the medium of the creative film, The New American Cinema, it is interesting to note that in reality not very much has changed. The same themes persist; the same techniques reconsidered are utilised, and in the deliberate criticism of the filmmaker's finished or unfinished works there is a continuous stream of misinterpretation. I would like to read some excerpts from an article by Mr. P. Adams Sitney entitled "Gregory J. Markopoulos, From Trance to Epic":

"When Maya Deren made *Meshes of the Afternoon* in 1943, she not only revived the Experimental Film movement in America, but also the international tradition of the trance-film. The *donnée* of the trance filmmaker has always been the realm of the inner experience: the dream, the apocalypse, the ritual; in short, all forms of preternatural, visionary experience. The characters of the trance-film are somnambulists, priests and initiates of rituals, and the possessed, whose stylised movements the film camera, with its slow and fast motions, can record so aptly. The landscapes, both natural and architectural, through which these hypnotised protagonists pass are usually chosen with artistic considerations, and they intensify the general texture of such films often to the point of emphasising a specific symbolism.

"... *Psyche* is a stream-of-consciousness love poem that can be interpreted on several levels. It begins with the opening of a door and the offering of flowers. When the drama is finished, aged hands are seen[19] and the same door closes the spectator out. In the archetypal image-language of trance-films these two scenes might be interpreted respectively as an invitation to the spectator-initiate to take part in a new experience and his eventual restoration to the 'reality' of the film theatre as a more mature (initiated) person.

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[18] *Film Culture*, Vol. I, No. 3, May/June 1955.

[19] The are no "aged hands". Critic's error. Once, even Mr. Parker Tyler in a commentary for a Cinema 16 programme called the bust that Psyche kisses Eros instead of Psyche herself!

"... On another level *Psyche* is a lesbian drama. And here we might note that psycho-sexual states (most commonly homosexuality and narcissism), are often the subject matter for trance-films. Furthermore, both of the films which I mentioned as having been made at the same time and in the same place as *Psyche*, namely *Fireworks* and *Fragment of Seeking*, were homosexual film poems.[20] In *Psyche* the female protagonist either fears or has a distaste for heterosexual love and her most exalted moments come when she kisses a bust of her mythological namesake."[21]

One paragraph later, Mr. Sitney continues:

"Perhaps it is best to view *Psyche* as a generalised pattern of subconscious free associations on the theme of eroticism and social mores. The meeting in the street, the walk through the woods, the love letter, the church, and the unfriendly stare of an old crone are all in the common domain of erotic literature. Specific symbols, such as the mound that Psyche builds on the beach, can be analysed in both mythological (oracular chasm) and Freudian (mons veneris) terms and perhaps also with the vocabulary of other critical systems.[22] Freudianism, mythology, the statue motif,[23] and homosexuality are parts of the trance-film tradition. The spectator who is aware of this will be able to isolate the elements of the tradition from Markopoulos' personal signature. The tradition will provide him with a key to many of the literary meanings of the film, Pierre Louÿs' *Psyche* will give him another, and what is left, i.e. an unique sense of colour and an editing style capable of depressing subtle degrees of memory and stream-of-consciousness, will be Gregory Markopoulos' individual contribution."

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[20] It is surprising that Mr. Sitney insists on the use of the term "film poems", long out of date in the description of the creative film. Another example of the persistence of the literary suggestion to describe the most creative of filmmakers' works.

[21] It continues to be fashionable to condemn the love of one's own sex.

[22] The truth of the matter is that I had neither the oracular chasm in mind nor the mons veneris. I remember that we needed an idea, and both Ann Wells (Psyche) and I decided on the mound. Further, at that time I had no inkling whatsoever of Sigmund Freud and his theories.

[23] The reason I used the statues was simply that I had seen von Sternberg's *The Scarlet Empress*.

Continuing in the tradition of criticism for criticism's sake, Mr. Sitney describes (in the same article) the second part of *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort*, *Lysis*, and states in one particular paragraph:

"The failure of *Lysis* is only partially a result of esoteric symbolism. By editing his film completely within his camera and splicing only the ends of 100 ft rolls together, Markopoulos lost the tension and internal coherence he had had in *Psyche* with his *tour-de-force* editing. I can understand how this experiment might have appealed to the artist, since I know that a lack of funds and equipment forced him to edit most of *Psyche* with scotch tape and without a work print! Yet, there was nothing to gain from the editing limitation of *Lysis*; at its best it could only duplicate what the editing machine could do, and at its worst it could strip Markopoulos' editing style of its rich texture of interlocking levels of time."[24]

And, concerning *Charmides*, the third part of the trilogy, Mr. Sitney failed to realize the simple, universal unity of the film. He himself feels that:

"*Charmides* is the weakest film in the trilogy, its images are esoteric and its unity is nil. Like *Lysis*, it is unedited and also like *Lysis*, it is nominally based on a Platonic dialogue ... The final image, a broken egg superimposed over a landscape, is a concluding statement for this (the trilogy's) initial visit 'to a world in which what is accepted by a given society is considered healthy, and what is not accepted is considered unhealthy.' (Markopoulos' words)."[25]

I shall not argue before you view the film these points which Mr. Sitney declares are the essence of my early film work, the trilogy, *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort*. I will only add a suggestion by quoting Mircea Eliade:

"The whole man is engaged when he listens to myths and legends consciously or not, their message is always deciphered and absorbed in the end."[26]

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[24] Mr. Sitney apparently does not realize that the greatest artistic asset is the artist's particular limitations. On this premise is all true art based. I might add that if I had it to do over again, I would repeat the film experiment exactly!

[25] The quotes from Mr. Sitney's article appeared in *Filmwise 3/4: Markopoulos*.

This lecture was delivered before a showing of The Trilogy in the education auditorium of New York City University for the film series sponsored by the University Christian Foundation Film Society, entitled "Seeing and Talking about Films", 11th of March, 1966.

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[26] Mircea Eliade, *Mephistopheles and the Androgyne.*

WHITHER MOTION PICTURES

In the midst of the absolute Chaos which seems apparent everywhere, I consider *whither motion pictures*. This, with the presentation of an original copy, an editing source copy of the trilogy *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort*. Part I, *Psyche*. Part II, *Lysis*. And, Part III, *Charmides*.

Part I, *Psyche*, is based on the unfinished novelette by Pierre Louÿs which I found in the university bookshop of the University of Southern California, where I was trying to discover where to study motion pictures in 1947. The edition was of the Black and Gold series which were then in vogue. In vogue for all the poor reasons that such editions are placed on the market. For some reason, I was captivated with the essence of the novelette because it had remained incomplete. The unfinished ending in the snow appealed to me, as snow has always seemed beautiful for my eyes.

I decided and I began without considering where the film would lead me. Fortunate in finding Miss Ann Wells from Chicago, and Mr. George Emmons from New Jersey, I began filming with the incomparable film stock, then first on the market, Ektachrome Commercial. When the film department head became aware that I was making a film the situation was created: (a) I was not allowed to use equipment; (b) I was not allowed to use projection facilities. Nevertheless I survived and completed my film in not too short a time. The Eastman Kodak Company in Los Angeles continuously complemented me on the colour quality. The same was to be true in New York City with the developing of *The Illiac Passion* at DuArt Film Laboratories.

Psyche in time became the tale of *the herb of invulnerability*, an essay composed in Athens for a presentation, before the history of the production of *Serenity*.

Part II, *Lysis*, was made while I was, again, in Ohio, trying to decide how I could return, and why I would want to return to California, to USC. I had researched a great deal on the subject of the Greeks, particularly the Loeb Classics, the Spanish writer Marañón,[i] etc., and I began with a borrowed camera, but using not Ektachrome Commercial, but Anscochrome Film. Each one hundred feet of film (that is, a roll of thirty metres) would not be edited. Three feet of film would be taken for each image. Then the next image of three feet. Much depended on time, location, the people I had to find to use, and the weather. Apart from this, the general theme was to be Plato's *Lysis*, which deals with friendship. All of the film was filmed in some weeks, developed, and finally printed. My young brother, Andrew, three years younger than I, paid for some of the film stock, as I was penniless – happily seeing only the work!

Finally, Part III, *Charmides*, was made similarly, but in only a few days. The setting was the University of Toledo, Ohio. There, I found all the elements needed for the film inspired, again, by Plato. This time, his *Charmides*, which deals with temperance. Many seemingly purposeless images (these were to gain total meaning years later, not only for the filmmaker, but also for the film spectator) were found while one was actually filming: filming on location.

Several years later I was to awaken one morning by a letter sent by Mr. Curtis Harrington, the low-budget Hollywood director whom I had known at USC, stating that I had made the front page of *Variety*. And, indeed, I had, not only the front page, but the main HEADLINE. The film had been called degenerate. This after a presentation at the University of New York, by Dr. George Amberg, through Cinema 16. I was left alone to my own devices. No one, actually, said anything publicly on my behalf.

Returning to the beginning of this short essay for Filmpodium, I ask not only, whither motion pictures, but also, whither mankind in this Dark Age? The situation today, which is worsening, is no different than it was when I made the trilogy. *The whither of WITHER is, indeed, Withering*. I ask, only for that single film spectator, and no more. Perhaps, this is the reason I have been able to continue my work for nearly four decades.

2nd of November, 1985
Zürich

FROM FANSHAWE TO SWAIN

FOR TOM CHOMONT

Writing on the cinema Virginia Woolf has said,

"We should see violent changes of emotion produced by their collision. The most fantastic contrasts could be flashed before us with a speed which the writer can only toil after in vain ..."[1]

It was after such a joyous collision[2] between Robert C. Freeman, Jr.,[i] and myself in 1950 that the motion picture *Swain* took shape. In the beginning, as I will reveal to you presently, *Swain* was anything but *Swain*. It was only later that *Swain* became *Swain*. Only with the discovery of Nathaniel Hawthorne's first work did the outline of *Swain* become apparent. And as always in the tradition of the filmmaker's most important personal revelation, it gathered its content through the filmmaker's very soul and visual powers after and beyond the tale by Hawthorne.

Briefly, *Fanshawe, a Tale*, by Hawthorne was, as I have already stated, his first tale. It was written while Hawthorne was a student at Bowdoin College, and "printed without his name in Boston in 1828. A few copies only were sold, and the remainder destroyed ..."[3]

Fanshawe was published by Marsh and Capen, 362 Washington Street, at the press of Putnam and Hunt. The opening pages of the book reveal in great detail, "the present state of Harley College ..."[4] However, as I recall, this is not what intrigued me, rather it was the following passage which is a description of one of the characters in the book referred to as the Stranger. The Stranger was like, "... a ruler in a world of his own and independent of the beings that surrounded him."[5] It was thus this character of the Stranger blended in my own imagination with the figure of young Fanshawe that gave immediate birth among those mysteries which are creativity to *Swain*, the hero of the film. And as in Hawthorne's quote from Southeyii at the beginning of the book, "Wilt thou go on with me?" – I proceeded with fantastic speed.

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[1] Virginia Wolff, *The Captain's Death Bed and Other Essays* ("The Cinema", written in 1926).

[2] Collision reference:

"Joyous Collision!
Ultroneous fortune!
Near Dick's folly you chant
In West Point uniform:
Radiant calligrapher
In the strand of our sex."

Gregory J. Markopoulos, *Poems*, (Verse 16, "The Kourobyon").

[3] New York Times, January 19, 1904 (Book Review).

[4] Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Fanshawe* (First Edition).

Before quoting, as is my intention, from the borrowed journal notes of my friend, Robert C. Freeman, Jr., I would like to point out to you a few references as regards to symbols in *Swain*. First there is the symbol of the moon with which the film begins.[6] According to Mircea Eliade,

"The symbolism of the Moon, for example, reveals a connatural unity between the lunar rhythms, temporal becoming, the Waters, the growth of plants, women, death and resurrection, the human destiny ... In the final analysis, the symbolism of the Moon reveals a correspondence of a mystical order between the various levels of cosmic reality and certain modalities of human existence."[7]

And Eliade continues in the next paragraph,

"It requires quite another order of cognition to reveal for example, the 'lunar destiny' of human existence, the fact that man is 'measured' by temporal rhythms which are one with the phases of the Moon, that he is consigned to death but that, like the Moon which reappears in the sky after three days of darkness, he also can begin his existence again, and that, in any case, he nourishes the hope of a life beyond the tomb, more certain or better as a consequence of initiation."[8]

Other symbols are those necessary recurrent images that plague each filmmaker or creative personality, including dead fish in the scene where the hero, *Swain*, communes with his shadow,[9] the worm on the dead

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5. Ibid.

6. It is interesting to note that in an earlier film, *The Dead Ones*, black and white, 35mm, dedicated to Jean Cocteau, that it begins or ends (?) with a close-up of the sun. Its close association to *Swain* goes without saying.

7. Mircea Eliade, *Mephistopheles and the Androgyne*.

8. Ibid.

9. The use of the fish imagery can be seen also in the films *Lysis*, *Charmides*, *Eldora*.

bird's wing,[10] described also by Eliade as symbolic of the spirit of being, and the flower motifs.[11] In the case of the flowers, the dead bird, the fish, these were found on location (chance occurrences) and put to immediate use. Not so the deliberate use, and in a manner of speaking, the exact use of a garment in this case for studied symbolism; I refer to the image of the woman's stocking which is seen towards the end of *Swain* where the hero approaches it, caresses it, comes away from it and the spectator discovers it fluttering before the camera, Swain grasps it and kneels in the face of the lens, then cut, he passes by a bankside, the stocking is seen lying in the water. But by far the most disturbing and visually demoniac use of symbol in *Swain* is that of the ram and the crocodiles, asleep, with one moving just as the hero climbs a difficult slope in his pursuit to rediscover and be delivered from society.

Donald Weinstein wrote, perhaps, the only perceptive article concerning my work, and in this case *Swain*, in the *Markopoulos 3/4* issue of *Filmwise*. The article was entitled, "Swain: Flowers and Flight".

"*Swain* is an evocation in gentle images and visual symbols of a subconscious rejection of the stereotyped masculine role that society and women insist upon. This rejection takes the form of escape: a flight into fantasy from what is visually conceived as crude, repelling sexuality into the purity of creative activity, of nature, and of the individual personality left inviolate.

"There is a certain delicateness and subtlety of image about *Swain* that the rude word chisel can only damage, for *Swain* is not a problem film nor a clinical study. However, a pattern emerges as one image follows another around a central, continuing figure. From this pattern, motifs and ideas may be abstracted, ideas that form a valid basis for understanding. But ideas placed in an unyielding verbal context may tend to distort the gentle and personal qualities of *Swain* ..."

I have with me this evening a copy from the original pages of a journal kept by Robert C. Freeman, Jr. during the filming of *Swain*. Permit me to quote from them at random, creating a mosaic which perhaps in the end only I and that *someone else* in the audience will comprehend.

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[10] It is interesting that one of the flowers used in *Swain* may also be found in the bedroom sequence of the heroine in *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*.

[11] *Rain Black, My Love* was one of the original titles of *Swain* suggested to me by a friend, Frederick Burae Davenport. Still another title was *Poeme Onerique*. I believe that I finally rested with *Swain* because it had certain connotations of the Midwest for me; and, seemed proper to the settings I was using in and near Toledo, Ohio.

"On the Friday evening of March 17, '50 I gave up work to go with G. to his church to observe the icons and plan the Easter film. Before we left he showed me a great folio (library) of religious paintings, pointing out how a camera might scan them. At the church people were leaving the lenten mass, curly haired Mike meeting us at the door – very attractive I have thought since the evening ... The icons were high up, behind glass, and of uneven quality. I even told G. something about them. Hardly had we commenced our study when out went the lights, the mosaics sparkling. I left G., both of us puzzling over the Easter film – I panicky that G. would give it up."

"Sunday 19 March. I was feverish with my sketch of the long thoughts about the transition of Winter to Spring. When G. called on Sun. afternoon (I was going to visit him unbidden) we both blurted out that we had ideas most marvellous.

"At G.'s I was young and innocent of knowledge of G.'s ways so I ventured to show my idea. G. was sympathetic, saying that my thumbnail sketches (was he also jealous of them) were the way to draw up a shooting script; it was a film I should do myself he said and then launched out upon the long broad road to *Rain Black, My Love*, starting with the essentials of Hawthorne's early *Fanshawe*. I submitted very graciously and wonder how I so early saw how I must act. From the start I relinquished artistic contribution – though I was indirectly to greatly satisfy myself with almost 100% location selecting. His puzzles he solved himself and early I sensed this was as he wished. His early ideas were very complex for colour for instance: the one boy was to be monochrome one colour, the girl monochrome another colour, the second by another etc. Early we dropped this and gradually most traces of *Fanshawe*.

"Monday morning ... the next morning early to film.

"Leaving Cousino's the idea occurred to politely stop by to invite Gregory to go along. I left a note at his house and the special delivery on which I found after work that night had pencilled thereon the note to be seen – he would be ready to go. Ah, how glad I was that I had thought of this.

"We stopped downtown for B & W film at Gross'.

"G. was amazed at my equipment which I had set up proudly in my room all night. We drove in the dull weather up the river where (slyly

I showed him where we might experiment and let me learn something about the camera.

"We studied the house in black and white, Gregory deciding early that this would be the girl's house of *Poème onerique*. I marvelled at how long it took to expose 100 feet. The lady nurse (Mrs. Parten we later learned) came to the door beforehand and gave us permission for that day and for the filming of *Poème* later in the Spring.[12] I gladly shelved *Transition*[13] after this."

"Sun. 19 March (One week ago, I met G. for the first time calling at his home the afternoon of his 22nd birthday).[14]

"G. read to me the outline of his treatment of Hawthorne's early romance – *Fanshawe*. First I read to him my own sketch of a Spring fantasy – *Transition*. He commented on my frame-drawing approach and advised me to make the film myself rather than in collaboration.

"Concerning the *Fanshawe*, G. claims that this treatment will be the outgrowth of plans for some six other films considered but not attact (sp. ?) since his return from USC, L.A. five months ago.

"Following his outline, composed the day before, G. gives me the broad pattern, section by section, of the plot – Gothic tale in modern dress as he sees it. Following this exposition he went in more detailed manner over his treatment once again, and with paper and pen made notes which shall comprise the script which he plans to put together Monday, sending Tues. a copy to me.

"He now considers a balance of black and white, natural colour, and monochrome (this last achieved with nat. colour base plus single filters). His outlook this afternoon is a fantasy, psychological alternation of colour selection. When in a few instances I have protested obscurity of purpose and inconsistency, he (dictator as he admits himself to be) claims some sort of divine guardian (his achievements support him strongly) in his inconsistent consistency.

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[12] The house used in *Swain* was formerly the home of George Stevens, one of the founders of the Toledo Museum of Art. The house was later converted to a rest home for elderly people, and was in disrepair. A sad fate for it was an exact duplication of El Greco's home in Spain, complete with telescope.

[13] *Transition* was a film which Robert C. Freeman, Jr. never began.

[14] R.C.F., Jr., was twenty-seven.

"By choice or for economy G. visions a woman to portray both Ellen Langton and the oldster of the cottage, and one male for Edward Walcott, Fanshawe, and the Stranger.

"Most of the locations he has preselected, and though asking for help in selecting the performers, camera equip. ('we' may use two cameras on days for both B & W and N.C.) and misc. suggestions he seems invariably to resolve his problems at the same time himself.

"(Mrs. Markopoulos entered during our discussion with a dish of homemade pomegranate preserves. The fruit so prepared was a treat to the taste but lacks a rememerable (sp.?) taste or flavour so mild was it.)

"G. considers, concerning the problem of casting, taking the male parts himself but shrinks because of his advance colour plans and accompanying risks, too great to depend entirely on my efforts. He 'considered' casting me but decided that I would not be right.

"He probably will go his own way to the casting though he outwardly turns to me.

...

"The music on the soundtrack may start in the last 8 or 10 minutes at the abduction: Glière, *Symph, No. 3 in D minor*."[15]

Robert C. Freeman, Jr. continues,

"25 March, Sat. morn. ... The architecture advised him but over all, the tower. So it was all along, my loves quickly became his. He seldom refused to mould into a valid idea of mine.

"We had great fun with the architecture, he attacking with a stationary camera and seldom panning ...

"Little did we know of the catastrophe to be enacted weeks later one late Sunday afternoon in that very placid tower – our tower! Little did we dream of our trespass even that day.

"My suggestions were, of course amateurish, not amateur or whatever in the sense of Parker Tyler's notes on his *Psyche* – amateur meaning 'lover'.

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[15] Later after R.C.F., Jr., brought to my attention Sibelius' *Seventh Symphony*, prepared in or as one movement, I was inspired to follow suit, in part, with the film form of *Swain* during the editing process, which for the filmmaker is always a retelling and an analysis of what he has tried to achieve.

"We mutually caught each other up on incorrect viewer, aperture, forgetting to wind camera, range and diaphragm setting. All went well."

"Next Sat., 1st of April we set out with five reels colour film, early. Clouds broken up flying fast in cold, blue sky. By the time we got to the bridge, there were snow flurries, sleet, and a (... ?) frigidly blasting wind. Will our immortal bridge shots ever testify to our mad filming the hour it took us to get from one side to the other. I was frightfully nervous: light meter to read, settings to make, winding, tripod adjustment (sometimes full extended, next collapsed, always stubborn, resisting unscrewing, pinching flesh, etc.) Gregory without gloves took mine at my urgent offer, would not leave tripod for wind. And that wind truculent at our presence there tried all its powers to remove us.

"We laughed, shivered, made small mistakes, dropped the filter (Gods!) G. would have used his large square of gelatine and I insisted on the Cousino filter which was the wrong filter and caused the colour distortion and the triumphant effect of those vigorous tempestuous bridge shots.

"On arrival G. was ready to give in to the amazing elements. But I was all for it and he was willing if I was. Every (... ?) brought a different aspect with it of the sky. No sooner did the sun turn grey to gold then grey reigned again and even near black as the clouds released blinding snow pellets. We were red as indians and indeed Gregory's brilliant face testifies well to this.

"The alabaster figurines were set on the pavement at the far barricade, camera at ground level (among the discarded and distracting prophylactic rubbers) ...

"Across the bridge at last we sought refuge of the Dodge (which was christened a month or so later 'Gretchen' by Gregory. What a ridiculously fitting name – after it went from me to the car. God! What a mercurial wit!!!) Home we sped and though a party was due that evening at Bud's house and I had to be home by six I stopped on the way to Bush Street, picked up Bud's floods and we set up in G.'s living room the setting of the gold mirror.[16]

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[16] The figurines which act as guardian images in the bridge sequence and the black and red pajamas had been given to me as Christmas presents (in an exchange of presents) by F. B. D. (personal symbolism).

"I was deeply moved by G.'s appearance in the black and white pajamas. The filming went well in spite of too little light (results perfect!!) ...[17]

"Sunday morning was more favourable but dull and late wintry. Overcast sky we set about filming of G. in last of bridge (the weather fitted well where we had left off – stormy subsiding to dull) up side of house, mounting steps, studying painted and crumbling plaster frieze of the piper (these things we discovered the Tues. before, the one crumbled completely in front and the Satyr!!!)."

"2 April, '50 ...

"I started early with my mistakes handling the camera, filter, meter, winding, etc., etc., and before we got G. around to the front door – he himself covered up most of my mistakes with his superb all round collected behaviour. I was ashamed and chagrined. I thought of my sad performances of years past and my heart sank that I might be rejected this early.

"Mr. Porten came out of the house with photos of the place taken in Spring and Summer from ground and air. He allowed G. to enter the door and invited us to view the interior when we were finished. G. after a modest or polite conversation patronizingly (devotingly so and bitterly sarcastic) went on filming about the door (wondrous Gargoyles[18] with the twirling leaves) ..."

"8 April, '50 ...

"Arrived at G.M.'s home at 2:30 p.m. and we commenced at once to cut the first five reels of *Rain Black* using Kodatoy as viewer on screen. We worked on floor of living room,[19] I mostly observing and assisting in small ways. Early this morning – 1 a.m. to 2:30 a.m. I visited him on way from work when we ran the five reels for the first time, they having been returned from Chicago Friday morning. Direct observation showed the colours run to greens and yellow oranges. Projected effect quite satisfactory Gregory feels for the other colours appeared stronger – the gloomy crossing of the bridge and the first sequence – the stormy grey, examination of the mansion.

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[17] Then as now, I utilized no more than one to two lights. Such was the case of using just one light during the filming of the portraits for *Galaxie*, 1966.

[18] It is interesting to note that as I filmed I thought of Cocteau's two figures which draw back the curtains for La Belle in the corridor episode of his film *La Belle et la Bête*.

[19] It is a curiosity that all of the editing of the sound for the ill fated motion picture *Serenity* was also done on the floor of Charles Boultenhouse's film studio on East 18th Street.

"We discarded no more than 75–100 feet (some of this being leader) saving clippings for Mr. Raymond Rohauer, Frederick Davenport, Gregory and myself.

"The interior mirror sequence we leave uncut till the Victorian house sequence is shot and printed.

"On breaking up this evening 7:20 p.m. we decided to shoot Mon. morning if all went. Some of our shots were far better than we calculated.

"The cutting of course makes a new thing again of the original 50 feet. Both of us were wishing to observe the new effect but cuts were only loosely on reel and must be spliced. Greg. recommended a Griswold splicer."

" ... 17 of April.

"Then there was the idyllic Monday in April when we waited at the Stevens quarry for that last of sequences, G. in his black and red trimmed pyjamas. It was noon and the boss was at the far end conducting some blasting, and even after that long wait (G. sat in car looking at the 44 Howitzer and I could not find my picture in the group – out for cross country that afternoon I recall) the superintendent referred us to the downtown offices (where the telephone girl took me for a DeVilbiss student).

"Hungry for sandwiches we drove up the river – also in search of a substitution location. At Grand Rapids (day was warm, hazy, and an overall yellowish veiled sunny sky) I parked beside the towpath of the canal[20] and we strolled out to the dam.

"He admitted the waste of the day for filming but appreciated the walls (sp.?) broken down between us; we took each others picture and seemed to feel a little foolish but even more so happy over our new closer situation to each other.

"Next day or so I sat in the France Stone offices for an hour or so to get permission and – Gregory no longer wanted the quarry."

... (apparently the 22nd of April – G.J.M.)

"... tired, and planned to arise early for filming ... I almost said I would not come. How woeful to have missed it!!! In the rushes (Greenhouse – Gregory and Mary) I felt aware of the exceptional talent at work on this film. I told G. of being in awe of him. What an impeccable taste and ... now too sleepy – but am focused to note at least that there had been such an evening – and the painting[21] my pride to receive this gift!!! G. even wrote something for me on the back."

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[20] In 1953, this same canal was to be used in the short film *Eldora*.

"3:15 a.m. 10 May. After work stopped in at Gregory's for second showing of *Christmas U.S.A.* ... and at last *Psyche* itself. What a strange and lovely thing it is. Now Gregory is again a stranger along with his work. As an added surprise (seemed a bit of an anticlimax) he ran *Rain Black, My Love* thru to girl enters house. His cutting has transformed it into something almost new. Was I really with him at this work? What will I see when the whole is projected?"

"18–19 May '50 Early Frid. Morn.

"I thought to dedicate this past day to myself but this was not to be with the phone call from Gregory. He had decided on Bruckner's *Ninth* (the *7th* which I advised was not to be found) and wished within hours to record it on wire to be sent with the film to Brandon. A letter from the latter promised a viewing of all three: *R.B.M.L.*, neg. of *Christmas U.S.A.*[22] and reel 3 of *The Dead Ones* for Brandon, Parker Tyler, and Theodore Huff (film historian)."

"19–20 May '50 early Sat. morn. clear, starry, cool, windy among new foliage.

"Gregory called at ten; the recording had gone well and he had finished shortly after I left (but only got 42 min. of music I do not know why) ..."

That is as far as I shall quote from Robert C. Freeman Jr.'s notes. I realize now, after all these years (especially after the final note read to you concerning the length of music) that *Swain* may well have been as long if not longer than *Twice a Man*. Unfortunately, the distributor, Thomas J. Brandon, would not release the motion picture until after

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[21] The reference to the painting is, of course, the painting that is seen in the film. It was originally intended for F. B. D., who did not understand it. After the filming it was given to R.C.F., Jr. The painting is entitled *Shishenda* (Poet's Immortal House). This work was completed soon after the immediate success of a painting entitled *Passacaglia*, which had hung in the Toledo Museum of Art, and had been received critically.

[22] Most of the footage was reused for the film *Flowers of Asphalt*.

I had edited out a huge chunk; that of the protagonist wandering through the Columbian House which we had used in Waterville, Ohio. As it was, he kept the film for ten years, and never released it, save for one performance, when it was rented to Jonas Mekas for his newly formed film group series. Subsequently I purchased the negative and the one print from Brandon Films. The print you will see projected this evening is that very same first print.[23]

I would like to end with a quotation from the *Oresteia*. Cassandra says,

"... like the shapes in dreams, beating against the walls."[24]

This lecture was delivered at the Tom Chomont Film Society,
Odd Fellows Hall, Boston, 25th of March, 1966.

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[23] Since this lecture was delivered a second print was struck by Western Cine Service. And to my great joy, the version is slightly longer, but not long enough for anyone to see what the original was like. (12/4/66)

[24] Aeschylus, *The Oresteia*.

STATEMENT CONCERNING CINEMA

What does Cinema mean to me? It means that I am able during the filming to attempt the impossible, which for me is the sincere trust which I place in emotions. The emotions of men. It is the Herculean and tender task of saying what I feel is true without words like the songs of Mendelsohn.

And as for what is experimental, it is for me no more than that moment when I go out to film on location and discover that the weather is different than I had expected. And so I make my changes. I play along with Nature. Or it may be the sudden release of inspiration when I am editing a film, and my mind instructs one idea, but my fingers along with my heart urge forth another idea.

If I am making films at all it's because I have an epic form in mind ... A form which is my own. It is the best form I love. And like love it grows, fulfils its cycle and dies. Fortunately, the audience is there.

As a character says in my proposed new film *Twice a Man*. It is the Physician speaking:

"We are living through the atomic transition. We are in the hands of the Military. I know what that means. The first eight pages of their manual. Man needs but one slip to fall back through the ages. But there is one God in whom everyone believes and that is FEAR. Fear! We need more poetry, more art! We need Cinema!"

1963
New York City

TOWARDS A NEW NARRATIVE FILM FORM

In the beginning of the motion picture, the film frame had great potential. But with the introduction of sound, a part of the frame was relegated to the service of the soundtrack. Aesthetically opposed but artistically united, sound and image failed to achieve that poetic unity in cinema that everyone had envisioned. Word and image conflicted, forcing images to become conventional, and sound retarded, rather than added to, the development of film form.

Few significant forms have been established in motion pictures; form cannot be achieved through the use of filters, changes in colour intensities, special lenses, effects prepared in the laboratory, elaborate costumes, or theatrical devices. The film frame which creates each shot or composition has been neglected; it has been understood only as a photographic necessity.

I propose a new narrative form through the fusion of the classic montage technique with a more abstract system. This system involves the use of short film phrases which evoke thought-images. Each film phrase is composed of certain select frames that are similar to the harmonic units found in musical composition. The film phrases establish ulterior relationships among themselves; in classic montage technique there is a constant reference to the continuing shot: in my abstract system there is a complex of differing frames being repeated.

The chief problem facing the maker of a motion picture with the proposed abstract form is the elimination of the abruptness with which the single frames attack the eye and confuse the viewer. Both the optical and psychological disturbances may be minimized by a method of integrated frame adjacencies intermingling at their common border or frontier. At other times, dissimilarities or degrees of contrast, object displacement, or varieties of movement in the two contiguous frames will help the viewer receive the abrupt transitions with more ease.

Limitless change in rhythm, or the sudden interjection of alliteration, metaphor, symbol, or any discontinuity introduced in the structure of the motion picture, makes possible the arrest of the film spectator's attention, as the filmmaker gradually convinces the spectator not only to see and to hear, but to participate in what is being created on the screen, on both the narrative and introspective levels. The magnificent landscapes of emotion, with colours brighter than the film viewer has ever been concerned, begin to exist. The transient impact of meetings, handshakes, kisses and the hours apart from these contacts becomes revealed in all its astounding simplicity. A whole new scale of values is exposed, creating a rich potential narrative form in the motion picture.

7th of February, 1963
New York City

TWICE A MAN STATEMENT

The motion picture *Twice a Man* adapts the Hippolytus legend to modern experience, and is designed to enhance the survival of classical patterns and classical learning as a vital factor of our present-day culture. I am deeply convinced that film as a creative product is as essential as the documentation and scientific investigation carried on through filmic means. Moreover, I believe that the United States is obliged, especially in this era of cultural exchange, to make an extra effort to maintain the prestige of its filmmaking in the face of the great prestige recently won in this country by creative films from abroad.

Considering the vast potential of expressiveness in the film as a medium of values, relatively few significant contributions to the formal and methodical side of motion pictures have been made, during recent years, anywhere in the world. Inevitably, the considerations of the commercial industry are the most to blame for this lag and so I have concentrated on aims that are not, primarily, commercial. As for documentary film methods, these cannot satisfy the needs of the film's creative future. The method I have developed is dedicated to achieve works of deep and unusual human scope through means adequate to them.

I wish to demonstrate by the film *Twice a Man*, a new narrative form which is based on very brief film-phrases used in clusters to evoke thought through imagery. What I call the "thought image" thus holds both psychological and aesthetic charges. It intensifies and builds up the visual theme while dialogue and music are worked in as heightening elements. Since ultimately the vigour of the content depends, I believe, on the adequacy and unity of the form, I have striven toward a synthesis having great economy.

This attempt to summarize turning points and climaxes with decisive effect is evident in my previous works: In *Psyche*, at the end, brief "clips" from previous scenes reintegrate the whole; *Swain* was marked by the same device. In my most recently completed work, *Serenity*, the urgent climax provided in this way is parallel with the stream-of-consciousness in literature. My current project being more elaborate, the same device is used in saturation and modulates the whole narrative.

Circa 1965

THE DRIVING RHYTHM

The motion picture *Twice a Man*, on the condition that I am accurate with my powers of recollection, concerned me even throughout the feverish production days of the ill-fated motion picture *Serenity* in Greece (1955–1958). In one of my entries I have set down, "Locale Mycenae. Darkness. A voice says to the audience, 'Give me your hand.' Fade in the locale. The mother of Hippolytus mounting the steps of the ruins. She is walking to her doom, though the audience does not realize it. In her hand, the palm of it, she imagines the various palms of her son: as a babe, as a child, as a youth, as a man. Perhaps show the many ages of the son mounting with her."[1] Not only the inception of the film *Twice a Man* goes at least that far back, but in addition the following pattern which throughout that time was put forward for consideration for *Serenity*, "The darkness would *oracularly* bind the spectator. And the very darkness would *join* sound to image ..."[2] Many years later I did turn to account the stamp of darkness and the spectator immersed in the absence of light with only the probe of rain. This conception of darkness goes even further back in my development as a filmmaker, for it was a word that I employed to describe the first part of a novel begun when I was a freshman in High School.[3] To those familiar with my early work the issue of darkness or the absence of light will be recalled in such works as the trilogy *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort*; in all three parts *Psyche*, *Lysis* and *Charmides*. Even in *Swain* the use of a small separation with black celluloid is brought into use twice: once during a passage relating to the heroine, and once for a transition involving the hero. And in *Eldora*[4] with its cautious and excruciatingly slow movement, Eldora the heroine proceeding as if with lunar strides across the wet, soft, earthly shore matter of the Maumee River, several times makes use of black celluloid exits and returns. In one, I believe the camera pans from the hero, his arm raised, across an unilluminated vacant ground to the heroine becoming visible above; and then, vice versa with the short flights of the butterflies. More recently, in *The Illiac Passion* (not yet released) a brief filmic measure of darkness allows the film spectator a respite during a minute point of time. There are two arguments for this use of black celluloid. They are:

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[1] Markopoulos, *Quest for Serenity*.

[2] Ibid.

[3] The manuscript has since been destroyed. R.C.F., Jr. was one of the few permitted access to it. However, there may well be excerpts in my correspondence to friends of that period, such as Mr. Ted Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds owns the original script proposed for the legend of Prometheus since become *The Illiac Passion*. Also in his possession are the only remains of the non-existent project *Green Mansions*.

(1) That I have been duly influenced by the notion of chaos; the formless void so aptly proposed by mythology and out of which all existing things were brought into being. Quoting Robert Graves, "... the Orphics say that black-winged Night, a goddess of whom even Zeus stands in awe, was courted by the Wind and laid a silver egg in the womb of Darkness; and that Eros, who some called Phanes, was hatched from this egg and set the Universe in motion."[5] And quoting an even earlier source, with which I am familiar, "... Night and Darkness were the prime elements of Nature, and from them sprang Light."[6]

(2) Then there is the fact that from the very beginning of my interest with the medium of film I regarded the use of fade-ins, fade-outs, dissolves and other such effects with complete abhorrence.

It was with *Psyche*, the first part of my trilogy, that I consciously used darkness: a door opening, a hooded figure sitting in a sunlit room with flowers strewn about its feet.[7] This was repeated with the closing of the door at the end of the film. For lack of funds I worked without a work print and in doing so I found myself (as I have always since) editing *Psyche* as if it were conceived as one continuous movement, without any effects whatsoever. It is significant to set down that during the final production days of *Psyche* I was fortunate in arranging a private projection at Paramount Studios of Josef von Sternberg's masterworks, *The Scarlet Empress* and *Caprice Espagnole (The Devil is a Wom an)*. My unbounded and ardent zeal for these works permitted me to stray farther afield from the conventional unspontaneous manners of narrative description for the film spectator.

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[4] *Eldora* was made on 8mm in Ohio during one Summer. 1953, I believe. I was given four rolls of colour film (outdated) by Mr. Raymond Rohauer for the privilege of making a film. In return I received only an 8mm copy of my short work.

[5] Robert Graves, *The Greek Myths*, Volume I.

[6] Charles Mills Gayley, *The Classic Myths in English Literature and in Art*.

[7] The novelette by Pierre Loüys, *Psyche*, after which my own film was made, was never completed by Loüys. For this reason I decided, during the editing, to use the hooded figure image as a suggestion of the character of Psyche herself, and also as image of the author himself and his unfinished novelette. The image of the hooded figure recurs consistently with every important climax of the film. The hooded figure replaces the usual fade-in and fade-out.

With the motion picture *Twice a Man*, I introduced a round of darkness which lasts for more than two minutes. My reasons for this were (and still remain) threefold:

(1) To maintain the established pictorial and narrative tradition, the filmic principles accumulated through experience and continuous usage of my past work: *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort, The Dead Ones, Swain, Serenity*.

(2) To allow the film spectator to rest his eyes, so that the initial visual and psychological impact of single frames and clusters of frames would be more readily apprehended. Sense and intellect become one.

(3) To initiate the spectator with a direct sense of the dominant or ruling sound motif which persists throughout *Twice a Man*: rain. Later rain becomes united with thunder and short phrases of music.[8] Rain, thunder, music, in turn form a continuous extension before or after the fragmented dialogue spoken by the deuteragonist, the mother in youth.[9]

Visually (apart from the credit titles) the characters in *Twice a Man* are from end to end established through a fundamentally simple (hence involved) series of musically and mathematically related single frames or clusters of frames which are allied to the conventional shot followed by shot method; that is classic film editing. By a single frame I have in mind, virtually, a single frame. By clusters of frames I have in mind one, two, three or more frames. Examples:

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[8] Tschaikovsky, *Manfred* (Portions of the third movement are used. The music was brought to my attention by R.C.F., Jr.).

[9] "I (*w*)ant (*n*)ight (*conf*)ound (*d*)ay.
I (*w*)ant (*wa*)terfalls (*ar*)rest(*ed*)
in (*m*)id-fi(*ght*)."
From the kitchen episode; the mother's dialogue.
Tom Chomont, *Twice a Man* (A transcript made from a print of the motion picture).

(1) The same frame, a single frame: close-up of the protagonist. In *Twice a Man* I introduce Mr. Paul Kilb as the protagonist with three frames: close-up of his face.[10]

(2) One, two, three or more frames which become clusters of frames because I make use of more than one image combination in their musical-mathematical structure.

Pictorially, narratively, *Twice a Man* begins with Shot 1 which consists of 127 frames. The Artist Physician (portrayed by Mr. Albert Torgesen) is sitting in the right foreground on the deck of the Staten Island Ferry. His head is bowed and his hands are folded in his lap. He is wearing

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[10] The following are page 1 and part of page 2 of the Chomont transcript of *Twice a Man*:

SHOT	FRAMES	IMAGE
1	127	The Artist Physician (Albert Torgesen) is sitting in the right foreground on the deck of the Staten Ferry. His head is bowed and his hands are folded in his lap. He is wearing a suit and a light raincoat. Part of the New York skyline is passing.
2	6	Close view of New York buildings ... very blue.
3	11	Albert is sitting on the deck of the Staten Island Ferry. Part of the New York skyline is passing. (1)
4	5	Close view of New York buildings ... very blue.
5	115	Albert is sitting on the deck of the Staten Island Ferry. Part of the New York skyline is passing. (1)
6	5	Close view of New York buildings ... very blue. (2)
7	18	Albert is sitting on the deck of the Staten Island Ferry. (1)
8	5	Close view of New York buildings ... very blue. (2)
9	18	Albert is sitting on the deck of the Staten Island Ferry. (1)
10	5	Close view of New York buildings ... very blue. (2)
11	5	Albert is sitting on the deck of the Staten Island Ferry. (1)

a suit and a light raincoat. Part of the New York skyline is circling in the background. This is followed with Shot 2 (6 frames) a close view of New York buildings; very blue.[11] Shot 1 introduces the Artist Physician and places him in the Present with reminiscences from the Past. The Past is called up through the employment of the blue shots, the New York skyline repeated six times. In five of these blue shots, numbers 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 they are comprised of five frames in length. These blue shots of the New York skyline are contrasted in the film with those daylight shots of greater duration, also of the New York skyline.

Cinematically, the sequences (not recorded or edited consecutively as in the conventional motion picture) of the silent dancers, the roof top confrontation of Paul by the Artist Physician (their earliest meeting),

12	5	Close view of New York buildings ... very blue. (2)
13	17	Albert is sitting on the deck of the Staten Island Ferry. (1)
14	132	A span of the New York skyline from right to left. It is daylight. Seagulls are flying over the water. One gull passes near, and two gulls pass farther away.
15	2	Albert on the deck of the Staten Island Ferry. (1)
16	71	A span farther along the New York skyline. A gull passes near, and another opens and folds its wings as it glides. (14)
17	57	Close-up of Albert sitting on the Staten Island Ferry. His head is bowed. A tug is passing in the background.
18	3	Paul's face with the upturned collar of his grey windjacket around his neck.
19	37	Close-up of Albert with his head bowed and a tug passing in the background. (17)
20	3	Paul's face. (18)
21	32	Close-up of Albert with his head bowed and a tug passing in the background. (17)
22	3	Paul's face. (18)

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[11] Ibid.

the interior red brick wall confrontation of Paul by the dancers (where it seems his soul has passed out of his body and he is roused from his trance) also reflect the Past. At the same time, in this complex whole that is *Twice a Man*, the Past becomes the Present. Conventional shots following one upon the other, single frames, clusters of frames interwoven into the classic editing form of the film are introduced in preparatory detail; even as the protagonist proceeds along the ramp which leads to the Ferry Boat Terminal. What has appeared to be the Past is in the necessary (particular) reality of the motion picture medium very much the Present. As in one version from the Greek myth of Hippolytus, which is also the basis of Sir Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, Hippolytus returned to life by the physician Asclepius. Similarly in *Twice a Man*, Paul (*Hippolytus* by Euripedes, the other versions of the myth used by Seneca and Racine which I read prior to the production work of *Twice a Man* were used only as points of inspiration and departure; never as recreations of the myth itself), himself as himself, stands on the outer deck of the ferryboat where reborn he evokes feelings and memories from the Past which are futuristically transformed into the energies of the Present. Among the scenes that the protagonist evokes are those of the girl stroking the leaf of a plant, he lying on a couch extends his hand[12] and returns it to himself; the speechless heterosexual couple: the young woman's companion sits with closed eyes, as the sense of the futility to which they seem to have exposed themselves is made more apparent with the interspersed, one and two frame shots of the Statue of Liberty. Very near this point in *Twice a Man* the Artist Physician is thrust into the Past. Editorially, my references to him become three frame shots, precisely the length of those which introduced Paul at the beginning of the film.[13]

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[12] It is when Paul extends his hand that the blue shots of the New York skyline are introduced once again. See Chomont transcript: pgs. 15–16.

[13] See Chomont transcript: pg. 19 shots: 317, 319, 321, 323, 325.

With this structural reversal in the narrative of *Twice a Man*, the film spectator becomes aware of the meaning of the Artist Physician's quest through Paul's return to his mother's house; for the film spectator at no time, in actual fact, sees the Artist Physician reach the place for which he seems bound at the beginning of *Twice a Man*. Thus far, *Twice a Man* establishes three important points:

(1) The Artist Physician's quest or inquiry.

(2) The non-committal nature of the protagonist, the son.[14]

(3) The obscure characters which surround the protagonist and the Artist Physician. These being, the silent dancers, the girl stroking the leaf, the weeping woman and the man with the closed eyes. These are the nameless who are without destination. To quote André Gide, "... a people without hope..."[15] Interestingly placed in the assemblage of figures without destination or hope is the scene of the poet and his admirers. Shot 334. 423 frames. "Close-up of a hand resting inside the lapel of a jacket. Slow zoom-out to reveal the man sitting on a chair with his hand in his coat, a young man on the floor before the chair on the left, Paul sitting to the right, and a young girl sitting before Paul. Paul and the girl are looking attentively at the man in the chair who is looking forward with his head tilted back and speaking slowly ..."[16] As the camera zooms back slowly, thunder is heard on the soundtrack.

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[14] The one place in *Twice a Man* where one might say that Paul commits himself, briefly, is in shots 298–304; pg. 18 of the Chomont transcript. In my original notes (the scene is dated as having been written and filmed: 3/24/62) the scene was as follows:

> Light two people. Standing side by side. The camera pans from one to the other and back. The camera dollies away. They leave. In the centre stands Paul looking innocent.
> The two people are saying:
> "Surface perceptions."
> "Depth perceptions."

The original notes of *Twice a Man* are to be found: Markopoulos, *Ein Edelweiss* (Volume 12).

[15] André Gide, *Persephone*.

[16] See Chomont transcript, pg. 20.

Originally dialogue was to have been utilized, until I decided in favour of the more powerful sound motif of thunder.[17]

As the ferryboat nears Staten Island the application of evening shots (or the transformation of the shore line) merges Day and Night, the Past and the Present, into an Ouspenskian Future; into Eternity. There is a brief restatement of the silent dancers, the party sequence where the Artist Physician shadows the protagonist's departure, a young woman sitting side by side with the protagonist. But once the island is reached the nameless characters are put out of mind. Paul disembarks and his relationship to the Artist Physician is prefigured in a stunning rain scene (actually shot in the rain) where the protagonist and his lover descend the steps of the Custom House as a passer-by approaches with a blue umbrella. From here on the events, meetings, non-meetings between the two protagonists increase; even, as the son, reborn, is driven towards his mother's house.[18] It is at this point in *Twice a Man* that the face of the mother in youth (portrayed by Miss Olympia Dukakis) is introduced in shot number 473 for the first time: two frames.

Not long after the shot with the red "Don't Walk" sign, the son reaches his mother's house. He approaches it as if for the first time. There is an element of mystery, hidden, inexplicable as Paul proceeds to the porch door and opens it. He turns and leans against the porch door as he becomes aware of a forewarning of death. The film spectator beholds a mourner whom the son conjures. The mourner disappears, Paul enters the hallway (this entrance to the interior of the house is conceived, editorially, in a very complex manner, as in the first Cubist paintings), but even as he turns the knob of the hallway door, the house becomes charged with Life, the state of ceaseless change. Past, Present, and Future become that instant which Mr. Kenneth Kelman, the eminent film critic, commented upon, so perceptively, in *Film Culture.*[19]

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[17] The original conception for this scene was inspired by the ancient custom used for selecting the site for a new city. In my original notes (*Ein Edelweiss*, Volume 12) (this scene is dated as having been written and filmed: 3/24/62) it is as follows:

> A group of people listening to a Poet Philosopher. Paul walks into the scene in the background.
>
> "Build the new city! Build the new city! But where?
> Build the new city there!
> Or build the new city over there!
> Only build the new city!
> Hang forth the pieces of meat in the clear and foul air.
> Bury the others in the ground
> Away from the contaminated air;
> And build the new city on the site
> Where it takes longest to rot!"

[18] Scene of the Artist Physician's pacing; the son's sequence at the War Memorial. See Chomont transcript: p.25–28.

From the moment the son enters his mother's house (misinterpreted by some spectators as the home of the Artist Physician), in the tradition inspired by fairytales and legends, the film spectator of *Twice a Man* now become the reminiscences of Paul, the recovery of things previously known. In an extravagantly fanciful house with colourific walls[20] hung with luminous paintings[21] the son moves to the drawing room where as he removes his jacket, first turning to one side and then to the other, the image of the mother is encountered. Three frames: a red beaded necklace on a purple sofa. Two frames: the mother in old age (portrayed by Mrs. Violet Roditi); shot number 576. Two frames: the mother in youth (portrayed by Miss Olympia Dukakis); shot number 578. With these earliest images of the mother, the film spectator experiences the first spoken words in *Twice a Man*. Though the words *(Paul Paul)* seem to emanate from the lips of the son himself, they are spoken by the mother in youth, Miss Dukakis. Centred in the Future the protagonist appears to be calling back to existence the Past. With equal truth, the mother in old age, and the mother in youth (once misinterpreted by a film spectator as the son's sister) become to quote what T. S. Eliot has said of images,

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19. Kenneth Kelman, '*Twice a Man*', *Film Culture*, No. 31, Winter 1963–1964. "*Twice a Man* begins with blackness and ends with white. The hour between them is an instant, it all takes place at once. But time is needed to recall all the colours between black and white ..."

20. The residence of Dr. Marius Bewley. First visited for Thanksgiving Dinner; and which trip became the very one which the film spectator experiences in *Twice a Man*: the ferry boat ride, the house.

21. All the paintings in *Twice a Man* (except the Hans Hoffman in the dining room episode) are by Mr. Garry MacKenzie. Mr. MacKenzie also produced especially for *Twice a Man*, the painting of the Moon-Tree.

"The emotively charged image gives us knowledge which is not knowledge, and of depths which remain unfathomably deep."[22] And again from Eliot, "The creation of a work of art, we will say the creation of a character in a drama, consist in the process of transfusion of the personality, or, in a deeper sense, the life, of the author into the character."[23]

This lecture was delivered at the Film-Makers' Cinematheque, New York City, 9th of January, 1966.

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[22] T. S. Eliot, *Selected Essays.*

[23] Ibid.

TWICE A MAN, THREE TIME PRIZE WINNER

A FILM OF THE AMERICAN ADVANCE GUARD

We are hearing a great deal these days about the American Advance Guard motion picture under various designations. Some of these familiar terms, already prominent in many newspapers and magazine articles are: *experimental*, *free cinema*, *underground movies*, and, *New American Cinema*. Of all of these terms, the one most effectively put to use by the responsible editors of mass communication has been *underground movies*. *Underground movies* is a term originated by the painter/filmmaker Stan Vanderbeek, recipient of a Ford Foundation grant in film. Mr. Vanderbeek used the two catch words of before and after World War II terminology to designate those films which were not readily available to the average moviegoer; indeed, those films which were made on an almost non-existent budget, a shoe string budget. However, the total number of films made by non-commercial, free cinema, independent, what you may name them, filmmakers, both in the United States, in England, in France and in Italy, are better classified under the term Advance Guard. That is to suggest that out of all the many films which are produced, there are some few which strive towards the vital communion of the film spectator. This communion or communication is often precipitated through a use of some very new, hardly thought of, at first startling innovation which the commercial world did not have the time to consider, and bypassed. Often, as not, once the Advance Guard motion picture presents its experiment, as in the successful *Twice a Man*, the industry does take immediate notice. Already in such films as *Muriel*,[i] *The Collector*,[ii] and in several scenarios dealing with scientific, interplanetary situations, the use of single frames or clusters of frames as exemplified in the three time prize winner *Twice a Man* have been utilized.

To begin at the beginning, *Twice a Man* which was first shown at the Third International Experimental Film Competition in Knokke-le-Zoute in Belgium, December 1963, where it won the coveted *Prix*

Lambert (two thousand dollars),[1] was begun at least a year and a half before its initial success and release (January 1964 through the Film-Makers' Cooperative, 414 Park Avenue South, New York 10016, New York). A H-16 REX-4 Bolex Camera was used throughout the production. I was familiar with the efficiency of the Bolex Camera from previous productions for which I had used it; I refer to such well known Advance Guard films as *Lysis*, *Charmides*, and *Swain*. So it was that I began filming some thirty hours of Ektachrome Commercial, the excellent Eastman Kodak colour film stock. Most of the filming was done in the financial district of New York City, on various Staten Island Ferry boats, and in the home of a friend at St. George on Staten Island. Never once during the filming of *Twice a Man* did I have a single camera problem or failure; nor any lens problem. As a matter of fact, once when I projected my *film rushes* to an unsuspecting audience at the Charles Theatre on the Lower East Side (which at that time had become very famous for its showing of Advance Guard experiments) some talent scouts from the William Morris Agency phoned our office the next day to inquire about the filmmaker whose 35mm film rushes they had seen the night before. Needless to say the footage they had seen was 16mm and taken by the faithful Bolex Camera, but projected on a theatre size screen. This did not deter the scouts from signing me to a contract with their agency.

Soon after the final filming of Mr. Paul Kilb, Mr. Albert Torgesen, and the fabulous off Broadway actress, Miss Olympia Dukakis, I decided to carry out one of my Advance Guard ideas. The idea revolved about film editing. For a long time, even while I was in Greece working on the 35mm motion picture *Serenity*, I had realized that the time had come to pave the way for a new form of film editing; a new narrative form had to be discovered, had to be suggested to the film spectator. Intuitively, (sometimes recalling the early Muybridge) I had considered that if one may create a narrative by editing shot for shot (that is classic film editing), then why not consider what the commercial world had more or less abandoned and never considered, the editing of the individual film frame. Thus, I began editing my film *Twice a Man* using the classic editing form, shot for shot, and to this, I added an editing form of my own, carefully placed, strategically placed single frames; or, even better, groups of frames, calculated according to mathematical or musical principles. This abstract form of editing was in part a "fitting together", as they say in carpentry. As in music, as in nature, as in science, as in all ordered structures, as in the relationships of individuals, all depended on a harmonious entity. And, I realized as I worked on the editing of *Twice a Man*, that this new way of telling a story, which might at first necessarily be misunderstood, would in the end come to be used in the most diverse and wonderful fashion by each individual, commercial or non-commercial filmmaker.

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[1] In 1965 at the Chicago International Film Festival *Twice a Man* won two prizes: *The Silver Award* in the Experimental category, and, *The Pioneer Award* (given by the Bell and Howell Company) for the motion picture "most advancing the film as an art and craft".

The extraordinary reception with which *Twice a Man* was received led me, after some months, to begin a new film, which as I write this article is awaiting printing. Inspired by the spirit and perfection that the Bolex Camera permitted, I began the use, intricately, of the various features: fade, dissolve, superimposing, controlled speeds, and all other such features. The result has been that now, on the heels, one might say of *Twice a Man*, the most awaited Advance Guard motion picture of 1966 is the new two and one half hour, colour feature *The Illiac Passion*. *The Illiac Passion* is a retelling of the legend of *Prometheus Bound*, the Greek play by Aeschylus as translated by the American Thoreau. A copy was located in the Morgan Library.

Very often, when the temptation arises, as it has several times in the past, when the major studios tempt me with offers to consider directing what they consider a BIG PICTURE, I think of the wonder, excitement, control and surety that I have worked with using the Bolex Camera; and, somehow, the temptation is dispersed. I make this statement because once an American creative person has found a manner of preparing motion pictures as I feel I have, it would be a betrayal to proceed in any other direction than that which he has been fortunate in discovering for himself. Thanks to the Paillard equipment, thanks to the Eastman Kodak colour stock, it would be unheard of to abandon my own established pictorial and narrative tradition, and the filmic principles accumulated through experience, and continuous usage with the aid of the Bolex Camera, to proceed in any other way in the making of Advance Guard motion pictures.

26th of January, 1966
New York City

GALAXIE

I have written the following notes concerning my motion picture *Galaxie* in an overheated slumber coach of the Silver Leaf, enroute from Chicago to Denver. My arrival has been of a two-fold purpose. To speak to you this evening of *Galaxie*, and also to pay my respects to the film laboratory, Western Cine Service, which has been instrumental in the printing of my film works. Indeed, the visit to the laboratory becomes a kind of pilgrimage to see what may be done for the printing of three films. The three films, to which I refer, being: the much-awaited and overdue *The Illiac Passion*; the feature work produced in Boston this past summer during a shooting schedule which lasted two weeks, *Himself as Herself*; and, the latest work, *Eros, O Basileus*, filmed in New York and the editing completed in Chicago a few weeks ago.[1]

This escape in the night through Aurora, Princeton, Burlington and other points on the Burlington Route was as unknown to me as was the birth of the thirty film portraits now known as the motion picture *Galaxie*. I had no idea that the film would grow to forty portraits, of which thirty would be retained. As a filmmaker I happened to be a resident of New York City. Like all true filmmakers I practice my filmmaking wherever I happen to be. The locale may be different but the problems remain the same. This is evidenced in my early work in California and Ohio, and today with my proposed projects in Chicago.[2] To digress a moment, I am presently on appointment with the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in order to establish a Cinematography Department. And, in truth, I am staying on with the grimmest of determination.

But to return to the subject of the evening, *Galaxie* was originally intended to be no more than a few portraits of close friends. Each portrait was to be one hundred feet or approximately three minutes in length. The editing which includes superimpositions, single frames, or groups of frames at key points, was to be accomplished in the camera during the actual shooting of the portraits. Thus, there was no editing once the film was developed, save to join the portraits together. The Bolex Reflex Camera was, of course, used exclusively as it had been used in most of my other films. This because the Bolex Camera is lightweight, and meets every technical demand the filmmaker imposes upon it. The final result in favour of this splendid camera is that when images taken by it are projected professionally, that is 16mm arc projection (as I have often been able through the courtesy of the management of the Bleecker Street Cinema in Greenwich Village), one can hardly tell the difference between 16mm and 35mm.

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[1] It is now expected that *Himself as Herself* will be ready for distribution in January 1967 at the latest. *The Illiac Passion* might well be ready in May 1967. *Eros, O Basileus* in February 1967.

[2] *The Damnation of Damon*, *Ascension*, and two biographical films.

For my first portrait sitting I chose the poet, writer and critic of the motion picture medium, Parker Tyler. I arrived at Mr. Tyler's apartment with two 3,200 degree (Kelvin) lights, an exposure meter, a roll of Ektachrome Commercial (100 feet), a Bolex Reflex Camera, and a tripod.[3] Accompanying me was the young filmmaker Robert Beavers. Later Robert Beavers also accompanied me during the filming of W.H. Auden's film portrait. Many months later he was chosen to portray the protagonist in *Eros, O Basileus*.

In selecting a background for Mr. Tyler's portrait I decided upon the lamp and desk where he is most constantly at work. I began by explaining that only one roll of film would be utilized. With Parker Tyler's suggestions in mind I decided on the movement of the first composition and began filming immediately. The first take lasted fifteen feet. The subject did not move, he had been forewarned of the problem of winding the camera.[4] I wound the camera. Parker Tyler again began the limited action. This continued from the first take to the last take up to ninety-five feet. Often I would fade-out, and then fade-in. Later I was to use my hand in front of the camera blocking out the light source; sometimes, even hitting the lens gently, causing the vibration of the images as in the portraits of Jasper Johns and Susan Sontag. Through this whole procedure I wondered who was the more entranced, the portrait sitter or the filmmaker. Perhaps the filmmaker works on such occasions, "sight independent of the seer," as Lincoln Kirstein has written of the work of Tchelitchew.[5] And so, once having reached ninety-five feet, nearly the tail end of the one hundred foot film roll, I covered the lens and rewound towards the beginning of the film roll. Once again with a second composition, the same process was repeated. Then a third, fourth, fifth and sixth time. With each compositional layer the film portrait grew, *the kernel of a biography* as Oswald Spengler might have put it became apparent. With the seventh compositional layer the subject was asked for suggestions (since each portrait was homage to the portrait sitter) as to some personal object that might be included. With Parker Tyler it was a drawing by Tchelitchew. With Storm De Hirsch it was her desk upon which she had been working on her *Butterfly Letters*. With Jasper Johns, a painting. With Gian Carlo Menotti, his profile, by special request. With the Kuchar Brothers, props from their films. With Shirley Clarke a toy, Felix the Cat. With Francis Steloff, a photograph of James Joyce. With Robert Ossorio, a handsome crucifix. With Dr. Hendrik Ruitenbeek, an original letter of Freud's. With Jan Cremer, rings. With Susan Sontag, her apartment, stills of Garbo and Dietrich. With Gregory Battcock, his famous Christmas card sent in 1965, and the zebra rug sent by his mother travelling through Africa. With Robert C. Scull, a pop-portrait of his wife. With Charles Boultenhouse, the Greek mask he has used in his motion picture *Dionysius*.[6] With Jerome Hill, painting on 35mm colour film. With W. H. Auden, the barometer. With Kenneth Kelman, a blue marble. With Paul Thek, glazed insects which he uses for his remarkable sculptures. With Jonas Mekas, an issue of *Film Culture*. With Maurice Sendak, a toy of the Wolf and Little Red Riding Hood.

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[3] It is interesting that after my appointment with the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, I insisted that my students film with these same limitations. And using only colour film!

[4] The importance of such limitations as needing to wind the camera or preparing dissolves, etc., in the camera during the filming are not to be underestimated.

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5. "In the most princely drawings, line is rendered impersonally, without manner, directly, as if we, spectator or critic, viewing sight independent of the seer, yet through his eyes and by his hand, fixed on visions inside his private crystal ball, full of shifting mirage, which an artist arrests at any crucial stage, where imagination fed on its constant diet of natural discovery and strict observation, fairly bursts into poetic motion." *Pavel Tchelitchew Drawings*, Edited by Lincoln Kirstein.

6. Mr. Boultenhouse is also the filmmaker of the fine film entitled *Handwritten*.

Slowly the film portraits grew. Within two and a half months I had completed forty portraits. Of these forty film portraits, the first thirty were used in the order in which they were taken; creating this study of film portraiture which lasts one hour and thirty minutes. Because the film portraits are shown in the order in which they were taken there is an interesting and perceptible increase of complexity from portrait one to portrait thirty. Nevertheless, as in the setting, as in the compositions I have selected for the film portrait subject, each one has been given only what was necessary or required, what each film portrait could withstand. For instance, the furs in the lovely portrait of Louise Grady were inevitable. Incidentally, this is one of four portraits purchased by the Museum of Modern Art for their permanent collection. The other three being: Jasper Johns, Ben Weber, and Erick Hawkins. These portraits are also being shown in Japan during a retrospective of New American Cinema, again sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art.

Though *Galaxie* is very new, I would like to complete my statements of the evening by giving you a goodly glimpse of its reception thus far. This past week *Galaxie* was shown at the Second Chicago International Film Festival which is a rather futile attempt to create a film festival in the Midwest. Pretentiously organized, not supported by the local newspapers, mocked by the general public, showing second rate commercial films that would never be shown anywhere else, and purporting to support the avant-garde motion picture the festival can hardly be considered a success.[7] Too, the mishandling of the films (the new six hundred dollar print of *Galaxie* was scratched), film cans piled on the floor, has led me to personally vow never to give the Chicago Festival another Markopoulos film.

The first showing of *Galaxie* took place at the Bleecker Street Cinema. This would not have been possible without the enthusiasms of Shirley Clarke, Jonas Mekas, Louis Brigante and I am certain a few others. The showing was excellent and the reception gratifying. Little did I know

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7. It is my observation, having been able on occasion to visit the festival offices, that many deserving experimental films are not shown. The reasons for this seem to be that: (a) the festival management knows what their festival audience wants to view; (b) the festival management dislikes extending the experimental program beyond a few hours. They fail to consider the needs of that segment of their audience which does remain faithful; (c) the desire to show only good or controversial or safe films.

that the next day I was to suffer an attack of appendicitis at Jones Beach which nearly cost me my life. The second showing of the film was in three of my classes at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, six weeks later. This showing of *Galaxie* to my students was only one of many of the avant-garde cinema inorder to immerse them with film. Filmmaking is a matter of seeing as many films as possible, and also being able to immediately handle a camera freely; this, without the interference or criticism of the film teacher. Studying the history of films, of techniques, becomes to my way of teaching a secondary and often unnecessary task.[8]

The third showing of *Galaxie*, as I have already mentioned, took place during the Second Chicago International Film Festival. During the first reel the reception was rude and quite violent. After the intermission (to change reels – projection excellent) those who disliked or were enraged by *Galaxie* had left, permitting the connoisseur spectators of New American Film to enjoy the film.[9] The completion of the film found it with warm applause. The next day and the days after the reviews read as follows:

"THE SECOND CHICAGO International Film Festival got off to a meteoric start Saturday night with an anthology of catapulting scenes from Harold Lloyd's silent pictures. Last night's experimental art films could have brought the festival to a disenchanted halt if people were less tolerant than the audience in the Playboy Theater.

"They did treat with derisive laughter Gregory Markopoulos' *Galaxie*. 90 minutes (was it only 90 minutes?) of unmitigating boredom. It is a collection of still pictures of anonymous men and women. Their names were given, but the pictures told nothing about them. The same pictures

[8] At the School of the Art Institute of Chicago I purchased a thousand dollars worth of books on the film, establishing a library for the students which was at their finger tips. This in the small room which is the Cinematography Department.

[9] "Whenever people see a film for the first time, they complain about some passages being too long or too slow. But quite apart from the fact that this is often due to the weakness of their own perception and to their missing the deep underlying design of the work, they forget that the classics, too, are full of passages that are long-winded and slow, but are accepted because they are classics. The classics must have faced the same reproaches in their life time." André Fraigneau, *Cocteau on Film*.

repeated, repeated – to the accompaniment of monotonous beating on an anvil.

"There was muttering about the $2.50 admission charge for this and a feeling that the judges were putting us on.

"It is shocking how poorly these avant-garde boys handle the medium. A purposely mishandled camera – unsteady, too fast panning, etc. – doesn't make the result art.

"Sheer nonsense can be forgiven, even enjoyed, but the colossal dullness of Markopoulos' *Galaxie* is an imposition. Whatever were the judges thinking of to allow it? And were those long stretches of nothingness due to a lens cap accidentally left on, or is it part of that current philosophy of non-hero – in this case – non-picture motion pictures? The non-motion was already noted."[10]

Followed by:

"'Baby, we're supposed to talk during this film,' said one loud critic during Gregory Markopoulos' 90 minute long *Galaxie*. 'It has no soundtrack.' (Well, it did have metallic sounds beating in the background.)

"But that didn't stop Baby, a long-haired blonde wearing long black leotard stockings:

"'Don't you know this picture is about PEOPLE? Don't you like people?' (At this point, she chased the critic out into the lobby.) 'Don't you care about people? Then, SHUT UP.'

"ARTIST IS AMUSED

"Markopoulos who teaches cinematography at the Art Institute this year, was amused.

"'My picture is a collection of 30 portraits of people I know and like ... Jonas Mekas, Parker Tyler, Storm De Hirsch, some New Yorkers, some Chicagoans ... artists, writers, filmmakers,' he said.

"'But it doesn't MOVE,' complained the critic. 'They just stare at the camera.'

"BLONDE IS DISTRAUGHT

"'Can't you see he does it with the editing?' said the blonde defender. 'Man, you don't know anything about art. Why don't you leave?'

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[10] Ann Barzel, "Festival Buildup for a Flop", *Chicago's American*, 7th of November, 1966.

"'But I paid my $2.50.'

"'Go get your money back.'

"'I think I will. Okay.'

"'O.K.'"[11]

TO:

"Of all the festival categories – features, short subjects, documentaries, educational, and industrial – the most poverty stricken was 'art in film' – sometimes known as experimental films. Except for a nice little bit called *Black*, the entries were of the chaos-makes-art school, or, if you can't beat 'em, bore 'em. Worst offender was an hour and a half number entitled *Galaxie* which interminably dragged out thru artsy portraits of 33 people[12] – each sequence separated by the clanking of an anvil, which might have served better coming down on the filmmaker's head."[13]

This evening *Galaxie* will be shown for the fourth time. There is little else to relate concerning the portraits save that the sound complementing the visual is of a Hindu bell, which bell increases with the number or order of the portrait.[14] For portrait fifteen, fifteen bells, for portrait twenty-five, twenty-five bells, for portrait thirty, thirty bells. Finally, *Galaxie* is dedicated to my father, John Markopoulos, who has never once stood in the way of my filmmaking.

This lecture was delivered at the Greg Sharits and John Hicks Experimental Cinema Forum, University of Boulder, 25th of April, 1966.

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[11] Erwin Bach, "Motionless Picture Splits Film Lovers – Artist Just Smiles", *Chicago Tribune*, 17th of November 1966.

[12] Only thirty film portraits. As usual the critics who did not stay to see the entire motion picture gathered their information from the incorrect blurbs of the festival program.

[13] Clifford Terry, "2nd Chicago Film Festival Better Than Last Year, But Still No Great Success", *Chicago Tribune*, 27th of November 1966.

[14] Though the Hindu bell is used subtly, often the tone is jarring because of faulty sound equipment. Projectionists, amateur and professional, should treat the projection of films, image and sound included, as if they were conducting an orchestra.

THE FILMMAKER AS PHYSICIAN OF THE FUTURE

In St. John Damascene's *Barlaam and Ioasaph*, a sick man says, "I am a physician of words."[1] In a sense these words spoken by the illustrious man to a generous senator who discovered him by the wayside might well apply to the New American Cinema Filmmaker today. Instead of being a physician of words, the New American Cinema Filmmaker is a physician of images, the first of his kind ... Images which unlike the Commercial film images do not inhibit life, but rather translate the creative film spectator affected by these images to a loftier existence outside the visible, mundane world. From film to film, the creative filmmaker as opposed to the commercial filmmaker, offers to the creative film spectator (a recently realized species) with each film conception that murmuring vibration which after a time, from film work to film work (I think of Brakhage, of Harrington, of Stroheim, of Smith)[2] becomes the congeries which reveal this self same film spectator's Being. The tendencies, the patterns inherited by the creative film spectator as opposed by the more common commercial film spectator, again from film to film, from portrayal to portrayal, from abstract conception to abstract conception, orthodox or not, become like those wonderful seeds of life so exquisitely related in Sanskrit Poetry; seeds merged and of former lives.

The explosive, occurring, reoccurring, surprising bombardment of images and sound which are the rich, secret and very native source of the New American Cinema Filmmaker do not in any manner annihilate the creative film spectator. Such a film spectator is affected by the new images and sounds as if he were suddenly struck by lightning. But that kind of lightning which in primitive societies was considered of majestic consequence. In such primitive societies it was believed that the individual struck by lightning had been snatched up into Heaven by the Storm Gods and their remains were worshiped as sacred relics.[3]

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[1] St. John Damascene, *Barlaam and Ioasaph*.

[2] Brakhage: *Cat's Cradle*, *Dog Star Man*, and work in progress. Harrington: *Fragment of Seeking*, *On the Edge*, *Planet of Blood*, and work in progress. Stroheim: *Greed*, *The Merry Widow*, *Queen Kelly*, and unfinished works. Smith: *Flaming Creatures*, *Normal Love*, and work in progress.

J. Hillis Miller has said, "Our culture still moves along the track laid out for it by science and dualistic thinking, and many writers remain enclosed within the old world. Moreover, every artist who crosses the frontier does so in his own way, a way to some degrees unlike any other."[4] The same may be applied to the creative film spectator who also must traverse into the unknown territory which is the sound and image of the New American Cinema. And this he must accomplish resolutely and after the same fashion as the creative filmmaker with superhuman intuition. The value of each image, of each sound must be recognized for what it represents *(and often as not it is chaos)*. It thus becomes necessary for the creative film spectator to connect, to rejoin, to interpret the various images and sounds, uniting them into Meaning. In the beginning it does not matter whether the fullness of the given image or sound is immediately comprehended. If the film viewed contains a sense of communion, as opposed to deliberate communication,[5] to any degree, the studious film spectator will not fail to perceive it.

The film image, the film sound[6] properly received by the creative film spectator expresses that essence of the divine which Friedrich Creuzer spoke of as inherent for symbol. Friedrich Creuzer said, "In a flash the motion springs out from the symbol and grips all the senses. It is a ray which comes directly from the depths of being and thinking, pierces our eye, and permeates our entire nature: immediate perception."[7] Many of the images which the creative film spectator has the privilege of viewing are totally unrelated in the ordinary sense, some are superimposed, and sometimes the images do have something in common. In the case of my own work, they are used in a repetitive manner, so that visual patterns are created which visually do relate to a story line.[8] This repetition creates for the knowledgeable film spectator an obvious unity. For instance, in *Himself as Herself*, the contrasts which interested me especially as filmmaker, that is colour, movement, architectural settings, unobtrusive symbolism discovered during the filming[9] are given variety through the means of my kind of editing. This is a variety which aids not only the film spectator in realizing something which is primarily pleasing, but also aids the film work which begins to live the moment the final editing cut is made by the filmmaker. So, once the film spectator (after more than several viewings) discovers the syncopated beat of the film image and film sound, then he may thereafter follow with interest, if he is so inclined, the past and future works of a particular filmmaker. The filmmaker as physician of the future will some day realize and utilize sound and image as almost a mere accessory to the greater keys of a future editing form. The future editing form which I suggest would contain Touch, Form, Taste, Scent. In referring to Form, I mean specifically a multi-dimensional Cinema. The task will be no different than what was and in many instances is still considered impossible, to view a single frame or a cluster of film frames on the screen. Too often the word subliminal enters into play.

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[3] Mircea Eliade, *Mephistopheles and the Androgyne.*

[4] J. Hillis Miller, *Poets of Reality.*

[5] I think of films made by USIA; The Canadian Film Board; Encyclopaedia Britannica Films; all films made at universities boasting film departments. Such films, always so similar, are like stale bread.

[6] Jonas Mekas, *Guns of the Trees*; Charles Boultenhouse, *Handwritten*; Jack Smith, *Blonde Cobra*; Ken Jacobs, *Little Stabs at Happiness*; Shirley Clarke, *The Connection*; Andy Warhol, *My Hustler.*

[7] S. Giedion, *The Eternal Present: The Beginnings of Art*, Vol. 1.

In 1912, Edward Carpenter had the following to say about the term subliminal, "For when the term 'subliminal' was first used it had apparently a fairly simple connotation – as of some obscure unexplored chamber of the mind; but now, instead of a single chamber it would seem rather some vast house or palace at whose door we stand, with many chambers and corridors – some dark and underground, some spacious and well lighted and furnished, some lofty with extensive outlook and open to the sky; and the modern psychologists are puzzling themselves to find suitable names for all these new domains – which indeed they cannot satisfactorily do seeing they know so little of their geography."[10] And still later in the same book, Carpenter continues, "... enormous and outstanding resurgence of memory does take place and we cannot but suspect that the memorization is somehow on a different plane of consciousness from the usual one, being simultaneous and in mass instead of linear and successive."[11]

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[8] My films: *Psyche*; *The Dead Ones*; *Swain*; the lost *Serenity*; *Twice a Man*; *Himself as Herself*.

[9] During the filming of *Twice a Man*, and during the filming of *Himself as Herself* observing closely the daily actions of my actors and non-actors, I was able to capture certain symbols which they unknowingly presented to me. Certainly, the rapport established between Mr. Gordon Baldwin and myself during the two extraordinary weeks of shooting the whole of *Himself as Herself* would serve well for a future lecture/insight of what the non-actor contributes, and what the filmmaker seizes and reinterprets.

The creative film spectator who would pursue the Indian trails of the New American Cinema, who would ascend along the sharp golden threads that lead to that incredible illusion which is the irreality of the film, must spin their own threads of reality and weave their own patterns of intelligibility, to paraphrase L. Eldredge writing of the Greeks and the nature of Greek culture.[12]

To those creative film spectators who would understand the two films, *Through a Lens Brightly: Mark Turbyfill* and *Himself as Herself*, which are to be shown here this evening, I would suggest the following:

A – Do not attempt to single out any one film frame or series of film frames passing across the screen, and thus neglect others. Such abstraction would lead to a total misunderstanding of either film.

B – To view the film as image composed to image, regardless if it is only a single frame. It is the Invisible that the film spectator must seek. This Invisible will lead him forwards and backwards and ultimately towards the Future; the future in this case is the understanding of the films.

In conclusion, having refrained from telling you anything about the film: how it was made, where it was made, why it was made, how much it cost, I would like to indulge in one more quote; this by the late Dag Hammarskjöld, "How easy Psychology has made it for us to dismiss the perplexing mystery with a label which assigns it a place in the list of common aberrations."[13]

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[10] Edward Carpenter, *The Drama of Love and Death*.

[11] Ibid.

[12] Laurence Eldredge, "Sophocles, Protagoras, and the Nature of Greek Culture", *The Antioch Review*, Spring 1965.

[13] Dag Hammarskjöld, *Markings*.

This lecture was delivered at St. Cloud State College, St. Cloud, Minnesota, 18th of February, 1967. Prepared in Toledo, Ohio, 6th through 7th of February, 1967.

A NOTE (FOR JEAN-PAUL VROOM)

Through a Lens Brightly: Mark Turbyfill was made in 1966 in Chicago. I met Turbyfill at dinner at Ruth Page's. A plan was instigated that I prepare a film on Ruth and a separate film on Mark. Ruth's film was never made.

The film was made in four hours using Ektachrome Commercial 7255 and a Bolex Reflex Camera. Before my arrival at his home, Mark had arranged a selection of photographic, literary documentation for me. From these, without any previous preparation, any selection was made; we worked the same way as far as the very filming was concerned. Everything merged, became, during the four hours we worked. The editing, and filmic form was achieved in the camera itself. The sole freedom Mark had was in my accepting his suggestion to film him with the superimposed letters over his face (something which had great meaning for him) and wearing a costume he had prepared as a surprise for the filmmaker.

Turbyfill was Ruth Page's famous dance partner; he won one of the early Oklahoma auto races; he is a poet and a painter also. He was the first recipient of the *Poetry* magazine award.

The founders of *Poetry* magazine, Margaret Anderson and Harriet Monroe, were/are close friends; all these people were part of the most important Chicago School, with its fabulous international connections/activities.

All these people appear in the film, of course. As far as I know it is the only documentation of its kind.

What it does to the film spectator is not so much to tell him who is this and who is that, but rather, because of the shortness or longness of the images, to reveal in *after images* what the film is about. An emotional illusion is created towards everyone's search for the True Reality. I say True Reality, for I have always felt very strongly that there is a very, very great element of "eternity" in each bit of film. The secret is absolutely there; especially in the use of the single frame, and of slow motion. I am convinced that, when aborigines talk of being photographed and fear the image captured, it is this awesome idea of "eternity". But I have gone far afield from *Through a Lens Brightly: Mark Turbyfill.*

1st of November, 1971
Amsterdam

THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES

A NOTE ON EROS, O BASILEUS

The location of *Eros, O Basileus* is New York City; Manhattan, no longer the Isle of the Blest, but nevertheless, somewhere in its slow, bleating heart, Eros, himself as himself, is manifested.

I shall not mention the legend, well known, from Greek mythology, which details in a few eloquent phrases the birth of Eros; or the subsequent allusions, manifold, of Eros in all his various forms. For this is not the Eros that is the Eros of my film *Eros, O Basileus*.

Who then is the Eros of my film *Eros, O Basileus*? I am not certain that I know. I may only guess. And, certainly, during the filming of *Eros, O Basileus* I had little inkling of the measured grace that was to become my film. For I began the film at one end of a room, and simply went from point to point of the room, completing in a sense one of those ancient dances which one sees on Greek vases. Do we really know what the dance was like? I think not, for we have lost sympathy with it, the dance suggested.

Yet *Eros, O Basileus* was to my great delight at its first projection that kind of articulated vision which I could not have hoped to achieve if I had tried. I say if I had tried, for today so many people involved in the Arts, both in the creative acts and in the acts of performance, place hopeless focus in mere attempts. The results are disastrous and promote only the greater boredom which has faced the serious and general spectator for too long a time.

The moment of filming *Eros, O Basileus* and the moment of editing *Eros, O Basileus*, by hand without any equipment in a hotel room in Chicago, Illinois where I was forced to teach the medium of film (I subsequently resigned) are the sole clues to the creation of the film, for me. And, unfortunately, they are clues which would be of no use were they known to the present film spectator.

The extraordinary elevation of the image of Eros in *Eros, O Basileus* could only be achieved once in an extraordinary lifetime. Somehow Imagination and the Creativity of the Heart merged. The revelation became the film. That there are many references in the film, I mean the egg, the Bolex Camera, the Corot postcard or was it Courbet (?), the various accessories found in the location, the loft which I used, goes without saying. That they were chosen from place to place as they were in reality may be mentioned, but no more. A multitude of golden emanations became possible, which were redoubled (as in Eros' original journey!) in the process of editing.

Eros, O Basileus is then an absolute mystery. For, my film spectators, it is the virtual birth of an American Filmmaker; Eros, O Basileus, himself!

As film spectators you will be unable to understand *Eros, O Basileus* unless you are able to grasp from the beginning the essence is Eros, himself as himself, the filmmaker in *Eros, O Basileus*. To misunderstand the film will be, as it was when it was shown in Heidelberg, several years ago, your own misfortune based on Ignorance; that is, a total inability to be in Sympathy. And I, for one, do not have the time or the desire to teach you my vocabulary. I may only inquire, "Where is the Angel of your Person?"

2nd of April, 1970
Zürich

CORRESPONDENCES OF SMELL AND VISUALS

FOR JOHN CAVANAUGH, FILMMAKER[i]

PART ONE

Titles like dedications like the names of streets lead mysterious lives. From one century to another, from one decadent epoch to another, from one nation to another, from one ill-conceived game to another, from one politically contrived gesture to another, origins become as illusive as grains of sand. And the original purpose becomes, always, a matter of bitter conjecture. Whosoever desires to plunge into the fathomless regions where the secret correspondences revolving about the ventricles and auricles of once friendly and purposeful men have found themselves driven, may find it incredibly difficult to surface; particularly these days, when all of the arts, both the living and the dead, are being completely neutralized. And this quite systematically.

Fortunate is the filmmaker who possesses a daemon, and who passes naturally from season to season, always with renewed energies, to that crucial point where he is able to recognize what constitutes the sunken attitudes of his art; what constitutes the portent, eagle-shaped attitudes. Attitudes which in a season of plenty soar beyond the frailties and grievances of the creative personality. Forgotten and released are the self-acknowledged limitations, the often comical, continuous demands upon friends and acquaintances in the name of one's art. Finally, the total illusion that has been inherent from the beginning in one's striving shimmers, quivers, and sets one aflame.

Many years ago, during the first showing of New American Cinema at Spoleto, I visited the eagle-shaped Il Castello di Roccasinibalda, owned by Caresse Crosby. With me in two cars travelled Mr. and Mrs. David Stone, Mr. Jerome Hill, Mr. Aziz Izzet, and others whom I do not recall. On arriving at Roccasinibalda, I was immediately overwhelmed by the location. For me, locations and beautiful people have always been the backbone of my work. At least in the beginning. This attitude has continued through many of my recent works: *Galaxie*, *Eros*, *O Basileus*, *The Divine Damnation*, *The Illiac Passion*, *Bliss*.[1]

Subsequently, after visiting the castle, meeting Caresse Crosby, and having become completely enamoured with the spirit of the place, I promised myself that one day, I would make a film at Roccasinibalda. How could it be otherwise once I had seen the spacious rooms, the magnificent corridor which led from room to room, to the final sight at the back of the castle, which dwelt over a deep ravine, and the fantastic sight from the ramparts (here flew the flag of one world) of the village houses clustered to the sides of the incredible castle.

Often in New York City, while remembering the sunken gardens, I wondered how I could ever create a film at Roccasinibalda. One day, the young children's writer, Jan B. Wahl, suggested that I read the novel by Julien Gracq, *The Castle of Argol*. I did. I knew that was the work for the location in the Province of Rieti. Immediately, I sat down and wrote my scenario, which I considered complete from the first draft, the only draft. To some reading this, it may seem very strange to consider a first draft as a completed work. Yet, even in my editing of such films as *The Illiac Passion* or *Twice a Man*, once I make a cut it is never altered.

That is to say, in the case of *Twice a Man*, I decided to carry out my single frame theory and began editing, never once making a change. The final print, the only print, I saw of *Twice a Man* months later. There were only two mistakes. Two cuts upside down. The one I corrected, the other I left in for good luck in the tradition of the builders of the Acropolis.

The script of *The Castle of Argol* I prepared in record time.[2] I presented it one day to Charles Boultenhouse to read, and his reaction, though critical, commended me with no little enthusiasm. Indeed, he praised the scene which takes place on the beach. Soon after, the publishers of the book, New Directions, approached the author, Mr. Gracq, greatly approving my scenario. Unfortunately, Mr. Gracq rejected the proposal. For Mr. Gracq, from what was described to him by New Directions, the scenario I had prepared of his book seemed too *esoteric.* The negative response made me file the scenario away. Only once was it brought out for Mr. P. Adams Sitney, who was in those days the editor of the famous *Filmwise* series.[3]

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[1] *Galaxie*, thirty film portraits; *Eros, O Basileus*, Robert Beavers protagonist; *The Divine Damnation*, made in Chicago – printing pending; *The Illiac Passion*; *Bliss*, made in Hydra, Greece.

[2] The script of *The Castle of Argol* is the last scenario I endeavoured to prepare. Before this was the ill-fated scenario of *Serenity* based on the Greek novel by Elias Venezis. In 1950, there was the scenario written in Cabourg, France of André Gide's *Les Faux-monnayeurs*. In 1949, there was the scenario written in Toledo, Ohio of Frank Norris' *A Man's Woman*. In 1946 or thereabouts were the scenarios of *Prometheus Bound* and *El Gringo*. And in the very beginning as a high school student, there were scripts written and inspired after most of Sir Walter Scott's novels. This is not to mention radio scripts.

Last summer, I decided to make a film entitled *Eros, O Basileus.* I wrote to Caresse Crosby saying I planned to fly to Italy to photograph the castle for the above mentioned film. Curiously, I began the film in a loft on the Bowery and kept filming.[4] Before I knew it, and after a great struggle to complete the film, I discovered that I did not need the castle. *Eros, O Basileus* needed no other location. Yet, I still persisted in announcing that I was leaving for Roccasinibalda. But this was not to take place, for the evening after the sneak preview of my film *Galaxie* at the Bleecker Street Cinema, I nearly died from a ruptured appendix. Caresse Crosby received the news of another cancellation from my hospital bed.

But the history of the location of the castle does not end there. For now, being in Italy, in only a few days I expect to finally reach my destination. And what I plan to do if it blossoms into a film may well be that key that I have been searching for such a long while. A key found through need, through lack of enough raw film stock to work with. I say this, inasmuch as I had planned to take thirty-five rolls of film with me to Roccasinibalda. That is impossible as I do not have it, nor have I been able to find anyone during this season of *ferie* in Rome to solve my problem. Thus, a few weeks ago, I suddenly said to my friend, the young filmmaker, Robert Beavers, that I would make the film with two rolls of film. These two rolls of film will be used as if they were gold itself. For what I plan to do is as follows. Or it may be that I shall do something else. But at the moment, it remains as follows.

In these days of the still big film disasters, and I am thinking of the Polish film *Pharaoh,*[ii] which I saw the other day, it is perhaps important to recall what it means to work without any waste whatsoever. Whatever I have learned from one film to another, I must now apply with a renewed force towards a film work for which I have only two rolls of film. And these two rolls of film must be as precious to me as the wax of light flickering on the hard desk of the poorest of writers. Truly then, I am seeking a manner of telling what it is I must say by using a purer form of image than I have in the past. Particularly grateful am I to those who say my work is static. For now, they will see what will seem to them even more static!

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[3] See *Filmwise 3/4: Markopoulos.*

[4] *Eros, O Basileus* was made in the loft of the New York painter, John Dowd.

A film is normally shot with actors, with costumes, with locations, with unlimited raw film stock. This film for which I have only two days in which to work at Roccasinibalda will be shot, to begin with, without an actor, with only the already mentioned two rolls of film, no costumes, and only one location. There are to be no retakes, not that I have ever been a filmmaker to waste film in this classic manner. And where I would ordinarily shoot X number of feet for a shot, I shall now only take at the most five to ten frames. And, hopefully, each five to ten frames will be as precious to me as a word selected from some ancient dictionary whose meaning has remained credible to this day. The number of shots in this form of five to ten frames that one can have becomes obvious. To then make them into a film will be the continuation of my present film problem.

Once I have spent filming at Roccasinibalda, I plan to select what momentarily seems to be one protagonist. This protagonist will be filmed in the style of my *Galaxie, The Divine Damnation*, speaking the following lines:

"To be loved means to be consumed.
To love means to radiate with inexhaustible light.
To be loved is to pass away, to love is to endure."[5]

When I suggest the style of the abovementioned films, I refer specifically to the editing in the camera, its mixture of single frames and superimpositions. But in the case of the new film, I hope to apply the method with a camera which will record sound on the spot. To sound, I propose to do the same single framing or superimposing that I do with the film image.

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[5] Rainer Maria Rilke, *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*.

Beyond this point, I can only suggest that I may carry forth my idea concerning *smell in film*: an idea quite simple but plausible to my manner of thinking and filmmaking. Who knows, it may work – or it may be saved for a future work entitled *Eternity*.

PART TWO

Very often, one may see an individual approaching of seemingly stunning appearance only to discover that passing by, that brief decisive moment, what appeared a promise becomes only a chuckle under one's own breath. A mistake, always a mistake. However, there are certain inscrutable occasions when the decisive moment becomes brilliant with the clash of one's emotions surging in complete unison with that flame which unites all that is, all that a particular individual possesses, knows, and does not know of the infinite. It may be the young filmmaker straying into the same gallery over and over again in the Villa Borghese to view the raptures which Caravaggio imbued into his paintings how many years ago? It may be the poet rereading his Meredith or his Proust in the comfort of his room. It may be the old friend whose car meanders at sunset along unknown country roads in Connecticut with the lights extinguished. It may be the young man who stands six stories above other men and dives into the palm of God's hand. It may be the writer serving sparkling grape juice on a terrace with a cat called Caruso resting on her lap. And for me, it was the return to Il Castello di Roccasinibalda only a few days ago. Nothing had changed. From earth to sky to the subterranean lake on which the castle must surely stand, the eye, the heart, my eye, my heart were united as never before.

The first day of my sixty-hour stay at the castle I began filming, after lunch. With me, I had only 270 feet of film, the borrowed Bolex camera, my old General Electric exposure meter, a tripod and a number 85

Wratten filter (the latter necessary for outdoor shooting).[6] Because I had at my disposal an architectural structure of enormous dimensions, I decided to begin at the beginning and to trace through my filming the whole of the castle from the gate to the castle ramparts. The fact that the single frame device on my camera was not working and I had neither the time nor the funds to have it checked in Roma prevented me from taking even shorter film phrases or even single frames, as I had originally planned. How great a difference this will make in the final editing I cannot know at this time. At any rate, from the entrance of the castle through the 365 rooms to the ramparts, I took short film phrases of less than a foot. At one moment, I thought of the tourists with their 8mm cameras taking only a few short feet; feet so short that no one had recognized the possibilities, truly, before the faith and the chaos of the New American Cinema descended upon the world. It is true that Eisenstein, Dovzhenko, Gance, and Griffith used short phrases. The difference, however is that they cut into phrases. They did not begin with the premise of taking short phrases. Technically and psychologically, the difference should become apparent to anyone wishing to consider the problem; a problem for which I do not wish to devote space in this article.

Within a total of three hours, having visibly exhausted myself, I had filmed most of the castle save the garden. Often arriving in rooms where the light was faint, or where corridors barely had any glimpse of sunlight (it must be stated the whole of the film is shot only with available sunlight),[7] placed my camera and took the short film phrases with the lens wide open (utilizing a 10mm and a two inch Macro Switar lens), after which I took the same shot over again at twelve frames. Inspection of the film rolls later proved that both shots would be used. How different this type of film retake as opposed to the commercial film retake. The gist of the problem of retakes is to be able to work with the material one has taken. I believe perfection in film, if a film is fortunate in achieving to any kind of perfection (within the limitations of the equipment used, and as I have often repeated in the past, the limitations of the filmmaker), must be brought about at the editing table. The commercial world too often achieves perfection through the use of retake after retake concerned as they are with the temperaments of actors, assistant directors, and uninspired technicians. Thus, the principle of retakes to my knowledge is based upon Acting *per se*, and not upon the very use of the film as film.

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[6] Although the use of the number 85 Wratten filter is seemingly essential for filming in daylight, it is in certain instances not used. For instance, in my film *Psyche* there is a short section in which I superimposed waves, palm leaves, the sun, and two different girls (found at different times – the same day) in the camera without using the prescribed filter. The effect is blues and whites. Again in the feature film *The Divine Damnation*, made in Chicago, I first shot my locales of Chicago without a filter: thus, everything is blue; and then indoors, I superimposed my characters against a black background. The result is the blue effect and the natural colour indoors. Similarly, in *The Illiac Passion*, in the sequence in which the Muse is with the figure of Eros, I shot the moon at night without a filter gaining a blue effect, and then superimposed the Muse shot indoors with natural colours. Finally, there is Jack Smith's major sequence shot for *Normal Love*, which is all blue. He, too, did not use a filter. I refer to the sequence shot on Fire Island.

The next morning, I rose earlier than usual, had my egg, coffee, and toast on the coda; and immediately I photographed the garden and two of the rooms which now had light from the morning sun. Also rephotographed were the frescoes (recently uncovered) which I had filmed the day before at twelve frames. The second day's takes are lighter because of the morning sunlight. Inasmuch as the corridors were brilliantly sunlit, I photographed them again. This time, I used the two-inch Macro Switar lens, which naturally created a substantial depth to the shot; and at the same time gave it a dimension, a body. To understand the term body I can suggest what happens in the theatre when a fine actor is so able to project his voice that even a whisper is heard in the last row of the theatre. An Eleonora Duse or an Anna Magnani! Like the human voice that contains the very soul of speech, so too, many a telephoto lens contains its equivalent. And its eloquence is contained in silence.

Before the second day was over, I had filmed the walls of the castle from the town of Roccasinibalda and had climbed to the valley on the right side of the castle. Tiring though the descent was, and the ascent even more so, it was a rewarding moment when just beyond the abandoned mill of the castle I discovered a setting of resplendent poplar trees. An attempt to cross to the other side of the valley proved futile. On my return to the castle, I found Caresse Crosby in the small Yellow Room where we had cocktails and a delightful dinner with another friend of Caresse's who was also staying at the castle. Enthusiastically, Caresse spoke of her World Man project. I listened, I hoped, I betrayed doubt, and promised to help in any manner that I could. After dinner, I retired to my large room, wrote in my journal, and began reading for the second time Peggy Guggenheim's autobiography.[iii] In it, I came across the handsome name Umbrio Apollonio. For days after, I considered the name as the title of the film.

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[7] In 1958, filming under grave conditions in Greece, I photographed the protagonist, Andreas, of *Serenity*, in a room (indoors) for which I had no lights at my disposal. I used reflectors to filter into the room the light of the sun. My producer kept saying it would not work!

Early in the morning of the third day, it must have been five, I was suddenly awakened by the scampering of feet on the ceiling above my bed and, outside my window there was the clash of thunder and lighting. The whole countryside and valley were filled with fantastic blacks and greys. I rose to turn on the light and had forgotten about the warning of possible scorpions. Crossing the floor, something flew over my foot. I looked down. Nothing. Then, the lights went out. For several minutes, I considered photographing the thunder and lightning at twelve frames, but for some reason, I decided against what might appear an effect rather than an integral part of a film shot in total sunlight. Moments later, the lights came on and passing by my dresser, I noticed what had passed over my foot. It was a lovely grasshopper of a green-and-gold colour such as one sees in the paintings of Cranach. My delight, needless to say, was jubilant as even as a child, I have adored these beautiful creatures.

Hours later, again after a delightful breakfast, I found myself climbing into the opposite valley where the first day I had seen lolling horses and an idyllic landscape with a small fall. As I descended into the valley, the camera over my shoulder fixed to the tripod, I wondered what the film would be like, whether my exposures would be good. More so, I thought of the book, *The Castle of Argol*, by Julien Gracq, which I was not filming. And yet, at every turn and twist of my first day's castle route, with every murmur of the Bolex camera, I would sometimes think of how the other film I had wanted might have been; and how beautiful it would have been. Now I wonder how much of the aura, that mysterious point of departure which is so often misinterpreted by critics who discuss my work,[8] emanated not only from the Gracq book, but even from an idea once offered to me by Dr. Marius Bewley (after the filming of *Twice a Man*) to film Byron's *Manfred.*

Yet departures are not mysterious as one is led to believe. They are the necessary part of creation. Fortunately, they are less in the nature of the colour gold than they are of the colour of russet. Departures, rather, are instances of decision. Decisions for which there can be much advice but seldom any acceptance of Advice. This is, perhaps, the secret that any critic must be aware of in relating one filmmaker to another. The secret that the filmmaker himself must be aware of in preparing his work. All else is Temptation in the fullest sense of the word.

PART THREE

Piazza del Orologio: What is the hour?

The editing of *Gammelion* is completed. The long elegant phrases of opaque leader like dactylic hexameters have been addressed to the short, miraculous, static metaphors of the visuals, Il Castello Roccasinibalda itself. *Gammelion* is sixty minutes in length; to the engrossed New World Film Spectator, seconds in eternity. Forgotten is the original plan of *The Castle of Argol*, forgotten are the lines from Rilke,[iv] forgotten is the suggestion of odour through the utilization of my editing technique and other esoteric applications, forgotten is the remote ancestry of a protagonist from Byron's *Manfred* to Gracq's Albert, forgotten is the din of the NATO plane breaking the sound barrier and shattering the intoxicating stillness of the centuries-old sleep of II Castello Roccasinibalda.

Seconds flying by. What remains?

What remains is the irritable part of filmmaking; the need for sound, for a first print; the waiting for the elaborate unfolding of the hundreds of fade-ins and fade-outs; luxuriant undulations first realized in *Eros,*

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[8] I refer to recent reviews of *Himself as Herself* in which I am taken to task for not keeping to de Balzac's novel *Seraphita*. Such was never my intention. Rather, it is a tribute that I could not keep to the novel; for a novel can never be transcribed to the screen as it was in book form.

O Basileus. But whether this will be possible in Roma remains dubious, for already, even with the short six-minute film *Bliss*, innumerable problems have arisen between filmmaker and laboratory technician. The laboratory technician working by the clock and eager to go home at six in the evening, and what is more, accustomed to the procedures and techniques of the 35mm servicing and to the more ordinary needs of that incredibly poor medium of the 16mm documentary film used for telo-educational purposes, does not understand, nor will take the time to understand, the needs of the 16mm independent filmmaker. It is, indeed, curious how the mental attitudes of the laboratory technicians are complemented by the mental attitudes of the Italian filmmakers and Italian film critics. There is little difference at this moment, be it 16mm or 35mm filmmaking. The disorder is general; and that is the reason filmmaking in Italy is as it is. The money factor is secondary.

A second equals a million film frames. The soul of man is in danger.

In the laboratory recently, an American filmmaker prevailed upon the services of a technician adept at splicing A and B rolls which had been carefully prepared in advance. The technician was instructed to use a simple 16mm splicer. Days later, returning to the studio, the young filmmaker discovered that the technician was using an elaborate editing device; one other than the one recommended and selected and agreed upon. On demanding why the change, the filmmaker was told, "It is too trying to use the simple splicer. This is much faster and much easier." The filmmaker retrieved his work. To the technician, splicing is a job to be done, just as making a film is for too many filmmakers a matter of completing the film and no more. The spirit of the precise action eludes the filmmaker; evaporation everywhere.

Dusk's surfacing expectation. Possibilities.

To pursue the whole and ignore the parts seems the trend of certain film forms in Italy today. The Italian filmmaker, again, working in 35mm or in 16mm revels in the immediate concern of winning his daily bread at the expense of working with ideals other than those of the *film as film*: the Italian filmmaker rushes to complete a film in order to reach a deadline for a film festival; the Italian filmmaker in agony prevails upon the producer who makes gestures of acknowledging the New World Cinema in thin air, where façades become real or unreal, depending on the angle of the light coming in through sealed office windows; the Italian filmmaker succumbing to the deathly ideals of freedom which are other than the ideals of the filmmaker working in peace; the Italian filmmaker working, being permitted to work if you will, before the deathly ideals of that freedom which subordinates the artist's personality before the aura of actors, costumes, Klieg lights, expensive and cumbersome 35mm equipment, multitudes of extras, dollies and tracking cranes; the Italian filmmaker confusing the inherent truth which is the very act of filmmaking with the false ideologies rampant in what is supposed to be a New Literature and a New Theatre; the Italian filmmaker believing he is incapable of handling a camera because of its weight, or believing that he is incapable of handling the editing, and needs but to sit by the side of a professional editor with the words to cut here, to cut there. Thus, he who believes he is incapable becomes incapable.

Before the choice

Having seen recent Italian films, recent much-heralded Polish films, and hardly an American, French, or English film, I question what is this or that film really about? Why the pseudo-Freudo-Jungian maquillage! What has it to do with what is to be said; with what the New World Film Spectator may be desperately in need of understanding? There is no more response than a non-filmmaker looking at film rushes and wondering how a film will be born from the still form of the material at hand; not knowing that it depends upon the spirit of the filmmaker as filmmaker. It is all a matter of intention: what did Freud intend, what did Jung intend, what did Griffith intend, what did Rossellini intend, what did *Guns of the Trees* intend, what did *Edipo re* intend, what did *Amore, amore* intend, what did Proust intend, what did Faulkner intend, what did d'Annunzio intend; and what happened to the original intention?

And yet, *Gammelion* is made. The choice was the desk without rewinds at the Bergers' apartment in Roma, without sufficient light, the tiny strips sometimes hung to the lampshade, the lengths of opaque leader measured to equal lengths already decided upon and taped to the surface of the desk. The very hour of truth lasted but a few days, perhaps a week or two. Now, *Gammelion* is completed, and I await the first projection to see what it contains. My pledge is ironically to film itself. That is my choice.

27th of September, 1967
Roma

TOWARDS A NEW SOUND COMPLEMENT FOR MOTION PICTURES

Believing more and more in the truth inherent in Plato's dictum[1] *that time is the moving image of eternity* I propose a new sound complement for motion pictures. My own personal concern for such a sound complement arose during the editing of *Twice a Man*. At that time I had proposed to everyone's dismay a new narrative film form in motion pictures.[2] When I put this idea into immediate effect it proved successful not only as theory but also for the film spectators who came to view *Twice a Man*.

With *Twice a Man* I utilized a form of editing which contained all that I had learned over a period of some twenty years, which were the inherent possibilities of classic editing according to groups of shots in various lengths. The difference occurred when to this form I added a new form in which the idea of the classic shot to shot was applied to the film frame itself; i.e., a single film frame to another single film frame, and its obvious inexhaustible architectural possibilities; exotic varieties which might recall Luther Burbank.[i] However, when it came time to address sound to the film images I was obliged to disconnect the very sounds which seemingly create the meaning of a word followed by another word. In order not to offend the images I had constructed so intricately, I fragmented the words, the sentences themselves. The dialogue which my protagonist, Miss Olympia Dukakis had recorded, was dismembered. With this, at first, mysterious dismembering I realized for the first time that sense which is inherent in the lyricism of the independent, silent spaces. At the time I recalled Schoenberg, for I had once attempted to read his classic study on composition.

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[1] Plato, *Timaeus*.

[2] Gregory J. Markopoulos, "Towards a New Narrative Form in Motion Pictures", *Film Comment*, No. 6, Fall 1963; *Film Culture*, No. 31, Winter 1963/64.

Later a different sound complement was needed to augment the images of the motion picture *Galaxie*.[3] But with *Galaxie* the sound needed to be, to pretend at least, to be a single shattering of Time the Image. The result was the use of a Hindu bell. Even a few weeks ago a still different need arose after the editing of the motion picture made at Roccasinibalda, *Gammelion*. With *Gammelion* it was a matter of utilizing a single, well known musical composition to relate to the film spectator what he might not otherwise receive from the static images, so brief, and the entailed submergence because of the use of visual lines of opaque leader faded in and out like measured strains of music or poetic device. It now seems possible at this writing that the music to be used will be from Wagner's *Lohengrin*. But now with the approaching production of the Byzantine project *Ascension* there seems to be a need for a greater departure from what is otherwise an ordinary use of sound in motion pictures; a departure far greater than that ever attempted before. Whether this will become a reality remains to be foreseen, for too often with film the very effects of *BOREDOM*, *ANXIETY* and *DELAY* take their sum toll, and the filmmaker is left but with the barest thread of what an original theory or intention might have been. Yet it must be said, for once and for all, that of all the arts that have existed in the past, *The Film As Film*, as the most sublime art form to date, the most arrogant, and the most resplendent in the image and soul (*THOUGHT* foremost) of man himself, subsists best before the *DEMONS OF BOREDOM*, *ANXIETY* and *DELAY*. Delay above all! For the crux of the ultimate success of any original theory is delay. In the past achievements resound with delay: Freud, Michelangelo, Proust, Carravaggio, von Stroheim!

There is no doubt that the filmmaker enamored of the film must persist and persist, must stumble and stumble, and above all resist that temptation which is beyond the commercial temptation, the temptation of his own desire in order to achieve the very peak that is the limit of his own creations. These: persistence, bold stumbling, resistance, mark, each one of them, the difference of one filmmaker from another. Two such filmmakers appear before me: Brakhage, Beavers. One known, one unknown. Brakhage working and I quote, "*The Book of the Film*, and its first 'chapter': *Scenes from Under Childhood*, will take *YEARS* to finish (I am working a frame-at-a-time with A, B, and C rolls and *SOUND!*) ..."[4] While Beavers in Roma has completed the editing for his motion picture *Winged Dialogue* shot in Greece this past summer and is now concerned with its sound. It is interesting to note that *Winged Dialogue* consists of the following film form as outlined briefly by Beavers:

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[3] George Christopolos, "Cinemaportraits: A Markopoulos Galaxie", *Film Culture*, No. 42, 1966; Gregory J. Markopoulos, "Galaxie", *Film Culture*, No. 42, 1966.

Title
FO3
A – part 1
FO1
– part 2
FO2
B – part 1
FO1
– part 2
C – part 1
FO1
– part 2
FO2
FI3
D –
FO3
E – part 1
FO1
– part 2
FO2
F – part 1
FO1
– part 2
G – part 1
FO3[ii]

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[4] Letter to Markopoulos from Brakhage, Mid-Sept. 1967.

With the motion picture *Ascension* I propose to begin the luxury use of a sound camera during the actual filming of the action. Not a tape recorder but, say, an Auricon which would be perfect for my needs. Dubbing for *Ascension* would be completely out of the question: a) because of the sound-image theory of the film; and b) because dubbing is at an all time low level seen in Roma these past two months with their accompanied poor professional projection and smoky theatres.[5] The clue to the use that I intend to put sound to is to be found in the superimposed imagery of the motion picture *Galaxie*. In *Galaxie* the portrait sitter, and there were 30 such portrait sitters, was superimposed on a single roll of 16mm Ektachrome Commercial film anywhere from one to ten times. The result was a lively and remarkable psychological study showing the pleasures and displeasures of the portrait sitter; pleasures and displeasures as revealing and credible as the many veined figures in a Tchelitchew painting. Further work using the technique of *Galaxie* in such later films as *Ming Green, The Divine Damnation* and *Bliss* provided me with that other clue *TOWARDS A NEW SOUND COMPLEMENT FOR MOTION PICTURES*. And the vehicle for this sound experiment seems to be *Ascension*.[iii] The protagonists in *Ascension* will be permitted the freedom of movement, the privilege of speech at will, literally at will. However, the filmmaker through the use of the system of fades which he himself is attuned to and has developed in previous projects (*Eros, O Basileus*, for instance) shall have at his command both image and sound. Like a surgeon he will be able to sever a filmic tendon, or bind and unbind any sound that emanates from the vocal box. With luck the achievement shall be an orchestration to rival music, to dazzle the eye, and to fascinate the ear.

13th of October, 1967
Roma

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[5] The exception to poor dubbing *seems* to be exclusively the film work of Visconti.

ADVENTURES WITH BLISS IN ROMA

FOR ALFREDO, SILVANA, AND FRANCESCO[i]

The motion picture *Bliss* was begun this past summer, 1967, on a Saturday afternoon and completed on a Sunday afternoon. Location for *Bliss* was the little known Greek Church of St. John the Baptist on the island of Hydra. I had heard of the church during a prolonged visit on the island, but it was not until the end of July or thereabouts that I actually visited the small church. Immediately I was taken by the sumptuous colour of the frescos, Byzantine in nature, which far surpassed what was visible in the area of Sparta; that is, Mistra. Like nearly everything of the ancient world, like so many other things in modern Greece today, much is hidden from the unnatural eye of the tourist.

Having in 1958 suffered and been humiliated, in part, with my Greek adventure in filming *Serenity*[1] I resolved to prepare my new film in secret. Thus, the next day, Saturday, I climbed again to the small church and was greeted once again by a rather clever and conniving old woman, about eighty years old, the caretaker, who allowed me to enter the church and left me at peace with my new work. With me I had a 16mm Bolex Reflex Camera, two rolls of Ektachrome Commercial, a tripod, and my exposure meter which I had purchased in 1963 during the filming of *Twice a Man*. This meter which I have used ever since, was manufactured by General Electric and I had found it, used, for only three dollars at the Wall Street Camera Store in New York City.

From the very inception of the idea to photograph the frescos I had decided to limit myself to only two rolls of film. The first day I set myself the limit of one roll of film or one hundred feet. I began my work by deciding what the first composition should be; and, I decided upon a wide angle composition taken with a 10mm wide angle lens of the side entrance of the church as seen from inside. The door was slightly ajar, and the sole light was, of course, the sun itself. It should be realized that the whole series of superimpositions which followed were based on this first composition: the door ajar, the room itself, and only the door itself, and the lock. How many layers there were on this first roll of film I can not recall, though, perhaps, anywhere from one to ten.

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[1] *Quest for Serenity – Journal of a Filmmaker* by Gregory J. Markopoulos. Published by Film-Makers' Cooperative, 175 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

The first composition was begun with the full force of the idea of a beginning, just as if a writer were preparing the first paragraph of a short novel. The second composition which followed upon the first became a bit more complex. By the third composition, it may have been the shot of the hanging lock, the film-image layer became more agitated in effect. From thereon in I worked feverishly and without pause photographing the various successive layers. It was as if I were working with a chisel on marble, cutting away, cutting away (filming layer on layer) until I knew I must stop. Whether it was from sheer exhaustion or from an innate knowledge that the roll was completed, I dare not know. Perhaps, *exhaustion* for the filmmaker equates to an uncanny sense of when to stop.

As I worked one symbol struck me concerning the whole of the church and that was the disrepair of its interior. This was followed by the discovery of a spider in a small window area. I photographed the unmoving creature; I thought of Greek priests, of the Greek Orthodox Church in which I had been raised; of the good and of the evil. In a sense I was in anger when I photographed the spider, and I suppose that if there is any meaning in images used symbolically, the moment was then. The filmmaker's anger charged toward a particular image and hopefully producing the results of an art, and contributing to the very whole and form of the film work at hand. A subsequent challenge was a single vertical source of light between two shutters. Film spectators who have seen the film *Bliss* have asked, "Why did you divide the motion picture screen?"[2] Still a further challenge was the use of the Virgin Mary in a fresco near the side entrance where I first began my filming of the first one hundred feet. Because there was little light, I decided to trust to the wonder of film, and though my meter read zero, I photographed the image at twelve frames per second! This led to the two final images on roll one: the tiny window near the dome which becomes more prominent in roll two of *Bliss*, and the flickering flame. Somewhere before these two images the little old lady keeper of the church entered the vision of my camera, so that in the film we see her enter and leave so gracefully as if she were a part of the frescos themselves.

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[2] *Bliss* was shown at a series of test showings at *Filmstudio 70*. One member of the group seeing the film privately at La Micro-Stampa stated flatly that the audience would be bewildered and they should not show it! Such was not to be the case.

The first day's shooting had taken me from about eleven in the morning to two in the afternoon, Having completed this work I returned with a sense of joy to my room, all the while deliberating whether I would have any images once the film was developed. This I would not know until months later in Roma when the film was developed at La Micro-Stampa.[3] For the time being I could only trust in what I had not and could not learn at any film school, but rather what I had learned through a kind of grim determination after so many, many years.

With the second day's work, filming almost the same number of hours, I began by introducing the dimly lit frescos; first one fresco and then another fresco. Each moment of selection depended on: (a) my own interest in a particular fresco which included all the elements of form, design, the like and dislike of aesthetic needs of a particular filmmaker; (b) on the light source and my own decision that a fresco would or not be captured on celluloid; in this case Ektachrome Commercial which has the outdoor rating of 16!

Two frescos which impressed me were of Jonas in the mouth of the whale; and I recall, distinctly, that I chuckled about that fresco for I thought of the problems that Jonas Mekas had continuously encountered. The other fresco which impressed me was that of the Virgin Mary embracing St. Anne; there I thought of my forthcoming project *Ascension* with its intricate Byzantine theme. But chuckle, enthusiasm or not, each time I pressed the starting button of the Bolex Camera I suffered the greatest concern that what I was taking at twelve frames a second might never see the light of day. Perhaps, this led me to complete the second roll of film and the film *Bliss* itself with the obvious motif of the dome of St. John the Baptist. The light emanating from the windows about the dome, I knew from experience, would be enough to capture the central image of God. Thus, I took my camera off the tripod and placed it, face up, towards the dome itself; the eye piece being slightly off the table's surface so that I might crouch beneath it and peer to what had been the heavens for the Byzantine Empire.

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[3] In the USA developing of 100' of 7255 Ektachrome Commercial costs: $6.25. In Italy it costs: 6,000 lire per the same 100'.

A month or so passed. I arrived in Roma and asked commercial film-makers where the film might be processed. The reply was that Ektachrome Commercial could only be processed in Milano. I went to La Micro-Stampa and as I had guessed they were capable of developing the two rolls of film.[4] Some days later after I had managed to pay for the developing I ran the Ektachrome *original*, something which is forbidden by all the stupid etiquette that pretends to be the mystery of commercial and laboratory procedure. The images of *Bliss* were splendid. Colours ranged in yellows, slight dark blues, and oranges, those most prominent in the limited light scheme of the tiny church. True, I might have added interior lighting but then the work would not have been unlike the works of restoration which too often plague the art world.[5] Then came the problem of printing the two rolls. This would have been easy enough in the United States, but in Roma I soon discovered that to ask for certain basic things to be done towards the laboratory preparation, prior to printing of 16mm, is agreed to in the most casual manner. This is not the fault of the owners of the small film studios, but rather the arrogance of the technicians who work in the small studios; arrogance which is based on excuse after excuse; arrogance which is based on laziness instead of vital interest.

The problems that I had to overcome, and which I was determined to overcome led from the chaos of A and B rolling, of instructing the laboratory technicians to make proper splices, to the waiting day after day for a twenty second soundtrack, which soundtrack proved poor and had to be done over again, and to the final two weeks delay, for no apparent reason, in obtaining the first print from Milano.[6] To speak of the chaos in the preparation of the titles at Paladini (the last fade out was light fogged and given to me in this fashion) would necessitate another short essay. Suffice it is now the 18th of October, and I still do not have that exactness in the film print of *Bliss* that I cherish and require. There still remains for me to edit in the new title, and to splice in the new twenty-second soundtrack. What is more is the fact that one needs to swallow one's pride and beg for such minor needs as putting the film original on a film core; the original of *Bliss* was returned to me without having been put on cores, I did this myself.

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[4] La Micro-Stampa had just begun the developing of Ektachrome Commercial.

[5] The paintings of Caravaggio in the Chiesa di San Luigi dei Francesi recently unveiled.

[6] The cost of the print was excluding three cuts for A and B rolling, and the soundtrack, 54,677 lire! *This for a six-minute film.*

How easy it would be if the filmmakers did not insist, did not swallow their pride and beg for the 16mm film work to be completed according to the standards of filmmakers – easy for the film technicians. But if there is to be a film movement in Italy this must be changed: the filmmaker must insist. He will insist. And, I am sure, the need is the same in 35mm and shall be the same when 8mm becomes as 16mm is today.

18th of October, 1967
Roma

THE ADAMANTINE BRIDGE

FOR PAUL KILB

In the beginning the question was asked by Eros: "Is the World past the Age of Art?" And Prometheus was bound with adamantine bonds. The birds ceased their song, and the Golden Apples in the Garden of the Hesperdes wilted. For there was silence throughout the Universe. And out of the silence the voice of a filmmaker shouted, "Then why does it neglect it so!"

The first recollection that I have of a Prometheus inspiration goes as far back as the few years that I spent as a would-be film student at the University of Southern California. I was then uncertain as to what the medium of motion pictures comprised; uncertain as to what the *avant-garde* fluttering through the air everywhere in the heat of the California climate meant. Now it seems that I know no more than when I first set my hand upon that first motion picture camera which my parents purchased for me, at my insistence, for thirty-five dollars in a local Toledo, Ohio jewellery store; where, for I do not know how many months, I paid a few cents a week on account. My father agreeable, my mother hesitant. Wouldn't it have been better had I become a physician or a lawyer!

The first scenario for *Prometheus Bound* I prepared at the University of Southern California, subsequently carried it back with me to Toledo, Ohio during a summer vacation, and had it bound in sumptuous blue leather with large gold lettering. The text itself was carefully typed, but contrived; for each page measured, perhaps twenty inches by twenty inches. Indeed, now as I write this in first draft, I recall that I did type the final draft in Toledo on a specially rented typewriter which was able to take the large sheets of paper that I had managed to purchase and imagined were very necessary to the conception of the film! Each page, then, measured across its top length the lens, the shot number, the action, and various other information which was then typed in, very carefully; column wise.

Having been inspired by Aeschylus' play, I imitated the form of the play but at the same time stung by my first travels away from home, that is to California, I introduced a certain, perhaps now laughable, surrealist air to the scenario. The scenario began with the binding of Prometheus; actually his being forced along a dusty road by Force and Vulcan. This sequence, musical in its use of lenses, was inspired though not conceived after a film that I had witnessed in the dormitory room of Curtis Harrington, then a fellow film student at USC. The film was called *Renascence*. There was a handsome sequence in which a young woman walking only a short distance, and noticed by a young man, also walking the same distance, but in passing, in the opposite direction, during which Curtis Harrington cut back and forth in the most elegant fashion. Too, my eyes for the first time were enamoured by the sight of colour. From then on it was colour forever!

As Prometheus approached with his tormentors, I recall distinctly, I used first a wide angle lens, then a medium lens, and then quickly introduced, with the idea of the binding, the swinging arms of the tormentors and Prometheus; the latter with a series of telephoto lenses. An idea which I might still utilize in some film.

The actual binding was to have been at a locale in Malibu, California. After the binding there was the long speech of Prometheus, the arrival of the chorus: which chorus later became the swinging skyscrapers of New York City.[1] It seems as I had to travel from place to place, so too my ideas began travelling as much and the content of the film took certain Baroque turns and twists. Much later when I applied for my first Guggenheim Foundation Grant, which I did not receive, I had the idea that the film should be made in Europe. That each sequence should be shot in a different country, and that the protagonist would remain the same, never changing. How closely this happened on another level may be left to students of the *film as film* to interpret from the final version of *The Illiac Passion*.

Not to be outdone with the idea of the chorus and the swinging skyscrapers, I next conceived of the idea of the arrival of Poseidon himself in a bathtub. Perhaps, at that time I had seen my first French avant-garde films; or I had already been poisoned by the misunderstandings imposed upon students by the climates into which they are always thrown into so unwisely, and from which it often takes them, if they are so inclined, twenty years to recover from. Yet during the recovery the challenge of their art breathes and Becomes.

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[1] During the filming of *Twice a Man* an attempt was made to utilize the swinging skyscrapers of New York without much consequence. The idea was abandoned.

While I waited year in and year out to begin the film, often imagining that I had been wronged; too often, seriously believing the words of Aeschylus' Prometheus, and his words again at the end of my first scenario before the camera plunged into the sea, Prometheus shouting to the busy traffic of the world, "Behold me I am wronged." While thus waiting, I sometimes knew that I was not ready for the film. It had to wait. It must wait; and it was not because of economic reasons alone; I myself was not ready. My own life scenario was not ready for the attempt. I had not walked tightly enough upon the icy threads of Existence. Other films had to be made; other films which sometimes never saw the light of day, but only in a private flash, recognized the jet of blood that had marked and created an invisible arc over a particular period. Even in Greece, during the preproduction anxieties of *Serenity*, lasting four years, I had considered the *Prometheus Bound* project; but again, I resolved to delay; Poseidon still rested in his tub in the sea, the Delvaux women of the sea (the oceanids) whirled about, and Hermes kept approaching in lieu of Zeus' demand.

On January 1st, 1964 at the first Film-Makers' Cooperative office, 414 Park Avenue South, New York City, I had arrived and found Leslie Trumbull, I believe it was evening, at his desk. Leslie in that now famous attitude of total recognition of the filmmaker's state, suggested that we phone the Associated Press to inquire if they knew, if they had any news of the film festival at Knokke-le-Zoute. I phoned. I listened, and to my unbelieving ears I heard the man at the other end say "*Twice a Man*, two thousand dollars ..." Overjoyed I waited for verification. Verification came when Jonas phoned from Brussels, and because of the *affair Flaming Creatures* considered that perhaps recipients of money prizes from Brussels should refuse them. At which point P. Adams Sitney declared quite dramatically, "No! No!" As it turned out Jonas agreed and after a month's time I received my prize money, two thousand dollars.

At about this time I was editing the original of *The Death of Hemingway*, 35mm, colour negative, when Jack Smith looked over my shoulder. Looking very much like a character from a James Ensor painting he suggested to me quite seriously that I should give up my job at Marboro Books and simply make films. When I protested as to how I would live, he gave me the clue: simply do. So, I left Marboro Books and with the two thousand dollars, I lived, I waited, and I searched for the twenty-eight characters for the film which was to become *The Illiac Passion*.

Slowly the figures, the personalities, at the peak of the New American Cinema, began appearing, and all the while Jack Smith kept asking to be in the film; yet I could not imagine which mythic character he might fit. Just as slowly I began filming. As I do not have my journals with me in Brussels, I can only guess that the first myth I had to resolve was that of Narcissus. Perhaps, this was most appropriate for I had often been accused of being narcissistic, just as later I was to be accused of being self indulgent;[2] and earlier in my career I had been accused by the critics that my work was too static; for instance *Lysis*. *Lysis*, it may be said immediately is the early clue to what today is *The Illiac Passion*. I realized this, quite ecstatically, after the first viewing. All from *Lysis* reverberates with life, music and the spoken word in *The Illiac Passion*; and for this I am grateful.

For me the inspiration for *The Illiac Passion* was derived from the play of Aeschylus, *Prometheus Bound*: from the multitude of impressions I had had from time to time of what the other two lost plays of his trilogy might have been like. And my own golden circle of inspiration not once ignored what I had read once as a student in a wonderful essay by Gordon Craig that the actor should appear naked upon the stage. Thus, I decided to film the protagonist shaped out of Prometheus naked. The season in New York was proper towards this endeavour, and I had no difficulty once I had cast the role in either filming the protagonist naked or in the most obvious difficulty, developing the film footage. But of the main characters in Aeschylus, I only kept three: Prometheus, Poseidon, and Io. Prometheus was cast and in my being thought of as Prometheus (though he has no such name in the film proper) was portrayed by Mr. Richard Beauvais.[3] Poseidon no longer arriving in a bathtub but riding an exercycle was portrayed by Mr. Andy Warhol. And, Io not chased by a gadfly, but cast in a kind of subterranean aura, slowly becoming porcelain, and imbued with an Asiatic quality, portrayed by Miss Clara Hoover. Of the three cast, I had to film most with Richard Beauvais. Andy Warhol's footage was shot all in one evening with *Life Magazine* recording the event in colour stills; the stills have never been published. Clara Hoover's footage was shot over a period of two or three weeks; a part of the time in below zero weather with Richard Beauvais at Lloyd's Neck, Long Island.

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[2] Gene Moskowitz, "Novelty Now Commonplace, 'Belgian Festival Glut of the Nudes'", *Variety*, 10th of January, 1958.

[3] Since the final printing of *The Illiac Passion* I have considered that it would have been very interesting had the figure of Prometheus portrayed most of the roles himself. This might be applied to the character of Achilles in the forthcoming *The Last Homeric Laugh*.

If the point of inspiration for the three central characters *(though in essence Beauvais is the only central character)* was Aeschylus' play, the point of inspiration for the mythic characters, if they be so called, were the Greek myths which had always held me in such jubilation: the myths of Narcissus and Echo, Icarus and Daedalus, Hyacinthus and Apollo, Venus and Adonis, Orpheus and Eurydice, Zeus and Ganymede, and many others. Using these pointillistically, as illuminated, exotic parts of departure I allowed myself to depart, to drift, to journey amongst the emotions of the players I found during my odyssey; until finally, in the final version of *The Illiac Passion*, the players become but the molecules of the nude protagonist, gyrating and struggling, all in love, bound and unbound, from situation to situation in the vast sea of emotion which becomes the filmmaker's proudest endeavour.

One more characterization should be mentioned as a direct descendant of the two characters who bind Prometheus in the opening passages of the Greek play. The characterization which I have in mind is that of the inimitable Mr. Taylor Mead (underground poet and film personality) who portrays in composite the two characters from the Aeschylus: Power and Force. Some film spectators having seen *The Illiac Passion* (one dissenting that he was needed in the film!) have looked to him as a sprite, as a fire image; as a fire image because of the costume we selected together for his portrayal. None of these, however, valid as they may seem from the film spectator's viewpoint, hold as much truth as the filmmaker's own interpretation: that Taylor Mead is the opposite of the Muse in the film, a Demon; a Demon in the full sense of the Greek word. One has only to think of the film inorder to agree to the interpretation. For always, the Demon and the Muse, so deftly portrayed by a true-to-life Muse herself, Mrs. Peggy Murray,[i] are kept apart; apart, that is, they are never seen, or superimposed in the same *scene* or composition together. This does not hold true of the Eros character of which I shall speak later.

It would, perhaps, be well at this point to inform the film spectator and reader interested in my work, that *The Illiac Passion* has become on two levels (without going into exact detail) the spoken and visual Odyssean journey of the filmmaker. From the moment that the figure of Mr. Beauvais appeared that evening while I was working at Marboro Books in Greenwich Village, New York, and one of the employees whispered, *that's the Prometheus you have been searching for*, to the final casting of Mr. Jack Smith (the filmmaker of *Normal Love*) as Orpheus towards the final days of the film production, this film has taxed every nerve, fibre and muscle of my Being. That this should have been so is only fitting, for was not Prometheus himself daily visited by that uncompromising eagle sent by Zeus! An eagle whose arrival one never sees in the film, but only hears its piercing cry. A cry oddly American; a cry containing the elements of the wronged, of the misunderstood.

To those who have seen fit to ignore the mention of my work or that I was even at Knokke-le-Zoute (barring the retrospective of my films), to those who have said that *The Illiac Passion* was *pretty*, that it was *self indulgent*,[4] this sound of the eagle should have a special application. It is their own cry at the inability to defend not only the affairs of *l'amour*, but also their inability to defend the affairs of Film.

Who the others of my cast were is and is not of importance in this paper. Some few can be named: Mr. John Dowd, the painter, who portrays Endymion; Mr. Wayne Weber[ii] who portrays Icarus; Miss Stella Bittleston who portrays the figure of a Moon-Goddess; Mr. Paul Swan who portrays the aged figure of Zeus in such poignant terms; Mr. Gregory Battcock, the film critic, who portrays the brief role of Phaeton – a role so developed that surely the idea of the myth will be worshipped again (in its entirety) in some future project; Mr. Gerard Malanga, the poet, who portrays the role of Ganymede; and of course, the Pandora of *The Illiac Passion*, Miss Margot Breier.[iii] That these wonderful, youthful in spirit, mischievous in action, individuals appeared as they did circa 1964 is a testament to the New York scene, to the aura of filmmaking at that time. I doubt that it could have appeared during any other period. Certainly for myself, for the film, chaotic as it may have become, I am pleased that it did occur when it did; for I ask myself, what if the film had been made somewhere else, such as Ohio during the time that I was reading André Gide's *Prometheus Misbound*, what might have taken place then! Not that I ever approved of the eagle being served up to Gide's character; for in the end, the eagle Time has devoured Gide himself.

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[4] Ibid. *Variety*.

Before the filming began Eros asked: "What will be your method of work? How will you begin?" There was silence. The godparents of the filmmaker, Restraint, Limitation and Grim Determination grumbled. Bread was very scarce on the island of the Blest, Gotham.

Yet everyone knew exactly what the filmmaker should and should not have. The Ford Foundation rejected him as a potential creative filmmaker. But the matter of beginning known secretly to every filmmaker was galvanizing the air about the filmmaker; the notes concerning each myth, the notes concerning the various versions, the various translations of the legend of Prometheus, the cross checking in the New York Public Library's picture files and at various private libraries had taken shape. Several notebooks were ready for reference; for the final choice that would be a particular scene, a particular composition, a particular movement. Locations, too, had been selected. Foremost was an area of Central Park from West 72nd Street to 59th Street. Over and over again, the filmmaker filmed with each of his characters the full length of that grand locale. In the end, little was used. The reasons for this will suit another paper; one containing dreams and reality.

Certainly among the first episodes to be created for *The Illiac Passion*, and to an extensive degree, were those of Narcissus. Narcissus was portrayed by Mr. Robert Alvarez. As with most of my players his respect for my work, his attention to my own details of action, and his own contribution to his role is most apparent in the final version of the film. One of the most remarkable contributions, a contribution difficult to access as to who donated what, is the episode of the brief dance where Narcissus is seen naked amongst a decor of newspapers. I can state that it was filmed in the loft of Miss Beverly Grant (the Persephone-Demeter of the film) against a bare brick wall; and, on whose black floor I twisted and shaped/threw all the newspapers I could find. The rest was the figure of Narcissus, and my own superimposing in the camera; with a brief use of a slow speed to accelerate the movement of Narcissus.

Just as the film moves from the Brooklyn Bridge, that brilliant adamantine structure, to the rock, to the forest, to the action of the mythic and Promethean sequences, so my own interpretations of the various characters moved from story to story; always a story told from an emotional level, rather than from a conventional, matter of fact, all knowing certainty which is the fate of most intelligent but ineffectual works in the various media. Often my players unbeknownst to themselves, offered me the perfect solution. At other times a friend would offer, again unbeknownst, the very idea I needed: or would say something which became an idea. There was for instance the reference to Catullus[iv] by H.F.,[v] the film critic and close friend, one evening, which gave shape and certainty to the filmmaker filming himself with the figure of Icarus: once in the mirror, and once with the apple over Icarus' body. To be sure Catullus was reshaped!

But the contributions, the method of filming do not end there; they are as innumerable as the film frames which have fought over and over again, sometimes amongst themselves, to become what they are: the shots, the sequences, the parts, the total ninety minute work. Filming with Miss Beverly[vi] Grant, the fabulous Demeter and Persephone of *The Illiac Passion*, often at her very kind instigation, in her loft, I would be inspired to enter a scene in which I started the camera, walked in, spoke to her, and then walked out. Such a scene is in the film itself, and apparent are the few bits of equipment I had to work with or that I wanted to work with. Of the scene which I am describing, I would like to add that in the film proper, the filmmaker is seen at work as described, and then the shot cut to is the actual scene being discussed: a lovely close-up of Miss Grant, Persephone in the underworld; her face superimposed on and beneath a celestial sphere.

More fraught with anxiety was the day we filmed at the Botanical Gardens in the Bronx. There amidst flowers and palm trees, all judiciously labelled (which labels we would remove and then replace), Miss Grant and I created the scenes of Persephone in the underworld, and her ascent to Earth. As a precaution I placed every one hundred feet of film which I photographed in my coat pockets; just should someone stop us. No sooner had we completed our delightful filming session, a gardener appeared and threatened us (especially because Miss Grant as Persephone was dressed in a black negligee) with the police. Not waiting for him to put his call into effect we hastened to the nearest subway wondering all the while whether our footage was any good or not. Still in another time, it was raining, I asked Miss Grant to climb down a Con Edison sewer works, and told her to remain calm and sedate should the

Con Edison electricians below start in pursuit. The inevitable happened and with my zoom lens I took in the whole scene!

Thematically these are but few of the things which happened. Production-wise, tipped to a precarious end of the scale, the filming involved daily begging for funds, incredible requests by letter; manipulations with my poor cheque book; and other matters which would make the Arabian Nights of any era seem ridiculous. But I believed I thoroughly enjoyed my adventures and misadventures during the filming of *The Illiac Passion*. It was only much later with the task of finding the funds for the printing that I risked my health; but what artist has not risked his health? It is one of the demands of Zeus; let the other demands remain nameless.

Always with the 16mm Bolex Reflex Camera borrowed from Jonas Mekas or Charles Boultenhouse, carrying it in a Pan Am overnight bag, with a few rolls of film, two extension cords, one or two 3200 degree Kelvin lights (the $2.00 mushroom type), and my notes and light tripod under my arm I would return to my sanctuary at 40 West 11th Street in New York City where I would sleep until the next morning. Thus, sleep, without any thought of eating, proved itself that blanket from Morpheus which it is: a prayer related to childhood dreams, to the fires of a child's intelligence.

At other times I would make my daily trek to the Film-Makers' Cooperative office where I would look for the possibility of help, for letters announcing some lecture months away, and thus of no immediate use to my immediate needs; or, I would find myself taking the subway to the film laboratory (sometimes I used two) to leave my film for developing, and perhaps, to pick it up weeks later. These daily humiliations inscribed themselves in the most impeccable fashion upon the film itself, upon my relationship with that which is New York. How often I recalled what my old friend, and someone who gave me my first real job in New York, David Crawford (he died of stomach cancer), used to say to me in his flat in Washington Square (circa 1960), "If one survives New York, Gregory, you ..." I have learned since and during the ensuing years what David Crawford meant. I may now say, how provincial, how insulated New York is.

For the filmmaker the embarrassments of seeking help from film to film, from patron to patron, from foundation to foundation (and usually refused), even before one film is completed and another is begun seem endless;[5] and it is this constant expended energy become vaporous before the sight of plenty which makes the filmmaker silent if not morose. For though individuals help filmmakers and the medium of film as they see fit, being human, they fail to comprehend the subtleties, the simplicities involved for the health and welfare of each individual filmmaker; for no two filmmakers are alike. If those who help do not claim the privilege of giving advice once aid has been given, then they lay claim to the far worse privilege of becoming Masters: one of the grave ills of the world. To remain oblivious and resolute before these ills the filmmaker has the choice of being misunderstood; of being misunderstood because of his direct methods in lieu of the distasteful circumventing methods used in the commercial world; and most certainly in the art worlds of New York, Chicago, Dallas and Los Angeles.

It may seem that I am revealing little of the film production, but truly, I am revealing it all. Better still there is the completed film. There is the evidence of the length of the final version, and the evidence of the length when it was first sent to the laboratory; the evidence of two trips to the United States within a period of three weeks in order to complete the film; the evidence of decision after decision as to the form of the film; the evidence of the unprecedented decision of the jury at the Knokke-le-Zoute experimental film festival; the evidence of the filmmaker's decision to release the film. All these equate and are the conscience of *The Illiac Passion*. But above all, with and without jury decisions, with and without candid newspaper reports in one's own country, the conscience of a film shimmers with absolute certainty before an audience which is enchanted upon the field of the silver screen: so it was at Knokke-le-Zoute. I do not say this from first hand information as I was taken ill with a kidney attack the evening that the film was shown (twice) in the Casino at Knokke; but rather, the information is from a culmination of visits to my hotel, of notes sent after the event.

With all the difficulties, now become legendary, which *The Illiac Passion* has encountered, I may add, that ironically I have not seen the whole film at one sitting without interruption. I have, nevertheless, seen it happily when I am asked questions as to the meaning of this or that symbol or character. I see that it is *I*, the filmmaker, on the steps in the opening of the film with his notes; that it is *I*, the filmmaker rushing up these same steps with my exposure meter taking a reading: the scene superimposed with a granite motif of flowers and birds; that it is the filmmaker in the scene with the shattered mirror, the Muse, and the camera seen zooming in, the filmmaker turning out the light; that it is often the filmmaker's hand which enters and points, demands a direction, a movement from his players as in the case of the drawing room scene with the Moon Goddess and Endymion, or later towards the end of the film: the filmmaker walks into the kitchen setting, pushes a green lamp shade as Orpheus stands by the window; that it has been the length of the film: Prometheus, his passions, his observations, the filmmaker at his desk deciding, deciding.

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[5] Because of time, of the need to continue (*a filmmaker once stopped finds it difficult to regain momentum*) a filmmaker is often obliged to risk beginning a new film when one is either not printed or even spliced. At this writing I am completing the printing of my Italian made *Gammelion*; waiting for the printing of the Chicago made *The Divine Damnation*; and making plans for a new film production.

Now *The Illiac Passion* is completed. The film will wind and unwind; the recurrent symbols of the wheat, the apple, the crescent, the Muse superimposed with the figure of Eros will tantalize the film spectators. Among these film spectators, the New World Film Spectator, there will be those who are ready to understand, who are determined to understand, who are not too tired to understand the simple method of the images; the simple and rich method of the filmmaker singing his images to Aeschylus' play to the Greek myths; the filmmaker chanting the remarkable translation of *Prometheus Bound* by the American Thoreau.[6] Who will not pause to breathe freer; who will not pause to consider how the characters of *The Illiac Passion* are bound and unbound in their passions; who will not pause to be immersed in my lake of Remembrance and Forgetfulness.

28th of January, 1968
Petit Sablon, Bruxelles

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[6] The soundtrack of *The Illiac Passion* is composed of a soundtrack recording I made in New York City. During a period of some six hours, I read the whole of the play of Aeschylus, *Prometheus Bound*, as translated by Thoreau. Knowing my film project well, I elaborated on the reading of the play (a) by using pauses where I saw fit; (b) by repeating words often with pause in between; (c) by using the same method of repetition but with whole or half sentences; (d) by generally making the play, the translation my own.

DISCLOSED KNOWLEDGE

DEDICATED TO THE KIND CIRCOLO CALAMANDREI OF SAVONA[i]

The Mysteries was made in Munich during a period of two weeks in Munich. At that time I had accepted á menial job to be the director, carte blanche, of two so-called modern operas, for the Bayerischer Rundfunk. One opera was entitled *(A)lter (A)ction*, the other *Der Schachtel.* The young director of the two works who had been working on the production for six months suddenly left the television station in the lurch. Unfortunately for me, someone who had seen my work at Knokke-le-Zoute suggested that I was probably the only person who could imbue the stupid works with *something*, and at that same time complete them. I had two weeks in which to do everything.

I arrived and discovered that nothing had been prepared; and, at the same time, I was given everything which the German Television people imagine is necessary for a total television production. The end result was that I worked against all odds, re-supervised literally all in sight; this, even, to the point of dismissing the technical supervisor of the Ampex editing department. Not only did she arrive drunk on the set, but had no conception of what she was doing. She lacked the sense, the need, the rhythm of what I demanded of her. I took over her chair and the whole production, bare of a real set, and utilizing the stage itself, edited directly onto Ampex myself, the *(A)lter (A)ction* work in some four days.[ii] Amusingly enough the production department in their usual manner refused to give me a credit line that I had edited directly onto Ampex. For them and for Ampex, no one may have such a line of credit. It would inform the public that Ampex is not as complicated as it is made out to be!

It was during this time that I also decided to do a film of my own, with my own standards, my own cast, my own pleasure. I selected my sights with the help of a very good assistant to whom the film was later dedicated (I was grateful to Holger Mischwitzky[iii] for being my assistant also on the two *operas*), borrowed a camera from the television department (a Bolex), and under their noses used the much needed Ektachrome Commercial which would have been otherwise wasted on the opera for an insert(!), found my two actors; simply began.

One amusing incident occurred when I had to use a skeleton. I found it in the studio prop room. But it got about the studio what I was planning to do the next morning. So we came one hour earlier; the chief protagonist disrobed; I began filming the 100 feet which was needed as he made love to the skeleton – a studio technician came in, was mortified that a naked man was being filmed, and with the studio skeleton(!), rushed out to stop us. However, by the time he returned we had left; the skeleton was back in its place, the film in my possession; and the studio up in the air that someone, a filmmaker, if you will, had thrown their rules to the winds.

What is *The Mysteries* about? In the English dictionary which I have before me, it is stated that the word *mystery* denotes a making of things, *unimportant things*, a secret. That's an English dictionary/the English for you. The clue for the English is in *the unimportant*. For the Greeks, for the Germans it is the exact opposite, especially for the Greeks: it is the very essence of life. The mystery is what we do not necessarily perceive, and yet at the same time consider is present, now and for all eternity; that is Time. In my film I suggest that there is no greater mystery than that of the protagonists, *The Mysteries*. War and Love are simply equated for what they are; the aftermath is inevitable, and a normal human condition, for which like the ancients one can only have pity and understanding. In this lies the mystery. All else is irrelevant.

That there are other sub-currents of equal power in *The Mysteries* goes without saying; and, those who are capable of the numerous visual visitations and annunciations which the film offers them will realise what is the Ultimate Mystery of my work.

7th of November, 1970
Berlin

These notes written especially for the Italian Premiere of The Mysteries, *Club Nuovo Teatro.*

REBUS

DEDICATED TO MASSIMO BACIGALUPO

Political Portraits was completed in Zürich, Switzerland during 1969. It is dedicated to a curious Prince of the Cinema, Mr. Dieter Meier.

At the time, I did not expect to prepare as many film portraits as I had done with the New York Scene portraits entitled *Galaxie*. However, one matter after another, imposed upon my situation and needs became the long film *Political Portraits*.

As in *Galaxie*, many of the people were from time to time suggested to me; and some of them were very difficult *to tackle* as we say in American; especially, the elusive Werthian character, Rudolf Nureyev. Some I knew from Zürich such as Miss Claudia Honneger, Dieter Meier, the fabulous Frau Zumsteg, the family Schonherr, the director of the Kunsthaus, Dr Baumann, and a lovely old woman, Frau Honneger, who owned the loveliest and most serene pastry shop in Zürich until her death some months ago.

In Germany I attacked the German filmmakers: Wilhelm and Birgit Hein, from whom I had a faulty camera to work with; the now distributor, Karlheinz Hein, and the best filmmaker in Germany, though relatively unknown, Ulrich Herzog.

In Italy during a special trip I filmed Alfredo Leonardi; de Chirico; Massimo Bacigalupo with another donated faulty camera; and Franco Quadri. (ASIDE: I have twice mentioned the faulty cameras as it has always been inconceivable to me how serious filmmakers could ever offer faulty equipment without first having checked it.)

In Norway during a lecture at the Sonja Henie Museum, I filmed Berit Hoff; and a handsome Norwegian youth, who may be a filmmaker someday, Gunnar Parelius.

In Cannes for the festival, I filmed J. Doniol-Valcroze; and Jack Siler, an American, interested in the theatre.

Back in Zürich I again filmed the art gallery owner Bischofberger; Frau Giroux of the Tiefenau where I was staying; Rudolf Nureyev; and Marcia Haydee. (ASIDE: A few I have perhaps not mentioned; one or two.)

The film itself was conceived, technically, in the same manner as the *Galaxie* portraits; but there seems to me to have been a different relationship between filmmaker and portrait-sitter. This may partly be due to the fact that I had to do a great deal of travelling inorder to have my portraits completed. On the other hand, it may also, the difference, be due to the attitudes of the sitters here in Europe as compared to the sitters in New York City. Add to this a dash of the more relaxed atmosphere, and aspirations involved.

A certain respect should be paid to the soundtrack of the film *Political Portraits*. The text read by me is taken from an essay written, I believe, after the First World War by Paul Valéry. It is entitled *Man and the Night*. And, I truly wonder what the listener in the darkness of the film medium will think as he hears the text read by me. What will he imagine it means, and for whom: for him, the spectator, for the filmmaker, and what of Paul Valéry?

Today, this instant, which is faithless, and at the same time denotes the majesty of Man, there is a great deal said about the word, the intentions of *politics*. Europeans and Others are helpless in a Sea of Fatigue for which *politics* lacks any pulse whatsoever, save: Politics Equals Publicity, Publicity Equals Politics. The simple *politics* which is life is set aside as useless in a technological age. The fantasy of would be revolutions (the *sexual revolution* is more or less a joke. In Hamburg the Eros Centre is misconceived and for what reason. It should be called the Aphrodite Centre, the Venus Centre, the Astarte Centre. The use of the word Eros is a perversion of the basic idea, and suggests a deliberate mystification) is hopelessly imbedded Nothingness. Take from this my clue to the title, *Political Portraits*, to the portraits themselves.

7th of November, 1970
Berlin

These notes written especially for the Italian Premiere of Political Portraits, Club Nuovo Teatro.

THE REDEEMING OF THE CONTRARY

FOR THE LATE MARIE MENKEN AND WILLARD MAAS

For a few meagre, soul filled weeks since Christmas 1970, I have been engaged to the completion, in the form of editing a new work. This work is inspired after the legend of Faust. Yet my Faust, perhaps, never Faust, for being Greek I cannot abide, so exactly, in the climate of a Northern Faust. And yet, a film is completed, three reels, circa 90 minutes, which does and does not breathe of Faust. For Faust at the end of my film continues to live. The symbolism in his continuance is the very essence, the pulse beat of Europe today: the foolish countries, and the little countries which will prove they have always been the hope; the imminent hope of Mankind.

The force in my own Faust arrives in that it was not anticipated when I shot the footage on three consecutive days. One in London, and two in Paris. I had no idea that these three figures of the art world, of the art world which is a curiosity in itself, would become the very elements of my Faust. And yet they did.

They evolved, once the decision was made, effortlessly. Certainly, if it had been planned deliberately, the work would have become like the surly sculpture of the Frankfurt Opera House, like the deplorable production, recently seen, of *Bomarzo* by Ginastera; a travesty of artistic integrity in the name of the modern, advanced, like the banalities of Béjart, like the sleeplessness of Nureyev, like the evident decay of the arts in New York City. But, you will ask me, what evolved effortlessly?

Beloved spectators of my distant Temenos, what evolved was the ultimate concern for the medium of film. A continuous working decision not to betray you as film spectators; not to impose a message in your laps. But to deposit before you on a virile screen the very depths which concerned the present work in such a manner that you might one day at its presentation realize that I have always been concerned for you. I now repeat again the word, an effortless illusion and triumph with the legend of Faust: and, with the future film spectator of the Temenos supplying the very brilliance.

In film, in the beautiful, stupid past of the commercial film with its total lack of creative achievement, though stated otherwise by film historians, the absolute Barbarians of our diminishing cultural age, the film construction was dependant on the story in the guise of the necessary message; the necessary message impounded for the benefit, that is the enlightenment and, therefore the deliberate enslavement of the filmgoer. However, in my finished work, entitled *Genius*, the development is along absolute philosophical lines. For instance the three unsuspecting figures who became my characters, represent, in their own milieu, the crises of our times. I refuse to say more. Perhaps, I do not know more! Suffice to say, that even as I was filming, I knew: we look at a face, at the gestures, and we know, if we so wish, the content of the inner being.

But we seldom as presumed individual souls, since we are all too often oppressed through a false sense of collectivity, ever acknowledge the truths we seek. A truth established is hardly a freedom; that is a misapprehension devotedly sponsored by our times. The true, creative individual, be he a working figure or simply a peasant in the mountains of the Peloponnesus, of Arcadia, knows this, is sustained by it in a time of great need; but all others reject it since they have been enlightened and know best.

In *Genius*, all these figures are sitting in their own rooms; one in an office, another in his studio, another in her home, for my original conception was to create three distinct works. Their moments before my camera, through which I did not look during the filming, became the scenes; the slightest gesture, turn becomes a non-verbal negotiation towards the revelation at hand. The three, vastly diverse surroundings of the three figures become my characters, enlisted to later impose upon the film the geography of their worlds; *similar planets, inhabited by whom?*

Nonetheless, to know the film is to be able to inspect the film. To discover the wonderful contributions of itself to the marvels of itself. The use of the fades: fading in, and fading out. The key to their use. The use of the fade-in as a positive element; the use of a fade-out as a negative element. But then, depending where they are placed, and what follows before or after, or in rhythm, could disqualify these possible meanings:

and, by disqualifying cause the elaborations of meaning. Nor should the system of the measure of frames be ignored, 24, 28, 7, 5, 4, 3, and so on. To know the decisions involved, the reasons for the use of these numbered notations of film frames would be useful to one or two people, but never for the mortal eyes of the film spectator. For him is vouchsafed the film, and only the film *Genius*. There are many reasons why I say this, but chiefly is the fact that the film spectator does not have the time nor the interest to be other than simply the film spectator; just as the filmmaker has only one choice to be the filmmaker.

25th of January, 1971
Zürich

THE CELESTIAL INHERITANCE

It has been suggested to me recently by Beavers that inorder to build my Temenos, the Markopoulos archives and the film presentation area, that I must follow these two prime rules:

a – Gather the Light in the Morning in order to project it in the Evening.

b – That the materials which I shall use for the very construction of the film presentation area must lose themselves; indeed, become themselves a part of the films shown.

These have been sound suggestions; unexpected encouragements during a very productive time, and during a very soul searing period. Nevertheless, the blade of Inspiration is already forming. Every moment in Firenze, this very strange city, with its very remarkable people, so silent and irresolute like the massive stones of its buildings has been instructing me daily; daily has been leading me along tortuous paths towards my Ultimate goal, the resplendent Temenos that will awaken to remain in the Twenty-First Century.

Even the winds that seem to roar at the top of this palazzo where I am staying (though the sun is brilliant without), have been casting their uncanny charms upon my Intentions. I say this, because one early morning, Night, when I awoke and heard them, imagining, half asleep that it was the end of the world, I realized what the soundtrack to my new film would be. The film which takes its uncertain direction from *The Divine Comedy* of Dante, and is progressing through the various personalities which I have filmed here in Firenze since last February.

At the moment I am involved with an allusion to Dante's *Inferno*. Some 400 feet of film have been edited. Mostly, these 400 feet, at least the first nine minutes, are composed of one single frame, repeated incessantly, and placed before a short black (film phrase?) length of film. These black lengths, also repeated, but once, after nine minutes, the black suddenly bursting in a 16 frame fade – from black faded into white; and the white remaining on the screen; then, if I recall correctly, a series of other single frames, now spaced not only upside down, but also between short white lengths of film. To all this, I shall begin to add (something I have not done in this manner since *Twice a Man*) clusters of single frame variations, beginning with a cluster: ABABA; with the A single frames right side up, and the B single frames upside down.

There is no doubt that I am working, very slowly, upon a major work. The slowness of the work should grace its final elegance; and, also, the slowness of the work might be, in truth, a luxury for me, even at this juncture. Even, the proposed title, *Eternity, The Celestial Eye*, presupposes for me, in advance, the completed film's form, breath, and most important, its Spaciousness. For, today, there is such a natural need for Spaciousness. Most of the films which are being shown lack such space. This was apparent to me the other evening when out of boredom I decided to see Visconti's film, the one made before *Death In Venice*.[i] Except for the use of the zoom lens, which attempts to promote space, but which after a second, third viewing the illusion no longer exists, there had never been any true sense of space. Was it the fault of Visconti; was it the fault of his photographer; or was it simply that there can never be any creative spaciousness of any kind in commercial filmmaking, regardless who the film director may be.

Yet, in the film made by one filmmaker, who knows what he wants to do, who knows what he is capable of doing, a work does begin to exist from Beginning to End. I am thinking of a film work which I saw, perhaps, forty-eight hours ago, in Firenze, by the artist Silvio Loffredo.[ii] To a very small group in his apartment, he had begun to show us a series of films on which he had been continuously working, sometimes, if not often, changing them; putting one whole section here instead of there; and then on subsequent projections, placing the sections elsewhere; sometimes, even deleting. Or, better yet, where whole sections had been placed in the chronological order in which they had been shot, now they had been (as if misplaced!) completely changed about. I recall having seen, earlier, the whole of one such film, and on seeing it later I was taken aback that something which I had originally considered too long was now missing! Which proves again, that seeing a film once is certainly not seeing the film at all!

It was during this, above mentioned presentation, that Loffredo placed (what I noticed from my vantage point) a full 8mm reel on the small projector. Did he state, I believe, that it was a film which he had done some scratching on! In a flash I remembered the boring films of more than several artists, quite famous, who had scratched and painted in painterly fashion or otherwise, upon strips of film; though I believe, never on 8mm. One is at such moments at a loss what to expect and frets in his seat for what may be the worst.

Not only was such not the case with the untitled Loffredo work, but it created an immediate and complete interest on the spectator. And, in my case, I followed from movement to movement, and repeated, excited, undulating movement to a more complex movement, the whole of this fresh, sparkling, and marvellous film. I marvelled at the soft but precise variations that appeared on the wall where the film was being projected. The craftsmanship was like that of a silversmith without error; and, it was, of course, the guiding hand and eye of Loffredo the etcher working on that miraculous length of 8mm film!

It is at such moments that one realizes the foolishness of those who Doubt the creative spirit; that consistently attempt to efface from the human psyche the imagination to replace it by false reality. It is at such moments that one believes that though the citizens of a city may prefer their picnics and their daily contacts, that there is always without exception, someone diligently, peacefully, quietly defying the necessary order of human conventions, the necessary order of human existence inorder to preserve Mankind's Celestial Inheritance during a time of grave misunderstanding everywhere.

19th of June, 1971
Firenze

IV

THE THRESHOLD OF THE FRAME

ON ROBERT BEAVERS

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10TH OF JULY, 1967

Recognition. How does one recognize one filmmaker from another filmmaker. I pose this question to myself amid the din of the small craft named Aegina which at the moment is speeding towards the island of Aegina, the first stop on its way to the island of Hydra. The laughter and spray of the sea is conducive to this afternoon's extravagant gesture. Especially, when left behind is Athens in the oppressive heat like that of any other American city.

There are several reasons why I am considering this balmy afternoon the question of distinguishing one filmmaker from another filmmaker. The most important reason being that for the past more than several weeks – a little longer a little less – I have observed a young American filmmaker preparing his second film.[1] Interestingly enough I note that he has never once referred to his film in any other way save "my film". I lay emphasis on this point because so often one is near filmmakers who think in precise terms of the "avant-garde", "experimental", "New American Cinema", or "commercial" film during the actual filming. Too, I entertain this narrative in the midst of the serene, sparkling Aegean because of a heartfelt letter from another filmmaker and friend from Chicago, who also has attempted (though with temporary defeat) to prepare his first project.[2]

In the beginning is always the filmmaker, just as in the beginning there was Light, the visible murmur of the wind, the invisible Word, and the Image of the inevitable inventor. Each waved to one another though weightlessly through aeons of light years to today which is the moment of the American Filmmaker. And this filmmaker in the tradition of Aeschylus (though he is not totally aware of the similarity of both situations) has left country and home inorder to brush from his myopic eyes the smog of the cities he is familiar with, and the heavy mist (now become poisonous) that drifts across the daily actions of those he calls family, friends and acquaintances. This inorder to exist. This inorder to make films. This inorder to charm the souls of the beasts who claim that his country is without Song.

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[1] Initial projects were portrait studies of: Mrs. Hodges, Gail Beavers (the filmmaker's sister), and Gregory J. Markopoulos. The completed film was *Spiracle*.

[2] "Then as if we were not blessed with troubles enough the weather turned very bad. This area had tornado warning nearly everyday and fierce almost tropical rainstorms as often. And after some rather elaborate planning and preparations my actors and myself were rained on almost continuously during one weekend's outdoor shooting until we finally gave up, were then caught in an impossible highway traffic jam caused by flooding and our car almost turned over in our efforts to get out ..." Letter to GJM from BSW; Chicago, 23rd of June 1967. [Editor's Note: BSW (Barry Warren) was a friend of Markopoulos and Alice Burckhardt in Chicago.]

He has proceeded with his task no differently than the peasant who fashioned those distant terraces, some of earth, some of stone, by which I am passing at this precise moment. The moment which will be no less precise when this is read. That the filmmaker did not know exactly where to begin (he had only his notes which were accumulated slowly, perhaps painfully from instant to instant, day to day, week to week, month to month) was his first breath of Being. Then breathing a second, a third, a fourth and fifth time he urged the Sleeping Eros within his own nature to awaken. The tripod taken, extended like Eros' arms stretching from his long sleep brought him Joy and Pleasure. Later this selfsame act (in reverse – the putting away of the tripod at the end of a day's shooting session) would leave him in an exhilarated mood.

But merely beginning is no safeguard or guarantee that one will be able to continue. This second act of continuing, the desire to continue, can often be as hazy as a distant shore which is imagined covered with sand and is in reality covered heavily with light and heavy rocks. Whoever as filmmaker has ever voyaged toward such shores at the beginning of his career and is able to still remember the hazards of each approach (second to hour, day to month) will readily applaud with smiling fingertips the very recollection. And observing the young American filmmaker's certainty in handling camera, tripod and exposure meter his way, he may well wonder once more at the mysteries of the human creative act. Indeed, consider what the human creative act is, where it comes from, and what it contributes to a society totally unconscious of its greater life giving force.

The filmmaker of whom I am writing has been working on the island of Hydra which is about four hours from Athens. Quite early in his career he surmised the possibilities of the film as film. Slowly with the grace, diligence and demonical, critical frenzy of a Paul Valéry he became acquainted with his medium. This, more so, during his first encounter with Greece: the sea, the laughter, and the braying of donkeys.

To describe what he has been accomplishing, even before he himself has seen privately his film rushes, is unthinkable. I, as a filmmaker, observing Venus' latest born, can only suggest and suggest, I am certain, inaccurately. A filmmaker can never understand during the filming, especially, what another filmmaker is doing. The reason for this being simply put, that the filmmaker observing the film being made, at every turn and twist that the head, elbows, shoulders and legs of the filmmaker at work make, knows he would do it differently; desires to do it differently; almost urges the filmmaker at work to do it differently. The state of the filmmaker observing the filmmaker at work is no different in its temptations than those of Orphée leading Eurydice out of Hades. That the fade-out device in his hand becomes as light as the play of dolphins; that his use of the very limited Bolex filter slot[3] is put to such extraordinary use that another filmmaker, observing, feels certain he doesn't know what he is doing; that his instructions and use of an individual is as unknown as unchartered waters; that the certainties and uncertainties of the dialogue he has made on Hydra will hopefully be as daring as the leaps of young men across the backs of charging bulls seen on Mycenean Warrior Vases; that his use of superimpositions will hopefully defy the brilliance of the Greek atmosphere; that the use of black background, his own private celestial manner with its drops of water will create certain crystallizations upon his handsome head akin to the athlete's olive branch.

Any film account if it does not completely satisfy the curiosity of the reader or expectant film spectator, should at least offer one specific detail. In this case let it be the name of the filmmaker: Robert Beavers.

14th of July, 1967
Patmos

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[3] The filmmaker wanted very much to use a matte box which was not available in Athens; though he even made inquiries at USIS where he was also informed that they did not have 16mm equipment available.

THE SIEGE OF BRUXELLES

Not so many days ago, two weeks ago, I returned from a horrendous trip across the Atlantic. For me voyages, and more especially airplane trips, are a source from which my own Being becomes revitalized. By this I mean that for a few hours or more, I am able to forget or ignore my cares and I am immediately concerned only with the creative purpose at hand which on land somehow evades one time and time again, because of one jarring situation or another. Each decision made on land gives rise like the curling of smoke from chimneys to unnecessary and elusive anxieties; anxieties which become like details in a story, in a motion picture; anxieties which become like details which culminate in moments of emotion. Whereas, on the other hand, a decision made in the air, conceived in one's comfortable airplane chair is bright, fruitful; defined.

Prior to leaving for the United States and Canada I had taken the decision to bring my whole life's work to Zürich; and there to once and for all check my films, put them in order, and allow them to exist in such condition as films may exist: for what the element of Time holds for the future of film, I do not know. Nor do I have the time and energy to worry about it. This attitude concerning the fate of film originals is similar to the attitude which a filmmaker must have inorder to begin a film. As I have said often before, to begin is simply to begin; to offer the hand, to accept the handshake.

Somewhere in time, between leaving and returning to Zürich, I was invited to attend the first viewing of Robert Beavers' latest film *Plan of Brussels*. Though I knew the history of the film *(the only history a film has is from the moment of the idea to the first viewing of the completed work by the filmmaker – all else is irrelevant)*, I did not during the projection recall *any of the history proper*. Instead I became close, in fact drowsy before the images due to the fatigue of my Atlantic journey. And in this drowsy state, I became convinced that *Plan of Brussels* had been the siege of Bruxelles made by a young American filmmaker of great cinematic powers. What in Near Eastern regions is sometimes referred to as the "Divinity of a Place" was in *Plan of Brussels* an uncanny reference to the individuals photographed for the film: but as if they had been put in a Time Capsule. Why this had occurred, I can only suggest; and I suggest that it happened during the filming, and not at the editing table.

The profound development of *Plan of Brussels* is due: (a) to the personalities photographed, who in allowing themselves to be photographed released their true selves, confronted always by the city of Bruxelles, the constant rain, the constant inner-social conflicts and desires; (b) to the absorbed awakening of Beavers' hopes in his medium. By this, I mean, that here a filmmaker shows the perceptive film spectator that he is in possession of his language which is film; and a new film form, the filmmaker's alphabet has evolved. Beavers in one swoop, with one film has defeated all the alien attitudes which might for years have interfered and plagued his work as a filmmaker.

Plan of Brussels shows, once and for all, (not excluding the earlier work *Spiracle*, *Winged Dialogue* and *on the every day use of the eyes of death*) the reserved road which Beavers plans to take; nomadic, scholarly, exotic, profuse with imagery and technique. Any hostility which any spectator might have for technique evaporates before Beavers' metaphysic, independent, pitiless and blessed critical protest which is the ecstasy of *Plan of Brussels*. The manifest intention from the beginning of the film: (a) the figure of the filmmaker in his room at the Hotel d'Egmont; (b) the sublime use of form within form – the shapes; (c) the emotional impact retained through the use of his coloured filters – an innovation in itself *(by innovation, I mean, the manner of his technique and most original manner of using/putting to use filters.)*; (d) the siege of the city of Bruxelles itself; (e) the living, death cry of the inhabitants which is apparent in the images of the personalities incorporated in *Plan of Brussels*, and, certainly, the soundtrack.

From *Plan of Brussels*, therefore, the work of Beavers becomes one of the few hopeful illuminations in the medium of *film as film*, for the Future: Illuminator.

7th of December, 1968
Zürich

CIRCUMBENDIBUS NOTES

Palin, *again* + Oide, *song*: definition.

Palinode is Robert Beavers' seventh film, excluding a major work in progress, *Degeneration*.[i] He is now working on his eighth film, project untitled whose origin is Berlin.

Attend the work!

Attend the Filmmaker!

Attend Robert Beavers, traversing in *Palinode* the four seasons: the just Sadness of Winter ennobled in and by Youth; the approaching Spring, unencumbered by the senses; the Reveller Summer bursting with emotional frivolity; the munificent Autumn lighting the fire, once again, and selecting the fruits of the Season.

The summation, preceding, is what one as a film spectator does not see in *Palinode*; but if serious in his encounter with *Palinode*, the film spectator may with compassion acknowledge.

What triumph may be expected from a finished work? Perhaps, only that achievement of the unknown film spectator, justly described so, who is able to circumscribe the work; in this case, *Palinode*. For in circumscribing the technique, the images, the sounds, the evolutionary forms evolved from ever existing non-forms (the essence from which *Palinode* became), the film spectator clothes himself with what he needs, with what he feels.

This element, so pure, so often debased, is faith. Need I add the other element so often debased, Imagination described as Fantasy; especially in the medium of the motion picture which is impounded with the term realism; but is never accepted as real. But this is another matter, too long for a film note. I only add that film is the most realistic of the arts, but its realism must be understood and studied on the various levels that human Imagination abounds; these are miraculous and infinite. The involvement is Light, Colour and State.

Returning to the film spectator viewing *Palinode*, I question his state in this Night of Humanity, in this momentous moment of World Anger.

Is the film spectator able to receive the repeated song, again, and again of *Palinode*. Commercial film critics would simply ask, "Is the film spectator able to accept the message?" But beware! It is not a matter of receiving, but rather of Sending.

5th of April, 1970
Zürich
for the first showing of Palinode, Milano

"AND I SHALL PULL THINGS FROM THE STARS!"

These are times when the filmmaker if he is a filmmaker pulls things from the stars. And, how it is done is an absolute mystery for the onlooker, and even, I may say, how it is done remains a mystery for the filmmaker himself. So much occurs that is forgotten; but forgotten in the sense of proceeding to the next work. It is the holy accumulation of knowledge in filmmaking; the filmmaking of a particular filmmaker. What takes place once the film is completed is the historic certainty, and whether it effects a small interested minority or a vast mass is of complete indifference to the filmmaker. If in later years the interpretation of the work changes, that can be, again, of no concern to the filmmaker. The change that may take place may be but a sincere disbelief in the work, and a search for its inherent Meaning. Few are those who believe in art; while many are those in this present world gloom who are out making art.[1] The schools that purport to support filmmaking would do well to take heed of the above fact.

There is in beginning a film a certain psychic dimension which, for such a short essay, I must not delve into as deeply as I would otherwise. This psychic dimension is that which takes place when the filmmaker says he will begin a work. I am speaking of a filmmaker of monumental proportions; I am speaking of a filmmaker who is not blind to the difficulties involved; I am speaking of the filmmaker of the delicious and sparkling gem work *Diminished Frame*: Robert Beavers. *Diminished Frame* evokes the presence of that which is Berlin, but not the Berlin of a foolishly divided sector, here and there. The modern propaganda after its destruction is not taken into account, and this, for certain, is one of the glories of the work.

Beavers could have taken the views of the modern city, hastily built, and with every excuse in the human mind bereft of spiritual values, and seeking the modern, the advance in its architectural folly. Yet, Beavers did not. Why he did not is a matter of conjecture; yet, one truth rings clear – he saw with his whole being; he felt with his whole being; he was not stunned by the morass of cultural shouting that is the defeated Berlin. Rather he looked; he wondered; he wandered; and one day he began. And he began by choosing the most simple, which again are the most complex; and which still again, are the essence of the great city.

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[1] Conversation with RBB.

I shall say, though I know that Beavers did not say it, that when he began he was the city of Berlin; and, all of the various structures and pedestrians filmed for the project reflected the filmmaker's absolute devotion to his task; the task of presenting a city. A true city. A living city unencumbered with politics. "I am the city," says he. "And you, spectator, are watching me. I am showing you how it is done!"

And that is precisely what Beavers does. He shows the film spectator how he uses the camera, and the variations of his filters. It is a process of perfect reality in the medium of the film, and one of the few that I know. Every change relates to what follows or has followed. One of the best remembered of the numerous visual explanations that Beavers offers to the film spectator is the fulfilled elevation of the images used at the end of the film. The masonry of the achieved is there produced for the film spectator. Even as before Beavers passed the filters before the matte box, passed the glass before the filtered matte box. He was to do something similarly, but on a different scale with the photographing of the inside of the Bolex camera, and the sight of the tiny filter in the filter slot, for the Firenze made *From the Notebook of*... Much earlier, in *Plan of Brussels*, Beavers created a kind of deflected atmosphere by filming the city of Bruxelles in greens, and reds.

At this point I could, and do recall that *Plan of Brussels* is a virtuous film where the city and its characters are expanded upon the sensibilities of the young filmmaker, Beavers. While *Diminished Frame* is a search for the vision of the city of Berlin and the filmmaker its beating heart, embellishing its destruction with life-giving Force and Joy. After this work, there is the third "city" work, *From the Notebook of*..., which re-establishes that living movement of the past, with that secret kind of happiness in one's work which becomes Impact.

But I began by speaking of the psychic dimension which takes place at the beginning, and not only at the beginning, but throughout the progress of a filmmaker's work. It is, this psychic dimension, a well conceived solution in Choosing. What to choose, what not to choose.

The moment of choosing Becomes the psychic dimension that solves for the filmmaker what he is about to accomplish. That is when he says, "And I shall pull things from the stars!"

... and he does just that; for which we should Rejoice!

11th of June, 1972
Chasa Berner-Schmidt, Scuol

FROM FIRST CREATIVE STEPS FORWARD

I

I am asleep before the remembrance of *Spiracle* by Robert Beavers. This film was made in New York City on a roof, in a room, on a fire escape. It was not the first film made by Beavers as there had been three short forays with the medium of the motion picture prior to *Spiracle*. And yet, with *Spiracle*, the first wound of filmmaking in the career of Beavers became apparent. The moment of the wound for the filmmaker is portentous; just as is the type of wound it is. For the type of wound leads to one of the great or minor arteries which is the Future. The Future from work to work through powerful discoveries out of Night and Day regulating the certain signs which the filmmaker in turn learning to become, skilfully obedient to, marks his Ultimate Duty to the humanity of his Demands: the work, the future film spectator. Of course, one can readily imagine that it is the secret of the film spectator to heal the wound; to nurse the wounds from film to film, the exposed nerves of creativity through a natural understanding. But today's film spectators are irresolute, lazy, confused, disinclined to their task as good Samaritans.

It was with *Spiracle* that Beavers delved into the Future which has since become his work and his recognized genius as the Film Master he is. The meaning of the word itself is the essential clue or elixir: *spiracle*. It is, I realize, within this unexpected essay, the inspired visual distance which provokes the Beavers dimensionalities. *Dimensionalities: Tonalities*. The visual expositions or sonorities of the superimpositions complemented by the technical songs with their virtuosity; one example being the uses of the lenses, not merely as lenses, but beyond simply photographing. It is this quality that betokens Beavers of the grand ability in which in one hand he strokes a harp and in another hand, the right hand, he holds a sceptre.

When I first saw *Spiracle*, with its sensitive, lyrical, tormented portrayal by Tom Chomont, I immediately thought of Saint John the Baptist; but perhaps I should have considered Saint Anthony instead, the temptations of that religious hero. For both the film and the actualization of the performer reminded me of an exciting exhibit I had once seen in Los Angeles based on the theme of "The Temptations of Saint Anthony". There had been the wonderful work by Dali with the elephant figures vibrating their elusive incantations across the desert sands. Distance, eternal distance! With this Beavers began and has since accumulated his universe of filmmaking, hiding his creation in each presentation for the film spectator.

But back to Beavers; back to today and my despair which recalled this beautiful work *Spiracle* to my mind as I stood at the Rijksmuseum before Meester van de Virgo inter Virgines' *De Opstanding van Christus*. (*Aside*: there are not many first works which remain beautiful or lead to other superlative works in the medium of the motion picture; usually because the filmmaker becomes incapable of sustaining to the delicate balances needed in CONTINUING.) The figure in the film on the roof with the black frames of the skylights, reminiscent of the integral use of the square (let alone the circle) in later works *(Plan of Brussels)*, the tantric gestures, both glacial and serene, of the protagonist; the enigmatic chartreuse bottle, quite empty, and therefore capable towards mystery; the sexual juxtapositions of the descent of the figure; the slipping in through the window; the white wall with the figure against it; the use of the white shirt; the long strands of film itself; (recall the use in Beavers' work *Palinode*, where circled about a circle, the pieces of film become like an elaborate Greek Vase) the hands immersed in water as if the ultimate redemption from sin of Saint Anthony, to the peaceful figure of the protagonist asleep: yawning, the mouth, note, a perfect circle! All these marvels, never explicable, only hopeful towards explanation itself. One might in the end inquire why are angels' wings in Flemish paintings coloured by the artist vibrantly in blues, yellows, and vermilions; and what of El Greco's angels! and what of Caravaggio's angels!

Now let us awaken to the wonder!
Now let us seek the decipherment!
From the recurrence of images let us recognize
the dew sent from beyond heaven.

II

The alphabet by which the work of a filmmaker may be partially understood remains the same; but it becomes from work to work more lexical on a visual level. This is apparent only to the interested film spectator not to the casual observer of any filmmaker's work, once seen and forgotten. As in chemistry acids play their part in transformations, so too in film, in the work of Robert Beavers the use of minute bits of filters: (a) related to each other; (b) related to light; (c) related to the lens itself; (d) related to the movements, unprincipled as they may be during the filming, and later clarified through the vast medium of film editing. It is the meditative process, what is erroneously called the unconscious, that paves the way towards the completed work. *Each film cut is a dedication to film as film.*

There is in *Spiracle* a short text written by Robert Beavers himself in which the word *yellow* (if I am not mistaken) plays a kind of parallel to the total content of the text and its relationship to the images of *Spiracle* itself. There is an element of repetition on the word *yellow* itself. Recalling this I consider the use of *yellow* on another level, on two other levels: (a) in *Diminished Frame*; and (b) *yellow as gold* in the film *The Count of Days*, which so upset the adult audience at the Museum of Education in the Hague a few weeks ago. For such a violent audience (composed of commercial educators and their invited friends) was unable to relate to the form, the language of the work; they could see it only as a kind of schizophrenic union. Failing to perceive at a first projection what is being projected, such an audience ignores what is the plain, obvious, particular or individual alphabet of the filmmaker in question and creates instead, for itself, a kind of cipher alphabet; a whole set of actually non-existent cryptograms which leads to total misunderstanding.

The film spectator can never have any hope of being present at the moment of the act of creation, that is the making of a film; and even if he were present, it would be more or less incomprehensible, for what the filmmaker thinks and what he does in constant rivalry towards the ultimate works remains sealed in the personality itself. Take for instance, the sound of the hyena in *Spiracle*. The sound is seraphic; it is elusive and powerful; it is the temptation of the spiracles of *Spiracle* itself. It heralds like one of Dürer's apocalyptic works a message of the future; perhaps, sound as used in the monumental *Winged Dialogue*, made in Greece. And what else?

With *Spiracle*, Beavers remarked casually, but with insistence, something which was leading him, will lead him to the use of dialogue on the same refined level and in vital succession to what he has achieved in the use of his filters. His breakthrough with his sound will be comparable to an Illumination in which filters used to assess the reality which is film, will in turn through, perhaps, syllabiques, invent the colourful for sound itself. Few are the ones who can step from first creative steps forward; it is a matter of Celebration.

5th of December, 1971
Amsterdam

THE LANGUAGE OF DIAMONDS

I am sitting here in Sprüngli's in Zürich waiting for the filmmaker of *Still Light* to arrive with probably his work completed. In one day (a day less than twenty four hours) he has cut the magnetton[i] of his sound to part two of his already miraculous *Still Light*. How often in noting something of the progressing work I have nearly written *Still Life*; a natural reaction indeed. Yet you, spectator for whom the film once finished *becomes* for you what it must inevitably become, will sense that the very meaning of landscape, face, film has been shattered, demolished by Beavers into a trillion unimportant bits. In its place we have unencumbered Light; not the awesome light of Science, and of Advance, but a human light; the glow of a great consciousness. A consciousness not unlike the pleasure of watching shadows, bi-mixing with themselves, and the Being (figure) involved. I am thinking of a wet pavement and the passer-by who makes these fanciful other shadows, and other movements, but does not see them. How fortunate the cinema which allows the spectator myriad reflections of images parted, imparted upon themselves like certain sparkling images in Nature.

For consciousness thus touched is Reality born of the Imagination. Not all the delirious efforts of the commercial film directors of past, present, and future can ever reach the heights of *Still Light*. It is the work of the Divine Child shown himself as Man.

Equate those of you who would understand the medium of film, unencumbered with false theories, the frames, the sounds, the froth of creation, and the lapping of the final task to give shape to the unknown material, to the image of the filmmaker today. If you can perceive the difference which you behold with your eyes, the difference which you become accustomed to with your ears, then you may understand *Still Light*, *Palinode*, *The Count of Days*, *Winged Dialogue*, *Diminished Frame*. Each of these works sums up the very existence of the filmmaker Beavers. As the sun appears and disappears, and even more, as the moon appears and slowly begins to vanish, then returns, so, too, these works created with a superhuman ability will exist endlessly in their human sphere.

For some the critic is the word, and the word the critic. These individuals revel in pointless inspiration underneath the hideous cloak of concern for others, or, if you will Progress. Fortunately for the filmmaker the critic is no more the word, than the image is the word. There is for the filmmaker an elemental dissociation which can never be acquired. All efforts to imitate it bemoan the inadequacies of Result; just as we can taste the difference in pastries well made with pure ingredients and pastries made with mediocre ingredients. If the filmmaker possesses this elemental dissociation he is able because of vigorous discipline to know at what point or points in his work the impure realities, and impure fantasies are excluded, and by this exclusion the work at hand becomes the supreme ray which is cinema; which denotes the work at hand's relevance to the All.

Finally, for Beavers, a filmmaker in absolute command, buffeted with some doubts, *Still Light* paves the way, league after league, towards a language I would like to call, a language of diamonds. That this should proceed from a lyrical work of tremendous Beauty, stunning Vitality and incredible Endurance, seems not only fitting but Just.

And the hand undulated before the waves of Light,
Introducing man to creation.

21st of December, 1970
Zürich

LOVE'S TASK

I

When a film is born all the energies of Nature conspire in holy eleison of praise that they have been subdued in Love's Task.[i] The trees, if it be the season of Fall, radiate in supernal colours; blushing to red, the symbol of chained passions released; to yellow, the symbol of ancient priestly duties attended, miraculously achieved; into blue, the protecting, evasive Alliance, like a wall created of slabs of Egyptian granite, made fearful for unlawful intruders; into green, the eternal mantel woven by Merlin which forever, invisibly nourishes the working needs of him who is the master filmmaker.

A master filmmaker appears because the winds which are the pulsing breakers of his soul, impose upon him, the filmmaker, an unsought, evocative urge which is Filmmaking. The voice of this Filmmaking springs like a mountain spring from sources unknown, in the beginning to the filmmaker. But if he is truly the son of the immoveable winds that have stirred in him the work, he will proceed from film to film, opposed only by human contacts; human contacts which unaware of the giant soul before them, may attempt in their ignorance to dispossess the filmmaker's charms and discharms that emanate from him.

But again, if a filmmaker is truly a filmmaker, he will have the knowledge which one could state as being that of Matter and Anti-Matter. He possesses that mirror which presents for him: (a) what is seen, (b) what is not seen, (c) the opposite of what is seen, (d) the opposite of what is not seen. Being able to soar, hover, and descend into this treacherous domain (probably, *the true Reality*), he creates; and what he creates is an opposition in the film spectator which is called Understanding. Unfortunately, for most film spectators it is not the tiresome act of understanding, but a deliberate attempt to unmask the filmmaker's work. Were such an unmasking to take place the film spectator would view Nothingness, become stunned and paralyzed.

II

I am trying, as I speed back to Zürich from Firenze to celebrate with Love, Passion, Hope and Ever Renewed Devotion, such a filmmaker as America has ever anticipated. My shouts of joy concerning his new work roar down from the heights of these Swiss mountains like so many waterfalls. But the people round the globe have lost their souls; their emotions have become clouded by a false and insensate desire of Equality. They have no time to listen, but I shall shout and keep shouting, for I have no time to lose towards my goal, and that other goal: *the one which will be built of wood from the forests of Arcadia, and of granite from ... ?*

In Firenze, travelling all night for help, I arrived at 5:30 a.m. Having nowhere to go until 8:30 a.m., I wandered slowly about the city as the Morning Star's light relinquished the Florentine night of its Barnesian humours. I walked to the Piazza della Signoria where a group of florists' cars suddenly broke the silence of the sweet morning with a blasting of their horns before the statue of the frozen god, and a visible rustle of bird's wings clamoured towards the gates made of horn and ivory. It is difficult to capture sounds, those of birds; but the difficulty is that which contains the element of originality; *my thoughts are escaping towards the soundtrack!*

Some blocks away, where I had held the dove for the opening scene of *From the Notebook of...*, the sun was in spanking, playful, visible delight. The little store where the doves had been purchased was closed, but inside the other birds could be heard. A glance again at this location produced the matted image in its horizontal splendour like a jewelled, Greek sacrificial dagger. This use of the mattes created, cut and developed with such extraordinary simplicity by Beavers, is truly, one of the dazzling surges of the new work. To take a piece of heavy black paper *(that, perhaps, anti-matter, I suggested earlier)* and to formalize, what must now become a basic creative postulate of filmmaking becomes unbelievable. This gift of expression offered to the spectator is no different than that distant vision when Neanderthal Man first smiled; of that equally distant vision when the first red apple of the tree of the Second Paradise will first be tasted by some spatial robot who will instantly become Man lost since then in technology's unrelenting progress towards disaster.

Those who protest that mattes have been used before are of complete indifference for me, for such protests lack the necessary complex notions that are Filmmaking for the few. Simply, the nearly total lack of complicated equipment and Beavers' rivalling greatness as a true filmmaker is what has produced the first book of the film, and yet, superbly not a book, but a supreme film, *From the Notebook of...*

III

There is in the legend of Perceval, a bridge of glass over which Perceval must traverse, guided by a donkey, without fear of falling into the river below; for to Perceval it seems that there is no bridge there at all because of its transparency. The film spectator of *From the Notebook of...* must be equally bold. There is no need to panic for Beavers guides the film spectator across to the other bank, and even, at one point turns this transparent bridge about from bank to bank, until he finally returns the film spectator to the beginning of the end of *From the Notebook of...*

Many creators of great stature have tried to utilize the idea of *notebook*; few have succeeded. The reasons for their failure are diverse. For Beavers the obvious triumph may be: (a) because he chose his subject there within the very city of Firenze; (b) because he realized he had the perfect subject, da Vinci, for the *notebook*; (c) because, and most important, his own notebook subdued the da Vinci notebook; and, (d) coupled with this importance, Beavers' specific youth, arranged and rearranged what is *From the Notebook of...*

"But tell us! Tell us! What it is about?" request those who will read this essay; those who will be unable because of the state of *film as film* to view this Masterwork.

What can I tell you? The dove is released; the mattes begin their winged flight, they change from the white wings of the bird to those of the opposite black and white mattes *(matter, anti-matter)*; we are within a crystal globe of Reality and without a crystal globe of Reality, observing memory's Gate of Horn: Leonardo's horse; the child that was, perhaps, the essence of Mona Lisa; his waves; his fabulous heavenly, golden hair; his notes but not his notes, but Beavers' postulates on film, the true book of the film this *From the Notebook of...*

Acknowledged be, Master Filmmaker!

15th of October, 1971
Approaching Zürich

IN OTHER WORDS IT IS HIS TONGUE

I

Sound is the soul of the filmmaker; and yet since the first piece of celluloid was pawned towards that miraculous spectator SINCE become disillusioned and disinterested in the medium of motion pictures, there has not been much sound worthy of that manly trinity which the ancients felt could rise to the celestial spheres, descend to the nether regions, and at the same time wander endlessly in the void between nether and celestial spheres. *The soul exists.*

The Aladdin manifestations of Méliès, the southern, pseudo-aristocratic filmic assumptions of D.W. Griffith, the sublime realisms with their inherently false documentation of Stroheim struggled, sometimes fiercely, towards the spoken elements. But the spoken element is a vital fragmentation whose opposite poles are the heart and the mind. It is between this incomprehensible valley that meaning becomes Beauty, that Beauty becomes the Spoken Word, that the Spoken Word becomes Action. Like the surging limitations of the body, the spoken element is limited; for this reason the myth that a single word could conceivably contain all the reasoning of Mankind. At this precise moment reasoning has been calculatingly perverted into Information. Suddenly Time itself becomes precious for man in his futile attempt to release not only the Energies, but also himself from the awesome grasp of Creation. He has paradise and imagines it is his inferno, and at the same time proceeds, consistently backwards into purgatory. Time captured is not time released, but time suspended. Time released would be the very act of Creation. When we open our mouths to speak it is probably the closest moment that man in his present confused form ever approaches Creation. And he has done so for thousands of years; yet his Understanding is daily becoming Unthinking: the process imposed by the spectre of Information; *the hardware assurances of twentieth century society.*

II

It is, perhaps, ludicrous to discuss the elements of sound during this grave moment which will establish the tradition of the creative film, *the film as film*, when audiences, distributors, theatre owners and commercial directors slush in the same quagmire: but it is imperative. Imperative because true filmmakers continue their work oblivious to the discontent of the populations of the world of which they are apart. This continuation is the true function of the filmmaker; it serves as that most exquisite illusion, the preservation of society that which poets once served.

In the conventional film sound is usually recorded in association with the spoken dialogue or added later in some, more or less, precise manner, again in the conventional sense. There is a total lack of psychological distance between sound and image. But in the creative film, *the film as film*, there must be, because of the creative process, a psychological distance between sound and image. This is not to be confused with the generalized idea of experimentation *(one does not seek deliberate experimentation in any medium)*, with the popular idea evident in present terminology, I think of the words: *scientific* and *research*; both an appalling affront to the creative spirit.

In René Clair's commercial film production *Sous les troits de Paris*, there is a sense of psychological distance between sound and image; but it is sparse, it is preplanned, adjusted, fitted to the immediate needs of the film spectator, in anticipation of hearing, seeing a sound film. Then in Rouben Mamoulian's *Becky Sharp*, there is that continuous, infectious aura of the sound of the period, the thirties, in which there is continuous spoken dialogue; the overwhelming voice of Miriam Hopkins. The psychological distance here between sound and image is varied only in so far as the actress, Miriam Hopkins, moves from one voice pick-up area to another as in a play. With von Sternberg's *Caprice Espagñole*, sound and image achieve a certain psychological distance, but because of the limitations of commercial ties to the production company this remarkable commercial director found himself bound by Intention itself. Then in Eisenstein's laboured *(I mean this in two senses, laboured as to effort, and laboured as to boredom) Ivan the Terrible*, sound and image, again achieve barely a sense of psychological distance. Finally with the Chinese films I have seen in New York City, there is a search forward, striving for psychological distance between image and sound which in turn becomes more an elaboration of psychological Impact between the performance and the film spectator.

III

Creativity, in the beginning, without a single doubt in my mind *becomes* only so long as there is no deliberate imitation; so long as there is no theory involved; so long as there is no interference in what is being developed; so long as there is only Enthusiasm. I consider for a moment the image Mekas and the image Greece. There is a similarity: a sublime respect and desire to build; the destructive forces are stunned. Yet the economic forces which create the loneliness of man, the man in the crowd, and unsuspectingly, today, more than ever, advance the creative spirit of filmmaking *(in this myriad and horrible opposition),* dismiss Mekas, dismiss Greece. The elaborate French games of the modern, of the contemporary, ineffectual definitions which have always plagued music, painting, dancing, these ineffectual definitions now plague *the film as film.*

Creativity is achieved in the Unspoken; to speak, to discuss is to destroy the work. It is the fatal human desire which insists on agreement, which in turn develops compromise. Rare are those great individuals who can survive this desire; rare are those individuals who can view compromise and not be stunned by it. Concerning compromise there are two types: one type which accepts compromise as a way of beginning; the second type is he who makes the fatal mistake of compromise before compromise is even asked of him: *all film students.* As an aside in this latter case I may say that it is only through an unexpected and fortunate accident that a film student may be jarred in a creative direction, provided it is his wish. Last week in my own chance lecture and film presentation at the Film Academie, here in Amsterdam, I may have accomplished as much; either during the class or after when a group of students who had remained mute during the film presentations (my own *Ming Green,* and Tom Chomont's newly completed *Love Objects*) and discussions revealed their innermost needs as they described the morbid conditions of their classes, their instructors, and the constant bombardment of the idea 35mm. To such a few one could say as I did, *Begin! Begin as you wish.*

IV

In the theatres, auditoriums, school rooms where films are still presented, the only grace of sound is that a 16mm film, as was apparent last Friday and Saturday (the presentation of Robert Beavers' works), can be projected under adequate conditions. Usually it is the contention that the sound of 16mm is not agreeable to any but educational or home movie type presentations. At the same time a mediocre use of a sound editing table, as was apparent during a viewing at one of the television stations in Hilversum, destroyed the quality of both image and sound. One young woman remarked to me, "We show the films on this screen because this is the size ... the way the films will be seen in television sets at home ..." Not for a minute did she consider the effect on her considerations for the medium of film, on her own thinking, her own ultimate restrictions in using the poorly operating editing table projection system, day after day.

The same may be said of cine-clubs which present films in such a manner as to create a total misunderstanding of what in such cases is a mournful presentation and a complete destruction of psychological distance between the film presentation and the film spectator.

And as for cinémathèques, the misery of the *film* as *film*, the presentations, the disrespect to the medium continues unabated in the same vein; meagre pretensions for the education of a non-existing and certainly totally disinterested film public; a public oblivious to most efforts by cinémathèques to impose the commercial film as the supreme image of culture. Even the Anthology Film Archives of New York City fail, having compromised before compromise was even necessary. But this was true even in the beginning of the New American Cinema movement. I am recalling that famous meeting, circa 1960, when the idea was calculated. Fortunately, the achievements of the filmmakers could not be calculated as easily. The hope for an integration of certain results into Independent, that is, commercial efforts having failed completely, if not miserably. Anything said otherwise being a delusion. Sadly, the same attitudes are now being initiated in many other countries and without the extraordinary results of survival (like the American) of a handful of Constant Filmmaking Filmmakers.

I remember distinctly, what I consider to be the famous dinner in Bruxelles in an expensive Chinese restaurant, Madame Wey's, with

Jacques Ledoux, curator of the Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique, in which the undercurrent (I was not aware of the essence of the dinner conversation until much later – my naiveté serves its purpose) was a discussion, "Is the Avant-Garde valid?" And I was asked what I would do if I were asked to proceed into a commercial production. Little did I suspect, in my anxiety and determination to print *The Illiac Passion*, that I was being gently coerced that particular evening by my feasting companions into nearly, partially, accepting the European compromise of becoming pseudo-experimental and commercial. The results of such attitudes have now become apparent, some years after the Knokke festival, in the works made under commercial demands and commands. Knokke changed nothing. It merely contributed to the outrageousness of what is called advance in commercial filmmaking; one of the worst examples being the Elisabeth Films production of Vera Chytilova's last film.[i] *Knokke, commercialism, and censorship ...*

V

What is the psychological distance between sound and image in the creative film? And I do not mean creative in the common, heterosexual sense, where anything constructed, put together by human hands is called creative.

The creative film is begun without any pretence or concern as to how it will be financed, how it will be distributed, how, in fact, it will be achieved. It is simply begun because the figure beginning is a filmmaker. His concern is no different than that of a physician, than that of a lawyer, than that of a statesman. He is a filmmaker because it is his Concern; it is his life.

In the case of the great, young American Wonder, Robert Beavers, the work is slowly developed, week after week, through an elaborate and continuously developed series of notes; notes constantly gathered; constantly studied and added to the particular notebook. Such was the case with Beavers' last completed work, *From the Notebook of ...* This film was prepared in Firenze under very difficult and often gruelling financial conditions. Its initial premise is the vast notebook of Leonardo da Vinci in which Beavers was vitally interested. But beyond da Vinci was the glorious vision of Beavers; for Beavers is, truly, one of the first of his kind. Not only has he a key to filmmaking itself, and a form which he has now developed through some ten or more films, but he is the first of his kind, a theory of film itself, developed consistently throughout his work. A theory unlike Pudovkin where it is dramatic, a theory unlike Eisenstein where it is again dramatic and operatic, a theory unlike Dziga Vertov where it is of the circus and the cabaret: popular, but a theory developed and expounded in the total and successful apprehension of his medium as a cosmos within a cosmos.

It was apparent when Beavers made *Plan of Brussels*, in 1968, the direction he was taking and the fantastic originality of his concern, that is the form of his work. Further, with *Diminished Frame*, made in Berlin in 1970, he conceived a superb work where not only did he present his visual and melodic ideas to the film spectator able to perceive them, but he at the same time expounded his theory within the film itself, by showing how it was done, why it was done. And during this whole period, until last April 1971, he was at constant work with the great work *Degeneration*; a film for which he shot a roll of one hundred feet each month.

Actually, *From the Notebook of...* is that natural extension and development of a major creative figure (only twenty two years old) which presupposes the dignity of creativity itself. Few survive. *From the Notebook of...* contains the necessary psychological distance between sound and image. And, in this film of Beavers the sound is immaculately and painfully conceived; I say painfully, as it would have been very easy to add sound on sound to the work. However, Beavers sensed what was needed: sound must stand to image in perfect accord and discord. The sounds of the beating wings of the birds, the water sounds become simple in the work; but in becoming or seeming simple they are in reality complex, and in many instances the sounds survive (I think of several water sounds) beyond the point of audibility in the ensuing silence. Beavers works his sounds in a sumptuous development like the composer Sibelius. He is a master because he will not use all the sounds that are available to him. It is more than being selective. One need only recall the soft but powerful "Heils" of *Diminished Frame*, a monumental statement on Germany. Even in the beautiful social statement of the short and silent, 9 minute film, *on the everyday use of the eyes of death*, made in Rome in 1968, one senses sound, and that psychological distance which is necessary for sound and image; the basic element necessary to filmmaking.

VI

Psychological distance between Sound and image is only possible if the creative filmmaker is able to work unencumbered with his Task which is filmmaking in the image of himself. *He must always be the many leafed tree, the tree itself*, inorder to be true to himself, his medium, therefore his audience; those spectators who will in future years be capable of understanding what he has presented to them. *In other words it is his tongue!*

13th of November, 1971
Amsterdam

ART IS NOT KNOWLEDGE

In a recent excursion to the monastery of the Chartreuse in the Valsainte I was told that the brothers totalled but twenty. As protectors of the forest and lands which they owned they were at peaceful seclusion with the outer world. The gardens, the produce were of a superlative quality and I was certain that it was by the measure of their daily attendance that what I saw before me had lasted and would last beyond All Measure.

It is no different with the task established by Robert Beavers for his own work. Who at such an age, under the grim pressures of what is mentioned as civilized today, would take such magnificent heed with his work. One or two: Beavers. Beavers who displays a tenacity of Intention rarely, if ever before recalled in the brief history which has been the medium of film, too often perverted, though consistently, by the commercial needs of a world in deepest anger with itself.

To do the work is not a difficult matter. To give substance to the work done and to make it radiate is, however, a very, very difficult matter. A matter which few would undertake consciously. It is, perhaps, in the abundance with which Beavers is miraculously surrounded that a particular light, unseen, always protects him from an over indulgence in his filmmaking. I must now speak of the new work, *Work done.*

Work done was begun in Italy, continued in Switzerland, and completed again in Italy. The ultimate Sense of this work is that it has no seeming end. I doubt that even the soundtrack will have a seeming end. What does this mean? It means that Beavers has arrived, has been led by some force to the secret caves of his being. He has not researched in order to make the film. But he has searched; and because he has searched he has been rewarded by a work which is as fresh and pure as Gold. His alchemy is now and forever indisputable.

Beavers begins with the object of a piece of Ice. He ends with the horrific unending imagery of the blood pancakes found and filmed in Firenze, Italy. In the opening of the ice is the silence of a strange and uncanny voice. In the blood pancakes this voice, unnamed, speaks. It is the course of the blood. Humanity. And more than humanity, it is the subtle birth of a new Sound, a sound of the medium Film which has remained unsuspected. Brakhage has spoken of the Film not needing sound, but his work is impure. It is, in fact contaminated. How unlike the work which is *Work done.*

The knowledge to be found in *Work done* is that which alchemy, is that which the sciences, is that which the arts have always attempted to discover, but always have failed to find in their desperate attempts to entertain, to bear forth the fruits of knowledge or art. It is to Beavers with his great love and insistence on the strict measure of all that he views and touches, that the medium, his medium, the Film, has permitted him to speak in the purest sense. The sense which gives other colours to river beds, to forests, to mountains, and to the human figure.

The reason is as Beavers has said himself, ART IS NOT KNOWLEDGE. And in so saying he has multiplied what was not his first intention; he has breathed for the film spectator the first of his Heavenly Words: *Work done.*

Today when a filmmaker like Beavers is told, as he was the other day, that the film critics would not allow his work to be shown (though they had not even seen it) because they were no longer interested in the creative film, it becomes necessary to follow the difficult path which is that of the Line On The Horizon. Again, one or two Shall; Beavers Shall. The others will flounder in trying to find what film is; and, in the end of this particular episode they will realize, those who will arrive to view the works of Beavers on his Crystal Screen, that in order to create one must be aware of the elements which lead to the heights of Light, of Colour, and of Sound.

6th of September, 1973
Charmey
On going to Bern, Eros having completed the sound to Work done

THE THRESHOLD OF THE FRAME

I am writing of the most original filmmaker in the history of filmmaking. For some weeks prior to his arrival in Venezia, he has immersed himself from afar in the bricks of Venezia. And with each brick catalogued within the logic of his filmmaking, he has since begun constructing a part of the threshold of the frame for his work *Ruskin*. A work in black and white; a work in colour.

He has recalled, Robert Beavers, that what is left of Venezia is the space and little of anything else. It is the immense empty Area of Hell and Purgatory. It is only in the eye, in the Eye of Patience of Beavers, that the hidden Arabian fragment is found; and what the pen of Ruskin noted a thousand times is now being observed. Beavers is rescuing the voice of Ruskin from the distrust of humanity, of oblivion and is slowly elevating it to Paradise. These are matters unpredictable and a magnificent tribute to the Courageous Imagination, the most eloquent and necessary of the human possibilities, and, this Moment, the sole hope for Mankind. This is filmmaking, that which is recovered and extended like a diaphanous, miraculous veil separating the soul of the Eternal Conscience from the soul of Ordinary Man. Neither planning, adding or scraping, but preserving, the filmmaker ascends. He perceives the glow of the true light which is seen somewhere out of the Infinite Past through the columns of the finest alabaster: that which becomes the final form of the work.

Today with a singular respect for the pornographic politicians that are strangling film, everyone discusses film and learns about film. So *film as film* systematically separated from the essentials, from the few elements that make up film itself, continues to be in a state of emergency; and, will continue to be in a state of emergency until the first stone is laid of the Temenos, the Intuition Space of two universal filmmakers named: Beavers, Markopoulos.

The rain which is falling as I write this is the beginning of the Deluge, but Beavers is pursuing his Filmmaking. I have watched him in my dismay filming Noah drunk with the juice of the ancient pleasure, Wine.

Beavers has pointed to the birds, to the minute grapes, to the very beard of Noah himself; a beard beautifully entwined and, perhaps, the magic symbol of the man who created Noah. Noah alive, filmed in black and white and dipped even before the editing, let alone the developing of the footage is commenced, in the splendid colour, the Dye of Resurrection, which will be the work of Beavers called *Ruskin*.

Beavers has spoken of going to the beginning, going to the East, of entering the basilica in the right frame of mind. This he has done himself in his constant reading of the three volumes *The Stones of Venice* by Ruskin. He has even found the supplements for the three volumes in the Marciana; and, he has duly photographed three of the plates.

In this manner Ruskin has appeared, but only Beavers can imagine him; and, I myself can only catch a glint of the sparks which are the heavenly fire that protect the work. Such was the case the other day when in a square a group of birds settled in the vines of the Church of St. Gregory. There Beavers filmed, and before the birds scattered, one kept fluttering in the air like the spirit of the place. Who knows but it was urging in this time of chaos Persistence; who knows but it was fluttering/saying that it would be twice as difficult to realize *Ruskin* than it was the Beavers film made in Firenze. Who knows?

To date, Beavers has filmed thirty minutes in black and white, in colour, for *Ruskin*. He has spoken of filming wondrous Soglio; the mountains that are like Giants; and where Giants can reach to the stars. It is an idea, Soglio, in keeping with Ruskin himself. Beavers has also mentioned the use of titles or phrases spoken from Ruskin. These are the thoughts of the dove unseen before the perfume of the rose in its celestial bower. The bower where the mosaic representing Adam receiving the spirit of God from a winged figure *is solved*.

16th of October, 1973
Albergo San Marco, Venezia

Less than one week in Soglio, that miraculous village of the sun found one year ago, and the very same village where the editing of *Work done* was accomplished by Beavers, has found him filming the uncatalogued material for his work *Ruskin*, now become *FAULT*.

Even in Venezia, during the daily filming prepared so sparingly, so meticulously by Beavers like the ancient masons in charge of building, like one of the old, very old, creators of the mosaics of the basilica now strategically destroyed in the process of a humiliating restoration, a restoration insulting the intelligence of the beholder, Beavers realized that Ruskin might well have written his great work in the mountains. And so, the pulse of the work, *FAULT*, is here in Soglio, this stern sacred place. This place with its constantly moving elements; its constantly moving, but stationary rocks; its constantly changing light reigning supreme like the figure in Tintoretto's beautiful painting of God creating the animals.[i] And Beavers creates, leading Us in the footsteps of the First Creative Universal Medium, His Film, Our Film.

If Venezia commanded faults to be found amongst its human faults, the landscape of Soglio demanded the Original. In Venezia Beavers had used the motif of the turning of the turret with three different lenses in place. To this he added the complementary motif of the Time of Day. But, here, in Soglio, the idea proceeded towards the origins of the cinematic fault, and became Beavers' motif of the lens partly off the aperture gate, but still intact in its turret placement. Thus, as he immediately observed, "... the lens being off opens the threshold of the frame."

Within a space of a quarter of an hour, Beavers further anticipated by the grace of Intuition, that the lens partly off the aperture gate, also, became possessed of the majesty of the Image itself, actually inverted. One wonders how the word could be inverted, or whether it could be inverted. Perhaps, what the image must do inorder to survive, to become an image, is not necessary for the word to imitate inorder to become the word. This leads, of course, to the fault of image, and the fault of sound. Few have understood the matter; and many have helped pervert both image and sound. But again, to the image: we think of diminished sounds, but do we ever think of diminished images! Beavers did and it was as if he were seeing mystic Persian Tables in the sky above Soglio. Persian Tables, *FAULT*, the Angels of Rilke, for Rilke wrote his prose works in Soglio, these become after the instant of creation Inexplicable. And the future film spectator of *FAULT*, or any other work of Beavers, might understand, only if he were to journey here. To journey to Soglio just as Beavers journeyed to Murano to view, to film the Apse of Murano, with its triangles of different colours of marble.

Yet it is the Inexplicable which bears the fruit which is Man's Occupation, the Scheme of Enlightenment. But the scheme is subtle like the constant forms of shifting fog. For like fog, the Inexplicable touches the rocks, the trees, the fallen leaves, the millions of chestnuts falling from the trees, and is mingled with the sounds of lambs and goats and the trod of the peasant, Or: the light whir of Beavers' camera. There is speech in the whir of the camera as it gathers the Images, the Thoughts, which are later sealed in their editing Attendance, waiting to Approach when the film is printed and ultimately passed on the beam of light; even sunlight, perhaps.

Should there exist images between frames which are never seen, so there may well be sounds between the moment of the unseen image, between the image seen, and the image unseen. There is Paradise! And as a filmmaker films may he not be recording the essence of sound itself in the image if his spiritual charge is great enough, and in the case of Beavers so great, that out of the Image would appear, shall appear the Voice?! The final task, of course, is the voice. How we speak, why we speak, to should we speak. Is not Silence the Fault? Or is the Fault Silence? For Beavers' *FAULT*, the answer must lie in the fact that he has already considered a trinity of locations. This is Father, Son and Holy Ghost! Three voices elevated to one in the sense of the Byzantine Symbol of the sun, the moon and the hand, and suspended Infinitely upon a Byzantine Rose.

Here it is Paradise for *Ruskin*. For *Ruskin* resolves *FAULT*. For *FAULT*, if it is to have a trinity of locations, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, will surely speak *from Ruskin*.

7th of November, 1973
Soglio

The privilege of Sound is in its translation. Like the skin of an antelope which is dyed blue, and the script, the words enhanced through the touch of gold by the selective mind of the translator, so, too, the film-maker assumes his never ending Task, the use of sound from film to film; the use of sound from moment to moment in a particular film.

Sound is a Luxury and must be accompanied with those other luxuries: Beauty and Intelligence. This is true, today, more than ever; the reason being as Beavers has often privately explained, "Because we are afraid of anything aesthetic." For his definitive example, Beavers tells us of the similarity between Braque and Henry James: "Both were great craftsmen and they were not afraid of the aesthetic. They were not modern in the sense of Picasso."

Without the sense of the aesthetic, in this case the words of Ruskin himself, the Great Moment, embarrassing intuitively and then objectively, as the sound is placed to the images of *Ruskin, A Reading* can Beavers reveal the answer to his recent question, "Can the voice be the movement of the film?" As Carlyle has said it is in one man's head alone.[ii] The voice is the voice of Love; that is Voice! And it is always to be discovered in the Great Residence of Waiting.

Beavers has been waiting. The rushes which were prepared in Venezia are developed. The rushes which were prepared in Soglio are developed. And, now enroute to London, the rushes prepared in London and brought to Ascona, and the rushes prepared in Ascona and sent to London, for these are times to speak of Heroes, are being developed. Time which is the true creator of Intuition, and in turn is the essence of Language, for film the Intuition of Film, is enveloping in its sacred mist the words which it will reveal during the editing which is Thought, and much later for the film spectator of *Ruskin, A Reading*, the power to think, from the eternal matter.

Words spoken and returned from the darkness of the unopened pages of Ruskin, will in *Ruskin, A Reading* be recorded in the sacrificial pomp of the sound studio by Beavers. His manner of preparation will be not unlike his choice, his discovery of the lenses partly off the turret surface of his Bolex camera, uncannily illustrating an instant of Ruskin's Moral Arch Become Beavers' Moral Intuition.

The article of faith in *Ruskin, A Reading* is not only in the extensive execution of the filming, but in the building of a shimmering line of the Horizon, so that Beavers completes the work with the words of John Ruskin. The architecture has been the filmmaking. The arch must be the voice!

29th of December, 1973
Ascona

"CAN THE VOICE BE THE MOVEMENT OF THE FILM?"

The answer which Robert Beavers is about to reveal, after nearly a month or more apart from *Ruskin, A Reading*, rests with Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Joachim Floris.[iii] The murmurs of Venezia shall persist to the completion of the work; this major work.

"Can the voice be the movement of the film?" Light and voice. Exposure. Colour and voice. The mosaic sustained. Does light have a voice? Does the voice have light? Colour and voice. Does the voice have colour? Does colour have voice?

"Can the voice be the movement of the film?" Again, in Ascona, Beavers filmed the variations of black and white. The movement from black to white, and later from white to black like the eternal Day and Night of Venezia; like the never ending current against the foundations of Venezia Ascending.

"Can the voice be the movement of the film?" The image remains; the Father remains. The colour descends upon the film spectator's senses; the Son descends. The voice begins to ascend; the Holy Ghost ascends. The belief of one man's achievement moves rapidly.

"Can the voice be the movement of the film?" Is it the length of a sentence which equates to the strengths of shadows, and the volumes of Light? Particular locations, filmed at particular hours of the day speak like the repetitions of words. The ultimate point is the movement of the film. But where the words? Where the sound?

"Can the voice be the movement of the film?" In the voice there is light. In the voice there is colour. Each word has colour, just as each colour has Celestial Speech, for the voice is the voice of the filmmaker! What

must be measured is the length of the voice to the movement of the film; for in the beginning, one must recall, the length, the First Length, is the actual filming, long or brief of the material Become: squares, windows, doorways, sculpture, and above all Shadows and Light. Contrasts. Venetian contrasts which within each shot contain a further length, the movement of light as it has been captured; *and*, as it is Remembered by the filmmaker.

"Can the voice be the movement of the film?" There is the speech of Noah. There is the speech of the birds before St. Gregory's. There is the speech of the vines. There is the speech of the inlaid bands of Murano; the marble triangles. White marbles and coloured marbles; carved and uncarved. Noticed and unnoticed. Heard and not heard, yet before us. THERE IS THE SPEECH OF BEAVERS, his images, his Thought. In the *film as film* speech is not sound, nor do images ask for speech.

"Can the voice be the movement of the film?" It may be said that the sound for *Ruskin, A Reading* has for some time been approached just as the heights of Venetian palace windows: the desired light, the desired sound; both the voice. The voice, the words. The joy of the word in sound is Sound. Yet the word is sound. The word seen can be Voice; but the film spectator must be able to Read; *Ruskin, A Reading* by Robert Beavers.

19th of February, 1974
Bern

CLARITY UPON CLARITY THROUGH REFLECTION

To join the word to the Image is like the River in the passing landscape or in the sunken garden, where here and there, if it is dusk an element of mysterious mist adds to the viewers' Interest – Silent As He Is.

From another view the river's width reveals a different Language. What is its Association to the clouds above or to the pool in the sunken garden with its Goldfish?

One may fashion Sound For Film or Speech according to the Necessities of one's form; that is, the Film Form. And, certainly, Sound For Film or Speech depends upon one's own Gifts and Vision of the medium.

Who can say but Sound For Film or Speech may not be like the faint brush of light upon Summer's leaves; bewilderingly silver-toned. Who can say but Sound For Film or Speech may not be like the exquisite song of an unseen Bird (recognized only by the Great in their Home or in their Art) addressing another bird, also, unseen in a Venetian cage, near rooms where Veronese still hums Dynamically; but where restorers have been disrespectful not unlike juries and critics, Today.

Inorder to create words – Sound For Film or Speech – one must know for what purpose and to That Purpose Must Begin. It is no different than the farmer collecting fodder or hay. In some countries it is gathered in one form; in other countries in another form. Always according to the Superstition of the region. But gathered and used it is: with Purpose.

Yet, I suppose, for the purest Sound For Film or Speech, one must be capable of Returning or Recollecting those early days when one first learned about Words. What was the first Sight of the Letter? What was the first Sight of the Word? What was the first Sight of the Sound of the Letter? What was the first Sight of the Sound of the Word? And then sentences took form as clouds will, and, these sentences gave meaning, just as there are Secret Meanings in clouds for those who can Read them.

Much later, as rainbows will form, other words were Discovered, till a Particular and always Pure, Personal, Vocabulary Grew. With this Vocabulary the Door was kicked open by the God and the sunlight poured in. Like majestic and youthful Achilles' leap upon the Trojan shore, the strength of the handsome foot Touched the Sand and the Water Gushed Forth.

Sound For Film or Speech is often like the reflections of a stream in clouds, trees, and the Very Landscape; Around; Above; the Stream itself. Often *sound* is like the cows, lazy in groves of poplar; moving slowly or frozen in their own speech, hour after hour; without human or inhuman conscience. There is the meaning of classic and modern. Why insist upon a difference and for what reason. It is the same thing. False are those who speak of the Modern to those taking their first steps towards the Meaning of Their Medium, in this case Film. Research is not Modern Art nor is it Classic Art. Research, Modern, are the poison of viperous tongues contaminating the world; fortunately, Only For The Time Being.

Here and there, Sound For Film or Speech will join fittingly to the Image like some distant ruin or manor house: but Briefly revealing itself. But briefly revealing itself is like the use of the faded word or sentence; there is purpose to it if it is understood.

Sound For Film or Speech; Words written or Words spoken contain equal moments of Active Strain. The Source, as Robert Beavers will realize in his projected new film are the Nerves. Take for instance focusing or handwriting; depending on the tensions involved focusing and handwriting become what they Become. This idea struck me the other day after completing my filming of Jean-Louis Barrault in Paris.[i] I had had to fight to do the portrait – we are also in the hands of Secretaries today. I was very nervous and I wondered how my focusing, done so rapidly, would be.

There is the briefest sound for Sound For Film or Speech; and, there is the longest sound for Sound For Film or Speech. Or the lesser and the greater. None depend, precisely, on meaning; but rather on Weight not unlike the body of Achilles ransomed – balanced by an equal amount of gold.

Always the speed of the images is best opposed by the Sound or Speech. In Robert Beavers' *Ruskin*, the effortless Glance, the Images: his three locations of Venezia, Soglio, London, rush along with the Full and Certain Cadence of Ability and Intention. This in both the Images and the superb editing, while the Sound, the Spoken Words from Ruskin move leisurely, apart from Time itself.

And Sound For Film or Speech will change as will the journey from France to Italy: Paris to Asolo. Finally, it will be like Venezia what it will be – the mountains become the truth, they are the colours of Venezia. The colours have been reached, so, too, Sound For Film or Speech: Clarity upon Clarity Through Reflection.

29th of May, 1974
Villa Freia, Asolo

THE GATHERING OF PERCEPTION AND JUDGEMENT

"The arts are dead in Europe. No one has done anything in the last ten years." – *R.B.B.*

PAGE.

"What are the great achievements in the last ten years? Can you think of any?" – *R.B.B.*

PAGE.

We are living at the moment of the poisonous crocuses. The end of Summer. Everyone is making films. The snow begins to fall slowly from the white skies. The pages from the heavens become evident. Is it not in China that white signifies the symptom of Death? Never mind. Film as Film lives. Snow, after all, does after all create a sound. It must fall. It must make a sound. Even in the endless Waiting which is the greater part of Creativity We Two attend to our position. Even in the endless Waiting which is the greater part of Creativity We Two perceive the Future juxtaposed.

PAGE.

"We are here inorder to go into the past." – *R.B.B.*

PAGE.

The snow which falls upon the miraculous soil, upon the wings of the birds left behind before the great migration, upon the wings of the Sentinel Birds, upon the trees painted by Tiepolo, announces the Superb Human Storm. Never mind. Film as Film lives on.

PAGE.

Certainty knows No Experimentation. Certainty knows No Education of Coercion. It is not necessary to search deliberately. It is not necessary to educate through coercion. Creativity fails like the parent today;

Creativity, the parent equated to the principle of happiness defeats itself. The principle towards purpose is nowhere in Sight. Instead coercion used to overcome the Moment.

PAGE.

Whatever the Location contains will become purposeful and Evident enough in the Work, if, and, Only If it is a valid work. The structure, the form, the colour, the sound, explained, reexamined, exhumed from decade to decade (comparable to those, who in everlasting damnation, incite the searches for New Talents and New Forms) never lead to the Work. It is no different than the bodies of dancers today, who are more determined in their physical advantages than their great predecessors, yet lack the Certain Spirit of their Art. Are they not like the film critics and film educators who imagine that they are making history, preserving civilization and ennobling Film?

PAGE.

"She knows all about film. What she knows about film is more important than film." – *R.B.B.*

PAGE.

The snow which is falling between the sky and the grass is the line betwixt which, in the present work Robert Beavers is creating, the proposed editing from one image to another image becomes the Horizon itself. I am considering the "epilogue" to Robert Beavers' marvellous *Ruskin* "epilogue." An "epilogue," which may well become more than an ordinary "epilogue," an "epilogue" which may well become the *beginning at the end of Ruskin*. For when we least expect it we reach our goal; our goal becomes possible. The falling snowflakes recreate the waterfalls which had become dormant and invisible. Like Ruskin himself the Strength has always been there; the *Epilogue* to the *Ruskin* of Beavers is PROVING the WORD and the IMAGE.

PAGE.

For Beavers, his, Ruskin, become *Ruskin* from Ruskin's *The Stones of Venice*, and, elevated by Beavers into the spacious work the WORK has become, *and*, now the greater essence evaluated as the *Epilogue* reveals the unexpected footprint from the Past present in the Future.

the *Epilogue* itself:
"Everything I have filmed has been with the entire frame of the lens ..." - *R.B.B.*
... and ...
"None of it represents anything. It's all between the pages because it's all allusions to the other footage ..." - *R.B.B.*

PAGE.

The greater essence which Beavers has discovered is in the date of Ruskin's death *(20th of January, 1900)*. The Apotheosis. The Apotheosis of Perception and Judgement. The hand of the filmmaker on the volume as seen in *Ruskin*, now present in the context of the "epilogue" as several surviving elements: Ethics and Aesthetics. The silent white pages released from the tensions of common and oppressive information as Knowledge. The silent white pages reflecting the majestic mirror of Light and Fire. The silent white pages bursting like an unexpected mountain storm, forthwith upon the film spectator with Ruskin's tremendous, sustained Temper. This Storm again tempered by the filmmaker himself, with his own bold iron strokes, with his own calm rage firing the "epilogue" to *Ruskin*.

Robert Beavers' *Ruskin*.

Robert Beavers' *Epilogue*.

20th of October, 1974
Chalet Hortensia, Champéry

ERB AND TREE

Prologue: Defiance

Index-Hans Richter has twice plundered the conscience of the disoriented public. The first time during a presentation in Lausanne, and, the second time during a presentation in Nyon. In Lausanne, where they have all the ideas in time capsules which are shipped here and there like so many vitamins, the presentation was at nine in the evening. In Nyon, where they have excellent organization but no spirit, the presentation was at nine in the morning. Somewhere in the clouds partly catalogued by Ruskin, the astronomical presence of Jupiter equal to Saturn, acknowledged the desolate Cultural Zero of the decade.

The Lausanne presentation left one member of the audience, a television advisor, with eyes as red as sun spots. Did the film suffer as much in its journey through the projector?

During the Nyon presentation, which was composed of prominent documentary filmmakers, their immediate reaction was shameless. As shameless as their absurd existence as vessels of propaganda covered all these years within a hopeless veil concealing Athenianism.[i] One understood everything with this latest exposé. One understood how the calculated politeness was an evasion. One understood how the flippant familiarity and gaiety was, still, a further evasion which had been manipulated by the forces, the offices which manipulate such matters and keep them in ultimate control to the detriment of the public and the Good.

Generation to generation. Council to council. The range of defiance from one presentation to another presentation of *Index-Hans Richter*, Lausanne, Nyon, and next La Chaux-de-Fonds continues splendidly. And which the mere defiance? One God's perfect Defiance. One God's machine having created another, a faltering, imperfect defiance. One the eternal truth: the beautiful sight, a prism in the sky. The other, the untruth, the mere convention, the hopeless change. Both predicted. Images. Useless statistics analyzed to support other nonsensical, false statistics.

The voice of the Supreme Images of the Tree of ERB speaks:

"The hundreds of people who stand before the Parthenon with blank minds. In fact, most people walk through the museum with blank minds until their feet hurt."

As regional councils and international advisory boards continue their useless clatter in search of Ideas; as meagre defiance performs its useless but incestuous Béjartian movements within its own ludicrous Illusion, the Universe wakens anew. Its protecting Rays descend upon those in danger. Those who would see the Tree of ERB destroyed fail to reach it. The Rays envelop it, the suspended viewpoint before Immortality.

The voice of the Supreme Images of the Tree of ERB speaks:

"The viewpoint is suspended above the horizon."

I

"Do you know what the matter is with the Europeans? They are afraid of the Cycle of History."

"They've abandoned their culture."

"Do you know why? It no longer represents the power ..."

Professors in Italy, France and England have many librarians under their constant control. The librarians are obliged to give them lists of anyone who may be researching in their field. Under such control certain books are not given to certain researches. This is true of Art History. The Victoria and Albert. The Warburg Institute in London.

Thoughts off the Aperture:

"Refractions in the lens (when it is off the aperture) ..."

While filming the sky in Champéry for the "epilogue" to *Ruskin*, Beavers recorded patches of green, red and blue.

"... colours that were not there."

"No colour because they are snow clouds."

Snow Clouds. No Colour: London, 15th of November, 1974.

The Strength of the Tree of ERB burdened by the awakening moments of the Temenos glows in Light Years. New leaves, unsuspected, touch other leaves. Snow in the mountains. Yet the sun is shining in the village of the Soul where God lowered his ladder. The editing awaits excitedly for its voice. The hunger pangs of Bruxelles, the insults of Bruxelles vanish before the Work. The Christmas Child speaks:

"Those who would unite all peoples would destroy all peoples. Only the Work is capable of uniting. Only the Work can unite. Where there is the true Work there is no language barrier."

The Christmas Child speaks again:

"If there is a language barrier it is a problem created in lieu of creation itself."

The directors and advisors turn their turbans inside out.

Still the Christmas Child speaks but in a language which few may understand:

"Film is the closed open shutter."

"The frame ... the black and white background with the book on it is the closed and open shutter in one frame."

"When one edits between black and white, every black and white is the difference between the closed and open shutter, in more than one way."

London, 22nd of November, 1974, having left Bertaux's. The Christmas Child falls asleep:

"Because it is the shutter transferred from the camera into the film."

23rd of November, 1974 at breakfast.

For a moment the Christmas Child opens its quiet eyes:

"Between four fingers there are only three spaces."

II

From language to language, the same word becomes more or less inspiring. It is, again, a matter of understanding the worth not unlike the poignant photograph seen in a humble home on Starnberg Lake (Oberbayrn) some years ago, when I was searching for a room. The photograph had been taken in 1943. So language as a Sound, as an Image. In the silence of Reading, the word, colour, taste and the shape of desire become established. In the silence of Seeing, the word, colour, taste and the shape of desire Strengthen. Where Strength is perverted as in the victorious newsreels of the Second World War, the language seems monstrous. Its Issuance continues later in the documentary.

The joy of colour, the reds of an apple tree, the greens of a pear tree hark back to the origins of colour. All the reds. All the greens. These become significant. The recollection of colour is hidden in that first Receptive Moment of Childhood. In that Receptive Moment of Childhood Gained or Lost. If Gained, radiant forever. If Lost, lost forever.

It is the first acquaintance with the alphabet, with the word which creates colour, language and form. Before that gained or lost moment colour, language and form are meaningless. They are in the Paradise of Innocence. In that Sphere, the Hexagon, the origin of Creativity.

But having gained colour, language and form, there is the danger of not retaining the First Meaning. For always, in the First Meaning is the Strength. Fortunate are those who suddenly build their colours, their languages, their forms from the antlers of white reindeer. White reindeer who bestow Delight and stirring knowledge. Most remain without knowledge. Those few who recognize Both offer the only total, human dignity which is the Work, forever. The greatest since 1967 being the Planetary Figure, Beavers.

III

A moment for the Cultural Zero. A moment for the failures, the bad people, the enemies at the helm of non-existent culture. A moment for the promoters and destroyers. A moment before the sinister elements of video. A moment before the performers of art tapes.

Why do these elements continue in Time and seem like long forgotten New York dance settlement figures lost in the astonishing groups of cliques established by enterprising nationalities and foundations? Why the similarities in every country? Why the same types? Why the same visual plague? An Abbé opens his homely.

It is the eve of the completion of the "epilogue" to *Ruskin*.

Is it because the people responsible for the selection of performers, for that is what is ever chosen, never the creative figure who must always alight like one of God's Horses within the Discovery of Himself As A Creative Figure, are only capable of selecting those now impaired and uninspired? Is it because selectors and performers equate to what the public deserves? Is it no wonder that most heads of state cannot be interested in the arts on such a level. Better that they initiate Plato's *Lesser Hippias* until Kings and Queens are recalled, long after they have been forgotten. FINALLY, is it because people, always responsible, fail, inasmuch as they begin as failures; are, thus, prone towards failure; and, are chosen only for this false stabilizing concern: Failure?

High above Chalet Hortensia three reindeer appear, and remain motionless on the alp in the clear evening air, while a crescent hovers somewhere, and stars begin to appear amongst the peaks. Undaunted two figures standing, waiting.

The voice of the Supreme Images of the Tree of ERB resounds,

"I AM NOT INTERESTED IN MODERN ART AS MUTATION OF THE POPULATIONS."

Stone unmoveable.

III

The voice of the Supreme Images of the Tree of ERB resounds,

"The opposition of entertainment as Vice and Art as Virtue."

1st of February, 1975. St-Germain-des-Prés. An evening enroute to a projection of *Twice a Man* in which I saw my film in a mutilated form; the music, the titles, the rain cut.

And earlier, much earlier, after four days enroute, with three night's sleeping on the train: Champéry, Wien, Venezia, Champéry. The Conjuring of the Great Angel's Secret of the Circle where nothing is ever lost, and all is forever retained. Somehow the New American Cinema Fraud entered darkly,

"They're not on the level of human beings ... false ... ambitions."

The tongues of shoes mortify the stones and pavements of Paris as it slips back into the dark ages. The bones of Racine and Pascal vanish from the Église of St-Etienne-du-Mont and rest at the foot of the Tree of ERB. Love bursts its bonds. The voice of the Supreme Images of the Tree of ERB resounds,

"That's the beauty of film. It doesn't destroy."

2nd of February, 1975. Rue Blainville. But evil agencies have discovered the morbid opposite. The spectators attend and are poisoned. Grief mounts, but we will continue. Even as I write this Beavers is completing the matching of his sound for *Ruskin*, the immaculate version. What remains is the Calmness and Continuity.

The original figure of the youthful Burgher as conceived by Rodin appears. The majesty of the numbed attitude, the garments loose, fallen from his shoulders release Expression. The bronze masses return to listen to the sounds Between. It is always a return to the listening of sound,

"I'm going back to listen to my location."

ERB nearing Sion, enroute to Venezia for the recording of his sounds. 9th of February, 1975.

Then on the 11th of February, 1975, passing Brescia the mountains appear like great sea conches listening from afar to the voice of Venezia,

"Recording sound is like choosing the image."

There are things said which are not so much predictions, but rather the Sense Known because of Intuitive Feeling Observed in that zone of consciousness bestowed only to the creative individual.

The voice of the Supreme Images of the Tree of ERB resounds listening to the distant location,

"Listening to the location."

And further listening to the passages of time. Listening to the exquisite editing like precious gems cut and fixed in the most extraordinary conception. Morning, noon and afternoon reflecting the greater elements of Time: evening and Night. Evening and Night where sound is achieved.

What is sound? What is the sound of *Ruskin*? The haunting principle is *Pros To Paron*: For the Time Being. Towards the discovery of sound itself, for the voice is always there.

V

We speak about Language, but we do not understand Language. We speak about Image, but we do not understand Image. We speak of Language seeking only Image. We speak of Image seeking only Language. We speak of Language and mean Image. We speak of Image and mean Language. Nothing is sought as it should be sought. The capacity to seek has been abandoned for animation. Any kind of animation regardless of the ultimate consequence and harm; and, always with the hope that it can be registered, calculated, checked and dishonoured. To seek. To Give.

13th of February, 1975. Enroute from Monthey to Champéry. Those who give funds must learn as much to give and how to give, just as a Filmmaker learns how and how not to receive funds; and, furthermore, knows how and how not to form his Work from work day to work day. Those who give funds must disentangle themselves from the social traps they have been placed in for one reason or another. Those who give funds must dismiss the attitudes of those who are the base dealers of the works and lives of the creative individual (as opposed to the entertainer or the Talented One) for the sake of the contracts which furnish them with the means of promoting, in most instances, the worst. Those who give funds must realize the enjoyment of giving.

The Filmmaker gives the whole of his existence to his work. This is something which the individual in general does not seek, cannot seek, is incapable of seeking. The individual in general is not interested in Creativity. It is not in his nature to be interested. Yet this individual when he views or reads lays claim to the desire to know the work through the very creativity of the Filmmaker, something impossible. Undesireable. Yet the false desire is constantly there. It has been apparent with the French during more than several projections. And when an attempt is made to bring them from their proper space to the space of the Filmmaker, they misconstrue what is being said.

The individual everywhere retains an illusion of what is happening; of what the idea is, but never the Idea itself. The belief in the idea, which actually is not a belief, means nothing.

It contains on such a level no meaning. The experience of the Idea, which is the very activity of the Idea, is missing. Rarely can it be grasped, for the individual in general has no time, and no interest let alone patience to reach the Idea. Thus the breeding of the anonymous of the maze.

23rd of March, 1975. Palm Sunday. Walking from Notre Dame to the Église Saint-Etienne-du-Mont.

In Zürich the twin tapes like the Twin Stars I beheld a month ago, which startled me, waited for Monday. Waited for Monday to become the speech of *Ruskin*. Where this sound, where that sound; like the waters of the lagoon. And the soul of this very great work by Beavers. In truth the Filmmaker not only gives his Life, but also infinitesimal parts of his Soul for the liberation of the Work. In truth the Work achieved seen in future generations radiates the being of the creator, the Filmmaker.

But who will inherit the Work, *Ruskin*.

Who will inherit the Complete Order of Works by Beavers and Markopoulos? Those who are simple in mind. Those who will have the capacity to love. Therefore, let us forget the Sites of the Eyes, and return to the Greater Sites of the Heart.

VI

The voice of the Supreme Images of the Tree of ERB resounds, and the snow falls from its great branches in front of us.

"No conflict."

The book is there. *Ruskin* is there. It is only the people who enjoy the power they have to prevent Filmmakers from putting their ideas into effect who are not present. But they will soon be forgotten thanks to the messages from the clouds, just as they have already been dismissed. Romain Rolland stirs splendidly.[ii] Flaubert squints in disbelief.[iii] The Spring of 1975 seems cold. There is the possibility of frost. The Japanese trees are in danger. The wasteful surge of decadence and the Idea of Decadence pervades everything. The monstrous machine has been set in motion. The influence of the Germans in Nantes is appreciated.

"No conflict."

The book is there. Its first appearance on a packet of chocolates purchased for Tom Chomont in Knokke-le-Zoute at the train station. Christmas Day, 1974.

"No conflict."

The book is there. Its second extraordinary appearance was at St. Mark's, the 18th of January, 1975. There in front of us, the volume of the *Socratic Dialogues of Plato*, in Greek. The eventful sign. Athenianism is always the Beginning and the End. The information which is now being imposed on the public is perverse. The perverseness is infectious. The weight of its decision will be awesome.

"No conflict."

Therefore to Greece. To Greece for Greece has been forgotten. To Greece. To Light. To Colour. Towards the site of the Temenos. It is the shadow of the triangle in RUSKIN which points to the direction and location of the Temenos.

'No conflict."

Ruskin is completed. The work has entered towards the site of the Temenos. The Great Fatigue has laid several of the stones of the Temenos. Now it is time to dig towards the foundation with simple water and earth. Trees must be planted. Friends must become the Friends of the Temenos.

"No conflict."

Ruskin is completed. Curiously on the 25th of March, 1975. Therefore, XRONIA POLLA, BEAVERS. XRONIA POLLA.[iv] And, in the year after the forthcoming, XRISTOS ANESTI, the new work.[v] The next part of your Soul with Heart and Mind creating the unknown work; the Work which arrives from the depths of your heritage: ERB, your Tree. Erb, your Strength.

14th of January to 26th of March, 1975
Bruxelles/Champéry/Paris

ΠΝΟΙΗ

PNOEE

PROLOGUE: There are a few of us who by the grace and destiny of blood may properly be called Greek.[1] And we are Greek because we wish to be Greek. We know we are Greek. We came to Greece to find what was still left of Greece. Our anger has been very great. Greater, perhaps, than Pelops' son.[i] As a result of unique forces Greece is vanishing. The deplorable excesses of the present race is un-Greek. The natural elements Earth, Air, Water and Fire are forebearing themselves. The natural Truth, which is like the wondrous mind of the Innocent Creative Intelligence, has assumed, as it always does, marvellous proportions. The wind itself acknowledges the canvas of the ship. The dolphins repeat with their leaps the Great Repetition. Far behind are left the creatures who say, "We are trying." For trying is cheap and wishful imitation. For trying is like birth an insensible gesture made radiant. The necessity of birth is the impudent measure of nature. These thoughts are born as the Parthenon disappears, betrayed. What remains is the terrible misconception that is humanity; and the great lost battle of those divergent species Male and Female; and, in Greece the ultimate prostitution, the infection from France, recalled vividly a year ago in Argos.

Yet we will remain Greek, even as Greece continues in its desperation to ignore its stately, its noble origins. Three days, and the gift Greece has offered us has elevated our purpose. We accept the Wound before all that is unacceptable.

I

The undercurrent these endless days, has been the effort to engage ourselves in some aspect towards the form of the work. And this when such concerns have seemed impossible. But we thrive on the Impossible! The days which have seemed without substance have developed, consistently, into the greater Importance, which is the Direction in this Morning of our Work. If I have thought of the early light which I filmed at the Asclepeion in Kos last Fall, Beavers has with his grave wound responded towards the images of the unprinted *Sotiros Responds.*[2]

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[1] Noted in my journal a few days ago.

Preserving the creative force has had its dangers. The accident[3] has shown that the vast majority are unable to understand the meaning which is placed before them; that is, whatever they are confronted by. How can they see or understand what the creative force offers them? It is, today, doubtful. The pollution is tremendous. During the first days of the accident I noticed people saw my dark bruises, but in reality they saw only *accident.* I was for a time amazed at the total lack of feeling in the observer. They would sooner imagine they understood red berries placed on a mound of whipped cream at Varssos' in Kifissia.

Yet the monumental symphony which is Persistence has evoked the secret of continuing. Like the leaves revealed so abundantly in the dialogues of Plato; like the leaves once used in Dodoni at the *Temenos of Zeus Naios*, his Hiera Oikia, we have individually marked details towards the work. Beavers has considered the element which is film as skin before the operation on his leg. The light, the growth, the development all became Apparent. A Dürer splendour in the midst of pain became a further gift of the Wound received. The adverse moment became the creative moment; *a valid birth.*

My own lesser wound found me engaged in reediting three former *Galaxie*[4] film portraits: Shirley Clarke, W. H. Auden, and Jasper Johns. At a distance (1966 – the date of the portraits), the surgical gesture was marvellous. The superfluous was discarded. What each portrait figure might have tried to withhold became evident and was discarded. A similar result was achieved with the more recent work, the footage of the Greek painter, Diamantis Diamantopoulos.[5] There, too, the surgical instance was merciless. The work, which is now completed, developed with that sense of revelation which one may observe in the meaning of

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[2] The film which may be called *Chironion*, as yet not edited.

[3] We were hit, presumably, by a bus in Kennedy Square, Ekali, on the 9th of June, 1976, and, taken unconscious to Saint Paul's Hospital, Kifissia.

[4] Nine more remain to be edited.

[5] October 1975, Aryiropoulos, Athens.

El Greco's sublime *The Opening of the Seventh Seal*. The privilege to have been able to edit at this time can only be described as incredible. Rare, too, the fact that the whole of the former *Political Portraits* was edited in Ascona this past January 1976, as were the Greek portraits of 1975. Both pleasure and fatigue have embraced this work, and I have often thought of the arrogance and false political motives of those who not so long ago reedited the confused work of Dziga-Vertov.

The processes of editing, which are taken today, are amongst the most heroic individual efforts, which in the past have been used (as in the work of David Wark Griffith) without any thought as to what editing in itself contained. The measures taken were without a Thought as to the hand which directs the editing, but rather entertained to the false thought of preparing an explanation for an audience; sometimes called telling a story. The same is basically true of the work of Dreyer, and of all American European directors. It is always for such directors a conscious attempt towards a solution for the audience directed from their commercial Vantage point.[6]

When I recall how I edited *Psyche*, or how Beavers edited *Winged Dialogue*, my soul becomes imbued with a bursting Joy. The Purity involved was spectacular. It was, again, unknown to either, the grace of the Wound healed by the creative act. What was taken was the first energy beamed from the creative soul; the creative soul protected in an opulent manner. Protected by the opposition of images telescoped in boundless fashion forever; and the loyal impressions catalogued unconsciously. It is almost needless to say that the emergence of such a source is in constant danger of being perverted by all those good people involved with the medium of motion pictures as a way of Change; that is, mistaking the change and worsening the situation; and, waiting secretly for a return to the Greater which they are trying to destroy. They basically calculate the years of a creative individual's gigantic powers, and make every attempt (one way or another), and more fashionably through an incestuous form of slander to divert anyone that does not think, act or respond as they do. The attitude is, "You are not one of us."[7]

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6. Often the shortness of the image to fit the dialogue or action; therein, the usual betrayal to the medium.

7. Robert Breer's greeting to me, London 1973.

II

GROWTH STATURE

The creative individual knowing the Wound and its relationship to the Work takes the stride towards the ancient Grove of Oak. The robust form, the sweetness and the fragile wings of *Sotiros (Alone)*, respond. The breadth of the journey becomes enormous, but is diminished through the act of preparation. The journey to the great Oak satisfies the immediate wish, and the ultimate event towards the audience with *psyche perceiving-receiving* the work. Somewhere in Time, the Selloi, former servers, who did not wash their feet, who slept on the ground, Awaken Upon The Sound Of Sound.[ii]

A Homeric Wound is the gift of the God towards all that one will achieve. The delay itself is a careful search benefited through Thought. Thought itself becomes a garment. It clothes the warmth of the wound, healing. The heavy feeling is the lode sent by the God. The slight drops of blood on first standing are the further gift of the God, bestowing the words towards the Work.

Sotiros (Alone) has stirred in the vast wilderness. Away from the deadening noise, away from the hideous forms, away from the false struggles, *Sotiros (Alone)* waits. He waits in the beautiful forming mist of colours, where the various vapours mix and tasting their life become Life, the Work itself. His is the ideal smile, frowning on the false and rejoicing at the visible murmur of the heartbeat.

What has been found in *Sotiros Responds*, and is Greek, will in *Sotiros (Alone)*, vanish towards what is not Greek. It will in truth become the work *Sotiros (Alone)*, what has been forgotten. The majestic counterpart will be revealed.

As the leg swathed in its cream coloured cloth welcomes the divine gesture of sitting, Beavers will discover in the varied meanings of the shadows of the leaves, and the oracular speech of the growing bone, the moment to begin *Sotiros (Alone)*. It is not unlike the awaited printing of *Sotiros Responds*; it is not unlike *Still Light*, which waited for the London sequence to be filmed (the decision to use the critic-agent in the drawing room of his own house). Lastly, it is not unlike the difficult, the tedious, the strenuous filming of himself, the Agathos, in *Plan of Brussels*.

Slowly, the expected work will gain its stature, even as Beavers begins with the renewed motif of the Wound. The wound is always growth; its heart is Socratic Intelligence.

The filmmaker is to his every work as the lover is to his youth. It is the only true relationship that mankind knows; so true is the knowledge of this relationship that every effort has been made to degrade it. The most recent being the propaganda of the sameness of the sexes; the disgusting, perverse belief in equality. It is as ludicrous as the myth of Picasso's women.[8]

Thus, the Work, ever youthful, retains the smile of youth. The smile has nothing to do with the present. It is the summation of past ages. Its responsibility is not to the present, but to itself. Far from itself emanate all other possible responsibilities.

The proper Smile enriches the solemnity of the Work and is akin to Content, itself. One smile unlocks the treasure which is Friendship, itself.

III

The respect for the Work is the key to what is and what is not. The lack of respect for the work is the useless effort to destroy what is the basis of existence: the Work.

A cup of oriental coffee is placed on a marble table in a Greek cafe. It is the work. The tasting of the coffee is as much the act of the work as the content itself. One realizes this means manner. The Manner is not concerned with the shadows, day in and day out, which intrude on each new cup of coffee served. Enclosed in each cup of coffee is the fortune revealed; it is a form of the creative act, not unlike the bone, that particular bone which I recall my father could Read. Who had made it possible for him to read the bone? His remarkable father? And in this manner the active breath was revealed in another country through a different and bolder Manner.

One is with one's work often delayed in a geographical situation one detests or despairs of. But one permits little change, like a tree which makes that wondrous movement of its topmost branch during a storm.

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[8] Articles read while researching the cultural years, 1967–1975, of the newspaper *Ta Nea*. The Picasso articles appeared circa 1970.

Any storm has a superior respect for the trees it surrounds. This respect is something that the filmmaker cannot expect from anyone concerning his work.[9] Disrespect is the price paid for one's faith to the work, and to its ultimate preservation; preservation for the Great Presentation. Great Presentation when the audiences return to proper *expectations – anticipations* of the order of the work; long after disorder has failed, when film spectators will have the opportunity to know, and will not be denied the opportunity to know what the Complete Order of the Work is; even, perhaps, to be told how it has been achieved. The long wait that the Beavers – Markopoulos spectator will have endured shall result in the double triumph of the historic first presentation.

IV

Think of the mason. The mason is one of the few free souls. He persists in his work and has a cheerful conscience, a faith in his work; what he builds. In times which become uncivil he knows how to cheer, how to speak, how to endure. His every movement is Happiness.

Other workers remain immoveable. They are ruled by the ponderous weight imposed on them. Weight and Scales. But the mason knows happiness even in grief. This Happiness even in grief contains very great poetic virtues. It is an orderly belief. A belief always enlisted by the spirit of the mason.[10]

The work is as a sacrifice. The mason, the shepherd, the film spectator who views the Order of the Work of Beavers and Markopoulos will believe and *Shall be Astonished*. They shall be astonished because they will be far from the former, near and distant outposts, once held by all those who were not building but destroying, in every available manner.

V

There are five storks flapping their Wings over their grey nest. In the distance two minarets. It is thundering. A lightning flash. It is not raining.

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[9] Every request of urgency I have made these past weeks concerning the safety of the Work has been ignored as if the work did not exist.

[10] Conversation with the Greek painter Diamantis Diamantopoulos.

What seemed a storm is but the Becoming admixture like the passions. Intelligence the wound.

VI

"The statue is the body in a state of grace."[11]

16th of July, 1976
Ioannina

---

[11] Erb's dream during the editing of *Sotiros Responds.*

V

TOWARDS A TEMENOS

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FORMAL ACCOUNT

> Film does not exist except by what the filmmaker creates.
> Robert Beavers

Being in Berlin I shall speak of Berlin. But in making Berlin the setting that does not mean that I exclude any of the greater cities or the lesser cities of the world. Indeed, for a filmmaker, the problems, the filmmaking, the elusive gesture which is creation remain the same. The change of locale merely serves as a greater or lesser encouragement for the very abilities, those of filmmaking, that a particular filmmaker may or may not possess. The blood which is that of his ancestors runs faster or slower, but nevertheless pulsates and envelops all that he does or does not accomplish. In the case of a filmmaker, his work, which today at every film presentation continues to remain a hidden image. Though this a pity, nevertheless, the work, by remaining a hidden image retains for the future film spectator, a film spectator free from the morass of publicity and politics, its structure, its beauty, its very meaning.

This is a moment when film is said to be flourishing as never before. At the same time, it is a moment of decline, when the commercial film, which has always been devoid of any values whatsoever, and has merely served as an instrument of propaganda in the guise of social achievement, one need only look at the cinémathèque representations and cine-club presentations round the world, has collapsed. A supporting bulwark to keep it alive has appeared through the horrible needs of television. Day after day, month after month, year after year, always on the increase like the needs of a munitions factory, young students are supposedly being informed about filmmaking? And is it filmmaking? And how many of them will ever even work as filmmakers in the television factories with their latest advanced though superficial equipment?

Because we are speaking of filmmaking: it is usually lamented that there is not enough money for filmmaking; and still there is rarely a film which is worth viewing. And that film which is worth viewing is projected in some modern university or Akademie der Künste auditorium whose architect had not the remotest idea of the needs of the film, or else in some filthy theatre such as the Arsenal Theatre, Berlin. The spectators attend, they sit, they view film; but it is not film which they are viewing, it is something else inexplicable to those who are filmmakers; inexplicable because a filmmaker cannot accept, should not accept what is inferior or mediocre regardless of the circumstances involved. It is far better not to have any presentations as long as they are purposeless before the possibilities of the medium of film.

Though my films are being shown from time to time, I do not consider them as proper presentations. They are but my sacrifice, myself, inorder to continue filmmaking. But my sacrifice is an extraordinary one. It is a glowing purpose! Even now as I write these cryptic lines, I know what the presentation of film will become. Every moment of discomfort, of disgust, of humiliation attends my purpose! Those who will not help me, help me; those who help me, do not help me. But above all, and most important, those who will help me have no inkling who they are or even how they will help me. The reason for this is one of Doubt redoubled by unflinching determination towards the immediate construction of my *Temenos* of the Twenty First Century.

18th of February, 1970
Berlin

TOWARDS A TEMENOS

What is a vision?

A vision is always the future. The moment we consider the past or the present we are consumed by the constant future. As such, the past & present do not exist. Poets and painters such as Valéry, Palamas, Cavafy, Emerson, Caravaggio, Manet, de Chirico, Gide, Proust were immersed in this.

What is creativity?

Creativity is a persistence in Doubt; knowing that from Doubts issue the delights of Inspiration for the filmmaker; the delights of Aspiration for the film spectator.

What is filmmaking?

It is the need, if not always the desire, to construct; to offer a particle of one's soul to a heedless mass. There is never any thought, in beginning a film, as to who will see it or who will pay for it. The filmmaker bears in conscience, which is winged, the revelation of faith and belief. That is, the work must be created; the resultant endeavour will produce the delicate balance.

What is film form?

Film form is use of every particle of raw film stock. Some films are made before the camera, some films are made behind the camera; & some films like my *Hagiographia*, shot in Mistra, are made on a simple table.

What is sound?

Sound is snow falling; but it must first touch some body; that is, by example a leaf. To this add that ordinary speech is of no importance to the medium of film.

What is an idea?

Any idea is proof of one's existence; for the filmmaker something which he can never, directly, discuss with anyone.

What is communication?

Communication is the explicit silence of the film spectator before and after a film presentation.

What is a film frame?

A film frame is a word; it is also, a displaced particle, an atom, which when enriched by the editing of a filmmaker, before the camera, behind the camera, in the camera, & more likely on the table becomes the delightful, if not exquisite remedy for man's solace; in time his understanding.

What is an actor?

A ghost from the past.

What is beauty?

One's natural desire.

What is what?

Perhaps, filmmaking.

27th of June, 1970
Kos

A SOLEMN PAUSE …

For the past six months I have been vexed with one crisis after another, but with the help of a friend of Markopoulos each crisis has been summarily circumscribed. But not without the toll of personal Anxiety and morbid mortification. Countless times it has seemed that I should not be able to progress one step further, but somehow the inflicted wounds during such grave moments became alive with Decision, and I was able to Progress through the divisions of Time these past six months.

Just as I have nearly been consumed by the ancient city in which I have or had been living, for I am now in the airy mountains of the Graubünden, just so, I have been communing with my innermost Anticipations of what must be. For me, the *film as film*; and this amongst the civilized chasms today called culture – Pop and otherwise the Modern.

Matters could not be worse for the medium of the *film as film*. There is not a newspaper or periodical that one sees which does not herald the great achievement of the everyday filmmaker: by this I mean both the commercial filmmaker and the creative filmmaker. There is a total bias everywhere. Indeed, from country to country the general Progress of film may be historically recorded as following in the footsteps of the last country which announced revolutionary programs for its filmmakers and for filmmaking itself. This is one reason the prospect of *film as film* for the future becomes immediately dismal.

The same errors continue unchecked and multiplied. One need only recall this past week's issue of *Der Spiegel* with the announcement of the cassette program. Is this the way to introduce a language which should be an ever growing language of great and recurrent impact of Image, Beauty, and Association for the film spectator? I think not. In one manner or another the entertainment principle continues and will be continued as Education.

My position is naturally extreme. My ultimate goal is the establishment of *the Temenos*, an ideal archive and a presentation area for my own work. Often here in these mountains where I came seeking the site of these archives, I noticed from my excursions on foot or on the train the tiny specks of churches appearing out of nowhere. Some of them I entered. I noticed their beautiful shapes. It is, perhaps, these shapes which will mould the future Temenos of the Twenty-First Century. For I reflect that if I produce my films so simply, then that principle must also be applied to what my Temenos shall be; a sanctuary where one may approach Understanding.

It is with the Temenos in mind that I am now creating my new works. Some months ago I completed the editing of the film *Genius*, inspired by the Faust legend, with Daniel Kahnweiler,[i] Leonor Fini,[ii] and David Hockney.[iii] In it the depth perception which I hope to establish with the Temenos and the film presentations *between the Temenos and the film presentations* (even the early works) became possible. I may say, without wishing to be secretive, that the surface of the materials to be utilized for the Temenos film presentation area, and the material which contains the producing element, that is the celluloid itself which is projected on the screen *(but will it be a screen in the classic or usual sense?)* are merged. One technical element is the use I have devised for fades – fade-ins and fade-outs – which depending on the length or duration, which depending on their placement in the film construction carry the counter-part effect similar to the dialogues of Plato. I wish the spectator of the Temenos to perceive what is not at times visible. In this is the essence of the spectator's Inspiration; in this is the impact of what I have suggested as being the faithful creation of language as: *Image, Beauty* and *Association*.

More clearly, what I have mentioned above has become apparent during my editing of *Cimabue! Cimabue!* This work was shot in Firenze, Italy. In it are the master painter Annigoni,[iv] the Florentine poet Carlo Betocchi, the Dantesque writer Bertolini, and the climactic performance of the restoration of the Cimabue *Crucifixion* by Umberto Baldini[v] at the Fortezza da Basso in Firenze. To this is added a dawning principle for mankind with the images of Silvio Loffredo as the mortified, deified Believer.

Cimabue! Cimabue!, as the work *Genius*, began simply with the intention of preparing film portraits of certain creative personalities to which I felt Sympathy or Interest. But what happened afterwards to the materials of *Genius*, happened even more so with the materials of *Cimabue! Cimabue!* With *Genius* I was reluctant to begin the editing and to generate the footage to the explosive potential which I had suddenly envisioned; but with *Cimabue! Cimabue!* it was as if the act of creation was heavenly inspired. Each curious element seemed to fall into place, even to the climactic and positioned footage of the restoration of the Cimabue *Crucifixion*.

Actually I had also filmed the writer Harold Acton[vi] at his beautiful villa, La Pietra; and Peggy Guggenheim[vii] during a trip to Firenze from Venezia in a garden with a gigantic statue of Polyphemus. But try though I did, the footage of Acton and Guggenheim seemed out of place: (a) neither were really Italian; (b) how could I tailor the footage of two garden sequences with the other footage which I was using. Thus, the film with the first cut became the footage of Annigoni, followed by the footage of Carlo Betocchi; both sections indoors. From the Betocchi footage to that of Bertolini in the square of Santa Croce; and when I shot the Bertolini footage, I had: (a) no idea that I would be using the Cimabue/Baldini footage, for the Cimabue *Crucifixion* belongs in the Santa Croce! (b) that the place where I had elected to film Bertolini would months later be the very place where the statue of Dante (once removed) would be once again restored! So these strange alchemical agencies; and not unlike what must follow in editing after the first cut is made, and all the little pieces insist on that natural growth which accords them, and me, the form of the finished work: work always unencumbered with that unnecessary *(save in the commercial film)* thought, correction process which I deplore; the preplanned and spiritless.

With *Cimabue! Cimabue!* I have wandered through the dangerous regions of the inferno and purgatorio and arrived with the final shot of Silvio Loffredo, hands folded in the Gallery Pananti, Firenze, where his footage was shot, before my philosophy of Cinema. What I had suggested once, the filmmaker as physician of the future, has transpired. The forms of the future *film as film* must of necessity become Metaphysical. The turmoil of false experimentation and what purports to be superior excellence is not excellence but mere novelty. In the final analysis of what must be done, the fashionable disdain of the creative film's inherent value becomes obsolete. It is the solemn pause before a new work is begun and a new work is completed which anticipates the future understanding; for me *the Temenos*.

23rd of July, 1971
Disentis, Schweiz

THE FILMMAKER'S PERCEPTION IN CONTEMPLATION

I

The Nature of the Filmmaker's Contemplation

Intuition
Ardent Love
Endless Modes Of Perfection

The filmmaker is alone in his room; in his working room. The film spectator is alone in his own seat before the flat surface that is the world of the film, that has been the world of the film. Columbus has not yet discovered America; and America has not yet discovered the universe; and the Universe has not yet discovered the Earth. All the doors of perception have been, since the aloneness of the filmmaker and the aloneness of the film spectator, sealed. Today, they are once more being sealed by the politicians who are the grim agents with the happy smiles of pathetic old ladies of the false accumulation Culture. The aloneness continues. It is the sole reality, the sole truth of heterosexual society – reeking. The eagle which preys on the filmmaker and on the film spectator is of a double nature. A double nature which it is the privilege of only a few to conquer and to pacify into oblivion, into the unknown which is the final hope when all else fails to achieve to what is *the human Obvious*.

What the eagle means to the filmmaker he does not mean to the film spectator. What the eagle means to the film spectator he does not mean, and can never mean to the filmmaker. For each one, filmmaker, film spectator, it is the always mysterious, generating *something else*. This mysterious, generating *something else* should be reinforced by faith; by the I believe. But the I believe has been withdrawn and quartered in an array of states and situations so that it has been contaminated. It is the black holes in the outer universe, unseen, through which all creation passes its dream towards the realities of the planet earth. The filmmaker, the film spectator, flees today from the I believe. Who is the filmmaker who has faith; who can afford to have faith; who can resist having faith? Who is the film spectator who has faith? The filmmaker creates, turns inside out the realities and composes upon the thin strands known as Inspiration. The film spectator views; he has still to learn how to pass invisibly through Inspiration. The miracle of associations is dismissed for what is created lies upon the eternity of Meaningfulness – that is like the magician, the saint who has achieved to being without heart or soul, therefore, possibly eternal.

The miracle of the beating wings of the soul starved, the soul eating, the soul menacing eagle hovers in endless day and night; and perpetuates a faith that neither filmmaker nor film spectator can withstand. For the eagle is become like the God Anubis of ancient Egypt. He has become warring and awesome; his youthful face in its rising discontent and need has for some time become manly. And endless are his migrations, his transformations from country to country as he gazes alarmed and with fury upon the strangulation of the medium of *film as film* under the guise of coordinating programs between countries. He cringes at the ensuing ugliness of the Benelux countries, their film culture based on enforced desperations.

The desert is now. The marvellous flower with its ardent bloom is in danger of succumbing to the endless, fatigued, and arduous daily displays which constitute false passions; and endless are the modes of these passions. Like Tannhäuser the idea lies twisted, and without contrition, against the bulbous, material flesh and dismisses the necessary spiritual Elevation which is the necessary Moment to creativity – creativity mocked by the film spectator, and creativity doubted by the filmmaker; which is the necessary Moment towards understanding – understanding jeered at and discussed and erroneously repeated. The sole hope is Eros appearing naked, burning and liquidating the flesh, which can create the inevitable Illusion of the Future. From afar Kundry will remain repentant and dismissed.

And Eros will appear to the Elect, and in his manly sweetness, Pontormo acknowledged, he will become such as an imperceptible glow which, coming from outer space into the third dimension, will from moment to moment arrange for the Elect few that great fear, and these few will plunge into the reservoir which is the abyss where they will in an angelic Instant believe. Then will begin the endless modes of perfection. The celestial configurations which even now visit the sublime filmmaker in his loneliness, and dismay, will then be accepted as the Ardent Love. What the filmmaker does not say, what the filmmaker does not show, will then be understood as the very essence of the work.

But who can begin the approach to the gates of the Temenos with its eloquent illumination in purple and gold; its shimmering surface; its golden triangle and glass screen? Let no one who is without awe approach for he will not be welcome. Let no one who has dismissed the hopes of his youth ask for entry for it will be denied him; and, let no one who demands explanations, or who gives thanks for the work ever have hope of entry to the Temenos.

II

It is interesting *and unimportant for me* to make the attempt to explain to the film spectator what I as a filmmaker consider the nerves of my work. I have said the filmmaker alone in his room, but what this means the film spectator does not know, can not know. Perhaps, alone means only boredom; perhaps, alone means depression; perhaps, alone means a state of humility before the recollection of the paintings of Caravaggio in the city of Roma, in the Chiesa di San Luigi dei Francesi. Nevertheless. *The filmmaker alone in his room.*

I myself, use only whatever table is available. I have shot my footage as a hunter shoots his prey. Let it be for example's sake the footage of *Rapture*, and the footage of *Mens*. *Mens* is another short film, also made in the Nederlands, in the apartment of Benno Premsela.[i] It is sheer accident that either film was made. One, the first, *Rapture*, was suggested to me; and the second, *Mens*, *became* after a brief encounter of Premsela at the home of an acquaintance.

With *Rapture*, I found myself working under what were for me morbid conditions. I had no lights; I had to use a Bell and Howell camera which was very dirty – the viewing area, a tiny hole; and which camera caused me no end of anxiety in focusing through the tiny hole. The matter of being without lights led me to film everything at eight film frames a second. Is this not the opposite, in a sense, of that other sense of travelling in space at the rate beyond light; and in the very future beyond the rate of the known beyond where transformations of creation repeat themselves in inverse order and disorder; where planets become geometrical in shape!

But even without proper light, and even with eight frames per second allowing for the greater exposure of the film image I was in a state of mortification that all would be dim. But as usual for me, the images led me from one to the other in a natural chain of affection for the medium while I was working. In the case of Lucebert I refused to look at him while he waited before the turning eights.[ii] That this slowness of the camera had an effect on his own being goes without saying. It was an extraordinary process of aging, and yet remaining unchanged. It became especially evident as the film takes reached the halfway mark of my one hundred feet of film. It is the slowness of anticipation, fatigue and boredom which begins to offend the individual before the camera that in turn creates the content which is for me the *film as film*; in this particular film, *Rapture*.

With *Mens*, I had a Bolex Reflex Camera borrowed from the Free University of the complacent Hague. The slowest speed on the camera being 12 frames, I used it, and again everything was filmed without lights. Somehow a state ensued which caused me to film two rolls of film instead of the usual one. The whole aura of the film was blue as I did not use a compensating filter with the daylight which streamed through the two large windows. A mystical conception prevailed over the whole of the filming time. The idea of conceptual, non-conceptual disintegrated upon the act of the filmmaker at work within *Certainty*.

Some weeks later (or was it a month later) the film developed, I sat and I edited the two works; first the film *Rapture*, and then the film *Mens*. To reveal what I was thinking while I was editing would be a sacrilege and completely misunderstood by the reader of this essay. The delay between the editing of one shot and the combinations which appeared to me like intricate guide lines for the language which I was creating for the film spectator, who must learn it anew each time, were as delicate as Arabian design. It was really of no concern to me if the film spectator knew the exact measurements or variations of the black sections I used to enhance the form of the film, and to give it meaning. The number three, the number four. Somewhere that week I had read something about the number three, the number four. It is in the editing of the film sections. But then to further the infinite mystery, the manner in which the sections of black, their lengths, were decided upon was arbitrary. *To be arbitrary is to decide.* It is the manoeuvring choice. It is the compass directions of the filmmaker safe-guarding him from wavering *from the unknown, yet always preconceived form of the work.* There is a sense that the filmmaker has which tells him often the whole of the work which he cannot imagine, but which he has the supreme desire to know, to see, and so he creates it; he makes it visible. These are matters which confound, and rightly, the film spectator who dares to trespass in such infernal regions.

Courageously, I may say that the work I edit takes but a few days; some hours; some few moments of indecision – the little single frame pieces, or clusters of frames on the table waiting to be given their associations to the life of the work. And even the end to each film is just as complete. It is like the tying of an intricate surgical knot: the best knot for each work; and it is completed forever.

In the commercial filmmaking the many hazards of editing, or viewing, of reviewing create the offences which are commercial films. Few are the filmmakers, a handful, even less, who begin with the work and realize its completion as a union of image and sound. The sound which a filmmaker gives to his work is not unlike the words he might speak were he not a filmmaker: *Intuition, Ardent Love, Endless Modes of Perfection.*

III

The Relations Between the Filmmaker's Contemplation and the Film Spectator

... and its fruition is the vision of the film spectator of the Temenos.

Past the gates of the Temenos, and upon the twin hills the film spectator of the future will encounter the immeasurable works of Beavers and Markopoulos. On one hill will be *the space of Beavers.* On another hill there will be *the space of Markopoulos.* Here the film spectator of the future will devote himself to eternity, to the works of Beavers, to the works of Markopoulos. The spectres of distribution will have been vanquished; the spectres of projection will have been vanquished; the spectres of printing will have been vanquished. The patron of the Temenos will be *he* who is also unknown; *he* who is without gifts of any kind; *he* who will be as immortal as the works being presented; *he* who will recognize that of all the arts only film needs a space in which to be seen; the rest is all artificial: museums, theatres and such. Only in the heart of the *Peloponnesus*, in Pelop's land will film culture survive enhanced by the spirit of a truly simple and free people; the Greeks. The Greece today maligned by the truly lesser powers will be the victor.

A few breaths yet: The film spectator has the privilege, if he is capable of understanding it and putting it to use, of the following distinct three levels in film observation and emersion: (a) the corporal perception – the images passing on the screen; (b) the imaginative perception – the images bursting, growing in the spiritual domain; (c) the intellectual perception – the reasoning created for and by each film spectator in his final command over the works seen; the abstract process and all its complementary possibilities.[1]

The film works themselves remain eternal and unchanged; and more so, when the film spectators struggle to interpret the work. Interpretation is not necessary, for interpretation is always in constant change, whereas the works are ever unchangeable. But the film spectator must accept without question that what has happened to the filmmaker in becoming a filmmaker, the realization, that is, the After of every Creation, may also, and must inevitably happen to the film spectator who will enter the precincts of the Temenos. The filmmaker could only be the filmmaker. The film spectator of the Temenos could be only a film spectator. The realization in itself will insure the proper function of each: the filmmaker and the film spectator. The one, the filmmaker knows what *film as film* is; the other, the film spectator of the Temenos is lead by his own volition to accept what *film as film* is. The film spectator recognizes that the Unchangeable which is the filmmaker's work is greater than the Changeable which is the function of the film spectator.

The filmmaker is capable of infinite patience; the film spectator of the Temenos must regain Patience, his womanly virtue. He must accept the fact that he must serve and know that his function as a film spectator is to consume the work with a burning enthusiasm. The film spectator must pursue the work; he must lift the veil of his discontent and look upon the form that is the Being of Light, his God, and this in the works of Beavers and Markopoulos as the miracle which these works are.

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[1] Conversation with RBB.

The denials of each will perfect the relations between the filmmaker's contemplation and the film spectator of the Temenos.

No longer will the film spectator accuse the filmmaker of denying him; for the filmmaker has never, in the case of Beavers and Markopoulos, denied the film spectator. In his confusion the film spectator has denied and doubted the filmmakers. And with this marvellous denial, like the denials of the merchants of film, the works of Beavers and Markopoulos have survived, armoured by Denial, ennobled by Denial, protected by Denial.

You who are the munificent benefactor of this Temenos, appear; to all who would destroy the idea of the Temenos reply your great, "No!" Build the Temenos! Build it in the sacred precinct of the *Peloponnesus* for the *film as film*. And may all who deal in jealousy and opposition fall within the lake of defeat.

Appear then munificent benefactor! Appear! I believe in your existence.

4th of February, 1972
Pension Tornabuoni Beacci, Firenze

THE COMPLEX ILLUSION

From here biding my Time in Waiting, the Temenos of the Twenty-First Century is being borne aloft, first in the imagination of Decision, and then by Force towards its vital Realization, built stone by stone, girder by girder, stitch by stitch, in the *Peloponnesus* where ancient Arcadia Acknowledges the distant sea. Two spaces, individual in Determination between a precinct sacred to the haunt of doves. Inexplicably through Belief it will rise to safeguard its precious catalogue of films: the supreme work of Beavers and Markopoulos.

Day by day I have often risen in the morning to the tinkling bells of the two herds of cows that partake of their drinking in the square below. Slowly they approach, wait, sometimes askance, and then dip their mouths into the cool waters, once at dawn, and once at dusk; and ever the waters of the fountain run strong, even through the Night.

From village to village, I have walked with some incalculable Hope that the Temenos site might be here in the Graubünden, but though the mountains speak in their marvellous summaries to the Alps, nowhere do I find the spirit that is Greece. Missing are the vibrant, uncanny, showered aeons that are Greece; that is the Eros in Time; and the triumphant face of the peasant of the *Peloponnesus*. Where indeed do you come from?

Speak, Soul, that is the haunt of doves! The names of the proposed sites are *Rayi Spartias* and *Founta*: where one Summer's afternoon I wandered not knowing their names, and beheld a navy blue expanse in the distance, and dust, and more Dust! A lone Greek peasant sat at one crook in the road and waved to me asking who's son I was – then replied for all his years, "The son of Marko!"

Perhaps, I should have proceeded beyond the central point which many months later I was told was called *Founta*, but I stopped fearing my uncle would be upset at my disappearance.

Writing this, this glorious afternoon, without a penny to my name, I know that the depth of the Markopoulos space will harbour a screen enveloping the film spectator of the future. Once, I believe it was in 1958, I considered the projected area of film might be peered down into, rather than stared at; this was while at the theatre in Delphi. The question is how to subscribe to the sound; it must perforce emerge from some subterranean element; and the audience must experience a visual incubation such as in the ancient temenoi where the patient was visited by the illusions of his malady.

In the Temenos the visual incubation shall be the metaphysical journey, therefore, Destiny of the film spectator of the future. The film spectator of the future who will benefit from the physical and historical lapse of time which will then be the presentation of *film as film* shall necessarily Experience the content of the various works from the integral catalogue of films. He will experience the Content because Time itself will have vanquished the entertainment film as such; what of the entertainment film will have survived? The content that critics in their deliberate and faithless sleep during this crucial moment in the rise of film ignore or forbear to recognize will in the Temenos culminate as Speech: *the Speech of Images*. Time itself with the aid of projection in orchestration will issue a wondrous Content almost mythical and musical, and above all, Elevating for the film spectator of the future.

If at this precise second Beavers is editing his martyrdom footage (based on the St. Hippolytus altar piece in Boston, Massachusetts[i]), section after section, foot after foot, panel after panel, and developing it with the merging of cracked glass, the Bern square, and the dust imagery, what indeed will it become at the Temenos presentations of the Beavers reflecting space? The film spectator of the future in the Beavers reflecting space will not only meet the long lost shadow, but he will welcome as if in an Assumption, his, the film spectator's loss of faith; a loss of faith due to boredom, freedom, and sensuality. The regained recognition of the *film as film*, and more particularly, the Temenos Catalogue of Films of Beavers and Markopoulos, become immortal through the sacrifice of these filmmakers and the film spectators of the future will inevitably summarize what will become the very epic scheme, the future scheme of *film as film*; *that is Itself!* Today's history of film is but a constant confusion of purposeless information.

It is, thus, for Skill that I Call! but above all for Courage; not only for myself, but for all those others who in Mighty Hand will help me build the Temenos. May it be as I saw the mountains with Beavers some days ago from Ftan *in the sacred Peloponnesus; the Temenos present and not present in its appearance; the presentations purposeful for the future.*

Mountains close to the surface of Alps: *God Plan*. Architect and Mighty Hand Waken!!!

16th of May, 1972
Bad Scuol

ELEMENT OF THE VOID

This essay is dedicated to the Mediterranean nations who ignore their homosexual heritage

I am writing this essay in utter disbelief which lays bare the road of hope for the Temenos. FORTHWITH WILL THE MIGHTY HAND ELEVATE MY PURPOSE.

Possibilities and contributions should lead naturally, one from the other. They do not. The situation is impossible, and at the same time the situation is improbable. Improbable because of the nature of particular men.

It would seem that it might be in the interest of Man to change his nature as has been proposed at one of America's greatest universities of Puritan origins. This would seem so, even now, with the advance of certain measures adopted for the controls of populations. However, such controls, rather than protection of populations, advanced as they may seem, are not in the very interest of Mankind; but only add toward the greater frustrations, humiliations, and disembodiments of the popular psyches. They are indeed contributions at a great speed to the ultimate destruction of society as we have known it and have loved and hated it, to this moment.

If we were interested in possibilities we would be creating ideal situations for cineastes to develop as they would in each respective country, according to the needs of each respective country. And as for contributions they must of necessity become and do become mere perversions of the original possibility. The Ascent towards Possibility and the Descent towards cultivating Contribution are steep and costly for the individual to seek; only a few succeed. The effects of Elevation towards what is possible and its fellow contribution are today a basis of mortification. Few will willingly accept the task; and even with those who accept the task, one or two may only succeed in the rarefied space of the world will, accompanied as it is by the unchangeable eminence of a particular nation, in establishing, quite unwillingly, not only a national heritage, but in this case the beginning of a true cinematic culture. Yet, no longer, truly a cinematic culture, *but the language of the image.*

I firmly do not believe that it is a matter of change that is needed for the element of the void which we may call the language of the image as it is being developed today. The change is only in the essence, in the manner in which we choose to build before the spontaneous gift of energy which is the soul of the universe. It is the infinitesimal part that we are always unaware of during this mostly unhealthy scientific period when accelerated Time reveals the average human being as a dead body in Eternity. A dead body breathlessly harmonizing to events without choice.

It is that second in time which if you have been reading your newspapers we have recently had to adjust towards. For me it appears that the second of time is not unlike the film frames which create the illusion of movement. Is it not perhaps true that the images themselves, captured as they are, may, in the strengths involving Reality, may be themselves a preservation of Reality which has eluded us? And is it not interesting to theorize that the frames lost between the frames captured are the winged conscience of total reality?

But who has the time, the energy, and most of all the need to trust to any of the preceding suggestions in this short essay? Therefore, more fortunate those who do not claim to contributions, to possibilities, to developments. And sublimely unfortunate those who continue in their Ascent. Those like Ezra Pound who have symbolically witnessed the death of Adam in all of its awesome solemnity in the beginning of Time, yet continue to breathe in the rarefied space of the world will, by the Grace of God.

7th of July, 1972
Montecatine

TOWARDS A COMPLETE ORDER

I

There is a cascade here, and above it another, and above that one many other waterfalls. These encourage. Distance encourages the ascent towards the Future. Nothing, of course, seems in distance. The pine trees themselves unmoving. Distance.

Where the clouds seem to separate, they merge again, then separate over and over, revealing peaks, and beyond those peaks other peaks. Confidence. Hope. Each one from time to time like a reddish beacon in the night.

There is a freedom in filmmaking which it is only vouchsafed for a few select Individuals. This is not by choice but through Celestial Collisions. It is like unknown sounds; sounds searched for. Sounds away from the horrors of Paris. Sounds away from the Art World Families who misuse their servants and their artists. Sounds away from those who sell artistic indulgences. Sounds away from museums converted into studios. Sounds away from fraudulently made films. Sounds away from bad money. Sounds away from the Balzacian characters who hold the world together through false translations and propaganda. Sounds and more sounds in order to reach a tenet which is a further step towards the ultimate Temenos: *A tenet of the Temenos is that the Voice is the Spectator As Receiver*.[1]

Robert Beavers, "Film is something special – it has nothing to do with Art or Literature." It is true. The truth is to say that *film Is film*. No more, no less. Structuralist lies will disappear like so much smoke; for it is the sparks of a fire that count. It is the sparks that make the blazing fire. Each spark is the indecision which has led to the ultimate decision. This may not be taught. This may not be learned. This may not be imitated. It is the immaterial breath of Visible Creation.

To measure pieces of black film in anticipation of the growth of a film is to hold steadfast to the sole freedom of filmmaking. This is the necessary love of one's work. I know and feel that a film frame will or will not do. Its length is undecipherable. Its duration is undecipherable. The elements of filmmaking can never be discernable to the critic or to the film spectator, as such. The critic, the film spectator can no more know the elements of film than he can know the total aspects of the changing winds.

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[1] RBB.

Robert Beavers, "Something is only creative if it grows ..." For the few who possess that freedom which is filmmaking, there is no need to experiment. To experiment is not to grow; it is to falter; it is to digress into the uncertainties of the Modern. Yet a film grows; as a human being grows. It grows unseen. More likely it grows at unexpected moments. And if it is truly film it grows through Unthinkable Instances. Without this kind of growth there is no meaning; the sun cannot and will never cast its light upon the shimmering waterfall Forever.

Yet the film continues to be what it is not; and, the filmmaker who possesses the binding freedom of his filmmaking is expected to be grateful; to show signs of gratitude. Film continues as a ruin. As in the Arts, Film is treated as a unique orphan who must be placed. As in the Arts, Film is treated as a social experiment, and the scribes write about it day and night. As in the Arts, Film is treated as an exceptional but retarded personality who must perform. The shame of performances, the shame of festivals, the shame of publications coordinated for the evil aspects of mass education, is apparent everywhere; apparent everywhere with the usual morsels of economic publicity and catalogue; apparent everywhere with its bad monies and grim politicizing. Add to this the new call for private patronage under the very aegis of the foundations themselves and one has a total impression of the Degeneration of Man's Sensibilities. Seferis, "The statues are not the ruins – we are the ruins."[i]

II

The time is past when anyone and everyone could take what he would from a particular Art, from a particular Film. Those decades have diminished, and the poverty of expression and creation follow, with the audience suspended in its death like existence as if awaiting the marvellous orthodox angels of Byzantium to appear before the great Intention and the Complete Order of the Temenos.

With the arrival of the Twenty-First Century and the building of the rectangular foundation of the Temenos suggested before the glorious benediction of the Madonna of Orsanmichele, become at the Sight of the inspiring voice, "A square ...", will there be a respect for the filmmaker's Intention; for the films of Beavers and Markopoulos: the Temenos with its catalogue of films.

For each Art, for each Film, for each work there is only one intention which vanishes the moment the work is completed. It ascends and disperses its benediction upon the Future audience; upon the Future spectator; upon the Future Noble Historian.

Each Intention is like a roseate of Worth.[ii] It is not a confused conglomeration of ideas. Because of this single Intention, the Art is The Art, the Film is The Film, *the work* is The Work. The experiments, the essays into popular, confused, perverse attitudes, feelings and thoughts, all without substance, are dismissed for what they are.

It must be understood that what is offered before this single Intention is not to be confused, is not to be contaminated by the presence of the spectator; in this case, the film spectator, the Film Spectator of the Temenos. Where the source is certain, *the work* is The Work. The Work above all needs no other justification save its existence; for it is the brilliant, inherent values that have made possible its existence. Thus, the film spectator is present not to measure his intelligence or general understanding, but to know the work: *The Film Conscience.*

The Film Conscience: to experience the Film Conscience is to acknowledge as Light, Sound and Image the moral attributes of a particular work by Beavers or Markopoulos. The philosophic pretext that this is attainable in the commercial works is one of the worst factors of film education, of film entertainment. The commercial film ages because it has been put to a perverse and unsuspecting purpose. This purpose, this guise is the central notion of those who *love* film, who embellish film, and who have failed to understand that film has only in a few instances existed as Film. They are the destroyers of that part of film which no longer exists, *Enthusiasm:* neither for the film spectator nor for the filmmaker.

III

The founding of the Temenos has been proceeding like the fall of snow near the highest peaks of the Dents du Midi. Snow flakes and changing

Light have revealed the Truth of All Appearances. Day to day the Intention has become clearer. After breakfast, feeding the birds, passing the day, and often extraordinary journeys to other countries inorder to elevate the purpose of the Temenos, the undercurrent of energy has flowed unceasingly at very great Cost; and, not often without its dangers.

But it has been here, before the Dents du Midi, that the startling Decision has been made. It was made one hour, some weeks ago, after breakfast, after feeding the birds, in the sight of the wondrous waterfall. Action was taken. Dedications were discarded and left to the mystery of their creditors. And, the prints that now exist have become but work prints, a fitting jest to the speculators of my work, known and unknown.

When the future film spectator of the Temenos will wonder how the handsome square has been achieved, he may well contemplate in the archives of the Temenos the very source of the Success. One fact he will surely realize, *that it is in colour that the word Love originated*. The justified Province being Greece. He will understand, the Future Elected One, that the Complete Order was necessary and inevitable; that with the disintegration of the general public conscience, the Direction Was Ascertained. Like the power and sight of clouds forming against Granite Heights in Powerful Allegiance, so the Future Architecture of the Temenos: spaces seeing and sitting more airy than the flight of birds.

Where hearts meet the Film Bestowed!
Where minds meet the Film Bestowed!

In Distant Years the Future Elected One of the Temenos will repeat, "It is like being in a rainbow!" For it is for him who deserves it that it has been built. It will be his hand which has elevated and protected the thousands of feet of film originals. Indeed, it will be his voice.

10th of August, 1974
Chalet Hortensia, Champéry

THE USURY OF THE CREATIVE SOUL AND THE INDIVIDUAL CONSCIENCE

THE MEANING

The Great Summer is upon us. Everything is Become Green. A Graham Sutherland colour. On the trees, the topmost leaves have an oriental token left by Spring. Far away in Champéry, where *Love's Friendship* was completed, the waterfall is thundering away day and night. There, before we left, the mountain snows had begun melting and some resembled the dappled forms of horses. Pegasus, asleep, snorted meanings for us, pointing the way towards the magical location of the Temenos.

Some of you, not yet born; some of you free from the foul smells of civilization in decay, today, are even at this moment aware of the road that leads to the priceless Intent, to the magical location, still a secret; still a secret that is still to be discovered, where trees must be planted. How many times will the snows melt? How many times will the sound of the distant waterfall resound its great incantation? For the secret of the magical location of the Temenos is in the water which melts and rushes away, everywhere. Sound.

These are moments when the souls of children, yet born, the Future Spectators of the Temenos, are being nourished with Tears. Tears as sweet as those other drops which bees gather in abundance.

I

Time and Thought proceed together. There is no possibility of a return to the Past without Time and Thought. Time and Thought are interrelated. One cannot exist without the other. This is the very core of the Universe. It is the reason that it can never be fathomed; why it is so and why it must be so.

Time rests omnipotent in the transparent crucible which is Creation. Galen[i] knew what was Supreme, and that is what is not recognized today; and, if recognized, Ignored or mistranslated. The results are evident everywhere.

Seldom does Thought escape from its mundane course. Only once does Thought escape, when a creative individual is born. Such a moment is exquisite in distance as the Minoan youth still gathers the pollen dust. It is the instant where the understanding of everything and the choice become like a fresh breeze and adhere forever to him, the creative individual. It is the instant of a southern feeling, a motion in a southern climate transported beyond the Southern Climate towards the universal, and, retaining the Southern Climate's possibility of Patience. The Patience to see with patience like the magnificent conceptions of Priamos of Athens;[ii] the divine inspirations and elegance of this master.

Through the slender fingers which gather the sacred pollen slips the beautiful feeling which stuns the eyesight of ordinary creatures, but ever strengthens with Radiant Patience the creative individual. The pleasure before the painting. The moment before the serene landscape in the painting, "it is so lovely to view far, far into the distance."[1] The creative soul, far from the chaos of usury, extends itself in the freest growth of the Creative Individual, and quite beyond into the other which is inexplicable. That is true culture; it is like the Mediterranean towards the Valais.

With the Soul of the Filmmaker being distributed, with or without his knowledge, even as distributors make agreements without giving payment; even as cinémathèques meet internationally, inorder to trade and receive amongst themselves; even as spokesmen for filmmakers manage to obtain funds because they do all the wrong things or for some other reason, the usury of the creative soul like the usury of birth[2] dominates and becomes the cultural disease of the individual conscience.

Distributors, cinémathèques, spokesmen are not interested in the Work. They are like the incestuous organizers of museum events, trained in similar attitudes, who are interested only in their own personalities. The public, of course, does not know this. "No one can tell anyone. Because no one trusts themselves the museum people do as they do."[3]

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[1] ERB, 30th of March, 1975 – *enroute* from Dijon to Nice.

[2] Reference to René Char's prose piece on Greece.

[3] ERB, 16th of May, 1975 – Bologna.

For instance, in Torino, during a brief trip to see *Cabiria*, which we were not allowed to see, we realized that the cinémathèques "trade on the fact that copyright expires. They buy and sell what no longer has copyright. They buy and sell what is other people's rights."[4]

A similar attitude can be applied to the false attitudes of the new American humanists arrived as refugees, and selected for their cunning abilities to deceive. These gentlemen imagine that they are more aware of what the filmmaker does than the filmmaker himself. But it is much more to the point, that the filmmaker is more aware of what he is doing and the results, than the spokesmen of filmmakers realize. In fact, the spokesmen of filmmakers usually do not realize what the results of what they are doing are, until it is too late.

Certainly, in New York City, the spokesmen of filmmakers have utilized the moment as a kind of *stop gap*. The filmmakers mean nothing. One of the best and *classic examples* is that of P. Adams Sitney who has been used to do the work and has accepted the risk of preparing an inadequate study of film. Still another example is the myth that New American Cinema makes possible filmmaking itself. No one makes films because of New American Cinema; for there is and never has been any such working body. The best example is Harry Smith. And, if he is not making films at this time, it is not because of his character/the character of a difficult filmmaker.[5]

Let us respect the souls of Osiris and Orpheus; and, let us not use their names when we have no right to their use – so observed Beavers of Mekas' last column in the *Village Voice*.

"The difference between us and the American filmmakers is that they are not interested in the real human things. They are interested in the arts. *Period*."[6]

Let us respect the touch of the filmmaker's fingers which brings one film fragment miraculously towards another. The peacocks in the evening light create a lustrous illusion with the spread of their wings, and the perfume of flowers speak.

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[4] ERB, 5th of June, 1975 – Torino.

[5] Conversation between GJM and ERB, 1st of May, 1975 – through Montreux enroute to inspect the original of *Hagiographia*.

[6] ERB, 5th of May, 1975 – towards Claridenstrasse, Zürich.

To discover the magical place one must count one's disbeliefs. Is this not difficult when the mothers of Greek heroes have died in distant lands? The voice of Patmos from the island grotto becomes a rainbow. A double rainbow which resounds with splendour. The rest is commerce of one kind or another. Where the city? Where the hope?

"Florence is a lovely city. It withstands its inhabitants well. It destroys them."[7]

And yet the spirit of things once born continues forever![8]

"Do you see this green here?"

"It's a movement."

"What do you mean?"

"Because it has just appeared."[9]

The city which is European is in the state that it is because of its religious difficulties. Having imitated the modern, having accepted Cavafy for the wrong reasons, having dismissed the Greek Spirit for the dark, black fires in the streets, having accepted the contagion of foreign manners which have no place in such a city, the city has become atheist. Having become atheists, the citizens cannot believe in anything. This has led to a further, disastrous disbelief as is the use and frightful result of Bologna's present.

The truth is that the citizens of the plagued city do not know what to do or how to do it. If there were Faith in its purest sense there would result the Good Reason. The Good Reason for the city to be a City. But such is not the case. Wrong influences, wrong money; foreign influences, foreign money is summed in the manner of the city's daily example. In Bologna the result is Greed in the frugal portions served in restaurants. Hardly a sign of the Political Ultimate![10] And, Athens?

And in another place,

"The truth with the people here is that they are like characters in an Adami painting. They have no value."[11]

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7. ERB, 16th of May, 1975 – having left Silvio in Firenze.

8. GJM, 24th of May, 1975 – Bellagio.

9. ERB, 1st of May, 1975 – towards Zürich.

10. GJM, 28th of May, 1975 – Bologna thoughts.

11. ERB, 24th of May, 1975 – the Rockefeller Foundation, Villa Serbelloni; a brief visit.

And in the same place, miles away, enroute to Como,

"… the refuse of the European humanist system … to the low purpose of educating American businessmen …"[12]

It is very hot and the black crows are flying above the small, snarled pines of Ekali. All has become a wicked performance. The results will be a false social feeling imposed on the stunned, uneducated masses. Is it not unlike the Italians who, "always put the spettacolo in the wrong place …"[13]

III

The magical place will continue to remain hidden just as on another level our films will remain unprojected so long as the cultural plague rages. As long as writers continue, "… like the Renaissance writers who wrote in Greek and Latin about ancient paintings that no longer existed …"[14] as long as, "the critics fail to realize they are part of the audience. There is no reason to give them special consideration …"[15] the Work will continue, but no invitations will be sent for Temenos presentations.

All relationships with the elements that disillusioned and destroyed the audience will be shunned; including the same elements that are now dishonouring the filmmakers.

"The question is: what happened to it instead?"[16]

The tragedy is that those responsible for the disillusionment and destruction of the audience knew what would happen. What was it they knew? Brakhage knows, for he has written, "… you don't know the half of it …"; just as he must know what really happened with *The Illiac Passion* at Western Cine.[17] The owls will reveal and thunder will rage.

"The length supports their theory of film as an art. If it weren't long they wouldn't be sure it was an art."[18]

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[12] ERB, 25th of May, 1975 – concerning the Aspen, Colorado conferences for executives.

[13] ERB, 18th of May, 1975 – Galleria d'Arte Moderna, Bologna.

[14] ERB, 27th of May, 1975 – on the way to Alberti's, Milano.

[15] ERB, to Cinegram Zürich for *Hagiographia*.

[16] audience.

[17] GJM/ERB, 30th of May, 1975 – Monthey.

[18] ERB, 17th of June, 1975 – Mrs. Huser's, at breakfast in Bern.

And though the magical place will continue to remain hidden, a sign has appeared. It is the sign of Difference! The difference between supporting the work and the difference between finding money for a film. That which is seldom learned.[19]

"Then you mean the films are there as art and not as film," Robert Beavers.

"Yes," Dr. Felix of the Basle museum.[iii]

"I hope not many people know that."

"I hope not also."[20]

IV

Chiesa San Domenico, the 18th of May, 1975. Beavers beholds the Angel by Michelangelo in Bologna. His wish is the Angel's wish.

23rd of July, 1975
Ekali, Attiki

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[19] ERB, 5th of June, 1975.

[20] ERB, 16th of May, 1975 – phone call to Dr. Felix from Roma to see about the purchase of *Ruskin* for the museum. And refused because the film was not by an artist.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

HERACLES

I am writing this in the Space of the Equal Truth. In the space of the proud pine trees who are aware and grateful for their extravagant presence. In the space outside the present confines of the film, misused and humiliated. In the space where the need for explanation is unheard of. In the space where a turtle of Dodona moves slowly between the matter of Past and Future. In the space beyond the Present and its chaos of sound and image. In the space where there reigns a Soul, and where heredity is non-existent: for where heredity exists there is no soul or possibility of a soul.

From time to time the boughs of the pine trees move imperceptibly. There is the sweet smell of resin in the air, for it is the period of the Future equal to the Past. The long descent of the fallen pine cones serve as the first Meaning in the length and time of their descent. The spectators approach toward the Great Evidence where they have come to acknowledge the major and minor modes of *Film as Film*. They hesitate from time to time, wondering how the use of the Word and the Image became the Achievement.

In the Time of the Visual Space between the Space, the great torso of the works of Beavers and Markopoulos will be joyfully anticipated. In the Time of the Ordered Word Reflected amongst the Ordered Image, the spectator will regain his strengths. In the Time of the Complete Order of the Work, the great film historian will define the meaning of film. In the Time of the First Celebration of the monumental Intention, the Hosts of Beavers and Markopoulos will acknowledge the Justice of the *Film as Film*.

A splendid structure of steel and granite, grey as Time, will rise Here: *Rayi Spartias, Soglio!* The Hosts who will grant this Foundation will learn the meaning of Growth, of Preservation undiminished. In surroundings as marvelous as Alabaster columns, the Temenos will appear. Here, the idea will retain its privileged secret. Here, the mystical sacrifices of Beavers and Markopoulos shall become the Very

Vigilant Guardians of the Place. *Watchful Aegis, Eros! Watchful Verb, Athanassios!*

20th of July, 1978
Pendeli

ΕΙΚΟΝΕΣ ΑΥΤΩΝ

EIKONES AUTON

Analysis must always precede synthesis; but from analysis to the work of art there is all the difference that there is between an anatomical drawing and a statue.

André Gide, *Journal.* 4th of December, 1923.

I

To follow the creator, the work, and to arrive at an unexpected realization.

The creative man seeks to create within the parts of himself. Invisible Wind. Invincible Seed.

The creative man seeks to give to the Spectator those parts of himself which allow him, the creative man, to be creative. Generally the Spectator is given the husks. In the *film as film*, to behold the Parts offered is that which the Spectator comes to cherish. To behold the Parts is that towards which the Spectator never possesses. And, it is this never possessing that is for the Spectator the single, acceptable achievement. Thus, the nature of the true, unfettered spectator.

The sublime presence of the creative man never seeks to create change. The self, the Being within, apart, are conducive to growth. Yet change itself is not growth. Change is degeneration. Growth being within is sublime presence. Growth being without contains the humble. The humble in the presence of the Spectator is equal to the point of Patience, the *Stem creative man*. The *Stem creative man* is the source of all Existence. It emanates from the unseen revolutions of the immediate universe. The immediate universe is of an inherited essence; thus eternal.

What the *Stem creative man* extends is a spark towards the Spectator from the point of the great, fiery Patience. The point of the great, fiery Patience is the dying part of the energy from which he, himself as himself, the *Stem creative man*, has achieved the work. Has achieved the work intended to cause a perfect revolution *(of the Instant)*; a pulling apart. A lesser reconstruction of the greater universe. The greater universe pieced together through the editing of *film as film*. The great merging which is to regain Meaning.

The point of Patience through which the work has been achieved radiates growth unseen; eliminates change sought. There is the Inn River rushing over rocks in perfect Tone. And, above, three white birds flying towards the destination, Movement. Day. Night. Not Day. Not Night. Below the figure gathering olives; and, apart, amongst orange trees, white lambs.

II

The child. The Philosopher. The paths in the forest. The difference before each path is the forest.

AN ARABIC VOICE: *The Spring is Sweet.*

REPLY: *And you are the Spring.*

III

The advance and future of the images of *film as film* which contain the strengthening Reality depend upon the achievement of the Temenos. The flowing measures ordained from the Graubünden towards the marvellous sphere, the space of the Temenos. There, in the marvellous space, the images, immediately relinquished in joyful, dramatic sequences of light. There, in the marvellous space, the images, immediately Sounding within the visual essence. There, in the marvellous space, the Images of *film as film*, triumphant. Far, far from those who have had nothing to offer; far, far from those who have negotiated and multiplied; far, far from those who wished to gain what they could never achieve; far, far from those who said, *We will always be there ...*

Majestic difference. Beavers and Markopoulos who did the work.

IV

The snow has gathered on the mountain. The distance of this sight is like a smile; a smile remembered from a great distance.

The soul of the future historian of *film as film* falls somewhere among the rocks which shelter it. On the plain the agents and promoters of cinema, with their social, psychological, statistical trappings have encountered a blizzard from which they cannot escape. Slander, gossip, collective chaos inform them of their doom.

SUPREME VOICE: *The films of Beavers and Markopoulos may be the ones not to need a historian.*

V

"... a failed critic; by his very nature he is incapable of understanding what imaginative literature is."
Letters of Anton Chekhov.

The *film as film*. The order of the work. The order of the work may now be understood according to *the measure* of each work. The voice has been discovered in the exact measure. It is the lodestone for the whole torso, the order of the work. Lesser and greater. The emerald stone found by the path is thrown into the torrent, giving it a new mineral life.

VI

A figure. A single figure. *Eros, O Basileus*.

It is the noble power of the single figure.

VII

SUPREME VOICE: *That the light in the projection should suit the editing. That the editing transforms the light.*

VIII

The single tradition. The Temenos.

The Sounding. The heard unheard sound within the Space, *sounding*. Uniting the Spectator of the Temenos. The Infinite, godly intention. Beginning, beginning. The salmon line of colour at dusk.

IX

The varied moment. The varied moment of each film image. The Moment is *the immediate view*; be it one frame or many frames. Once *the immediate view* was a series of film frames known as a shot. A shot which created a continuous long view. Where the shot multiplies upon the frame, the single frame in *film as film* adds, adds the *Become* towards the Meaning of the image. So we have reached the elements of value.

Value. It is the sudden view of the deer rushing past one. Closely. This way, that way. Darting amongst the trees, at extraordinary speed. The seen speed equal to the unseen lengths. The *seen speed* equal to the measured lengths of black. The Spectator of the Temenos must sustain these varied moments; gathering them towards the whole.

X

But the *Sum* can be deceptive. For can a close-up be called, anymore, the *Sum* when it has been preceded by a full shot, a long shot, whatever? What part of the whole is contained in a close-up? What part of the whole is excluded in a close-up? Is a close-up nearer to the idea of the truth than a long shot, a full shot? What is the value as we see something closer than close? What is gained? What is lost? Is it less than the truth that we imagine? Shadow beyond movement.

SUPREME VOICE: *No! The close-up is the whole. It is the long shot which feels as if it is not the whole.*

XI

The Sum. The great addition as opposed to the peculiar multiplication. Therein the pulse. A pulse when the colour of a colour within a frame predominates. A pulse when the image within the image predominates. A pulse when the placement of a series of frames, independent of each other predominate, and, are cast towards each other; and, against one another. Therein establishing the beat to the pulse. *This the ultimate aspect of the film as film.*

3rd of December, 1979
Athens

ΠΡΟΝΩΠΙΟΝ

PRONOPION

One man will save life.
Hu Shen. His dictionary, *Shuowen kie-tsi*.
Published 100 A.D.

I

The advanced circles who don't want any disturbance.[1]

The view is towards the Val Fex, though the Val Fex is not visible. The whiteness of the distant mountains is merged with the whiteness of the clouds. What is black is blue. What is blue is black. There is no figure visible. The line of descent from above is hidden somewhere on the slopes of the pine forest. The movement is in the Silence of the Unmoving. A single figure. A single frame. The measure followed by another single frame. A movement depicted in the single frame, but in unmoving Movement.

A bird in the air. Winged upon the Invisible Air. Advancing. Disappearing. The frame and its Measure reappearing. A single figure. A single frame. The one seen, the other unseen in the Seen Nonbeing of its appearance. Flight's imperceptible disturbance. Many flurried snow, unmoving in its descent. Ever towards *the Pronopion!*

II

The false use of the medium of film. The false use of the word family. The false use of the Citizen. The false use of the Filmmaker.

The false use of the medium of film by the Professors of Literature, the Professors of History, the Professors of Philosophy.

The false use of the word family by the advanced circles. In memory the magnificence of Michelangelo's *Sacra Famiglia*. Therein the circle and line.

---

[1] RBB.

The false use of the Citizen by the Citizen himself. The educated Citizen in use as Citizen.

The false use of the Filmmaker as teacher. A teacher without plan, useful for the moment; and, compounding in betrayal to *filmmaker* and to *teacher*.

FAMILY.
CITIZEN.
FILMMAKER.

III

On the highest peak, the Granite Ardour. Over the shimmering surface the passing Grey. Darker still, elsewhere, the shadow Matter. Within this shadow Matter the artificial endeavour. The filmmuseum and the cinémathèque oblivious to the Good, deliberately Nowhere. That is, Nowhere, becoming scientific in their pursuit of funds. Rejecting theatre contracts and projection facilities which unsuspecting benefactors and museum members purchased or donated nearly a decade ago. Purchased unknowingly, unwillingly by that generation. Now another generation. A generation unable to escape from the false resolution of the New, again, of the Other Film. The filmmuseum and the cinémathèque, once more, dictating their shadow Matter to the unsuspecting film spectator.

The shadow Matter persists, for the spectator seeks only the Happiness of his sleep. Such an audience, after a projection of a Mizoguchi film leaves banging their seats.[2] Shattered nerves extend the shadow Matter. And yet! Why the calm nerves extended towards the peak after the presentations of the Serene Filmmakers, Beavers, Markopoulos? Theirs the Certainty, and, for their film spectators their film spectator's Belief.

IV

The Film Is In Our Hands.[3]

---

[2] 7th of March, 1980. Wien.

[3] RBB.

V

The Certainty of the filmmaker. The uncertainty of the spectator within the shadow Matter flees towards Disbelief. Disbelief leads to the discordant state of what to expect next. Far from *Film as Film*, the spectator is unable to understand the meaning of Image. The Certainty of the filmmaker is questioned. The pursuit of understanding is totally abandoned by the spectator in preference to the Disturbance of the industrial film become the Special Cinema. Disturbance or propaganda turn from *the Pronopion*. And, in this wake, the spectator is annihilated before the corrupt images that are the shadow Matter. These spectators are lost forever within the shadow Matter; for, it is this shadow Matter that claims their natures and the Possibilities of Being.

To understand Being is equal to the understanding of the single frame within its measure.

VI

The Certainty of the filmmaker. The critic questions the certainty. In questioning the certainty he is consciously mocking the Certainty of the filmmaker. No matter how well he conducts the questioning, no matter how well he writes, the critic knows he can never reach towards the Certainty of the filmmaker. For the critic begins Nowhere. For the critic begins in the Nowhere of the spectator. Nowhere.

The Certainty of the filmmaker is the result which is the Work. The manner in which the result is achieved can never be reached, realized or interpreted by anyone, save the filmmaker himself.

The moment in which the filmmaker discovers the Certainty in the result of his Work *becomes the moment that leads to Perfection.*

The moment in which the filmmaker discovers the Certainty in the result of his Work *becomes the moment that leads to Understanding.*

The moment in which the filmmaker discovers the Certainty in the result of his Work *becomes the moment that leads to Immortality.*

VII

Lost in Space and Sight. Before the last sight of each Image, lost in sight who can understand if he is not of the same nature as the filmmaker

Lost in Space and Sight. Before the last sight of each Image, lost in sight what happens to the critic who philosophizes before a work that he is incapable of Reaching?

Lost in Space and Sight. Before the last sight of each Image, lost in sight how can the critic's lesser Nature pursue the Meaning of the work?

Lost in Space and Sight. Before the last sight of each Image, lost in sight how can the critic's text Extend beyond the barrier of his situation?

Lost in Space and Sight. Before the last sight of each Image, lost in sight how can the critic's morbid Enthusiasm acclaim *the Ingenium?*

VIII

Whereas a film director is like an architect whose creative act is in the making of a plan.[4]

IX

The filmmaker is like an architect who is, also, a stone mason.[5]

X

Not everybody. For Everyone. The construction of *the pronopion.* The construction of the Pronopion where movement after Light is balanced in Joy.

Not everybody. For Everyone. The construction of *the pronopion.* The construction of the Pronopion where the approaching spectator discovers his Nowhere in Joy.

Not everybody. For Everyone. The construction of *the pronopion.* The construction of the Pronopion before which the duration of each performance accords to the length of the work.

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[4] RBB. 26th of January, 1980. Salzburg.

[5] RBB. 26th of January, 1980. Salzburg.

XI

The filmmaker. The filmmaker's creation. The filmmaker's creation Creating the Filmmaker. *Ingenium.*

XII

From these heights where the deer does not flee, where the colour of the bird is seen in Confucian Inspiration, We sustain the Truth of the Temenos We attend. From these heights, this Pentecost, the woodcock's *Word*, Forever.

25th of May, 1980
St. Moritz

ΕΝΘΕΟΣ

ENTHEOS

> ... the time element, our preparation.
> Or is that what you have named, *Entheos* (?),
> of which endurance is a part.
> Erb. His letter from America,
> the 14th of November, 1978.

This is a day for Giorgione.[i]

It was the day in Soglio, when I crossed the waterfall and walked to one of the sites of the Temenos. Is it possible there will be, at first, points of *temenoi*; points towards the standard of the Temenos, and, its προνώπιον?[ii]

I looked into the empty barn. No light seemed present; but, after some moments, the shadows of the silence, Darkness appeared; complete emptiness.

COMMENT: *One is not seeing emptiness. One is seeing the light in front of the darkness. One cannot say one is seeing it, because it is without object.*[1]

And, having read this to Erb, he added,

COMMENT: *And yet one is.*[2]

There was no one on the alp, only the running water, gurgling underground, similar to the first ice on the lake; that mingling of the seen water moving underneath the ice. A constancy of sound and image. The murmur of Narcissus; his Awe.

One has always been to one's goal and back. It is, forever, There. Forever, a little higher, a little, somewhat further.

Soon, in the near future, from one direction, and, from another direction, the audience will gather. It is a matter of Time, Patience, and, most of all Reflection. Time before time will allow the future audience, invitational performances, stirring their imagination and their Imaginations' possibilities; while Patience will gather the glistening elements towards the first Great Source. And, Reflection will guard the present and not admit those who cannot seek their own reflection; those who are afraid to seek their own reflection; and, those who brood about Narcissus within their own time, misunderstanding the legend of Narcissus within his own time.

---

[1] Erb. 19th of December, 1978.

[2] Erb. 5th of January, 1979.

There is the reflection of one's self; and, there is the reflection of that Reflection apart from one's self; that is the point beyond which there is Understanding.

Between the reflection of one's self, and, the reflection of that Reflection, or, the part beyond one's self, there has been the surface of the Visible Image. But this surface of the Visible Image has escaped the knowledge of the audience. The reflection of the Visible Image from its surface, depending on its size, has always lessened the understanding of the audience, for to captivate and allure is not to understand what is before one.

The greater the surface of the Visible Image, the lesser the reflection possible for the audience. The lesser the surface of the Visible Image, the greater the reflection possible for the audience. But where the chance for the audience? This chance being the only privilege of the individual spectator.

Thus, the Temenos will seek for a surface respecting the Image in the Classic sense: Ὠκεανοῦ τις ὕδωρ στάγουσα πέτρα λέγεται.[3]

As the serene filmmaker seeks to ascertain the proper limit towards the film spectator, inorder to offer the balance of each work to his audience, the industrial film demands the exact opposite, the sacrifice towards the Public View.

The industrial film, in its basic contempt of the audience, demanded from that once audience, both a particular payment, and the continuous dissolution of its soul. Many false images were created, from country to country, destroying the innate classic virtues; that is, the natural hopes and aspirations of Man. Using the ugly forces of the Unattainable as bribes for their audience, the industrial film produced the perverse which everyman then cultivated. Here, one is not far from what has always been done for the Greek Classics by educators.

---

[3] "there is a rock which drips with water which (they say) comes from the Okeanos." Euripedes, *Hippolytus*.

COMMENT: *And what now is being done by the educators for film.*[4]

The serene filmmaker has no contempt for the proper audience as he seeks to reach the soul of such an Audience. But, the soul of the Audience cannot be reached in times of Decadence; the soul of the Audience cannot be reached in times when the foundation of civilization is quaking; the soul of the Audience cannot be reached in times of false spiritual values; the soul of the Audience cannot be reached in times when those who cannot achieve to the truth of the Classic which is Ever creation, create toward the Modern.[5]

There is no difference in what an audience is subjected to in Piccadilly / or Believes, and what an audience lectured to in Vienna, Modena, or Salerno is forced to believe. Both audiences are capable of believing, but they are not allowed to reach Belief. That is to say, they are prevented in reaching a belief through the morbid, sinister, and calculated diverse lies of the momentary method of the New. They are purposely misled by (a) those people who seek the New inorder to instil false principles, and, because of their own false principles. They are purposely misled by (b) those people who seek the New when they have no reason to seek the New, and, indeed, have no ability to seek the New. So, an audience is told what to believe under the guise of the New, and, "They will believe."[6]

But does it work, this usury of the Public View? I think not. For it is not in the nature of things for men's beliefs to be ensnared forever. Fortunately, men's beliefs take the unexpected necessary turn of their own; so that, at some point the whispers, the propaganda succumb to the inevitable: the abyss over which they hover. And above is the clear terrain, eternally, steep, of the Chamois Hunter, ever seeking.

COMMENT: *"Oh that I were*
The Viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,

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[4] Erb. 30th of December, 1978.

[5] An example being Modern Dance. Add to this, the sponsors and their bad intent.

[6] Peter Kubelka.

A bodiless enjoyment – born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!"[7]

In all this vastness, within a grandeur of purpose, Searching, standard is being established. In the morning sky, a brilliant star is visible above this Winter. Still another star, suspended near the moon in the clear crisp air Wills the place; the many worked sites of *the temenoi*, towards the Temenos. There a space, where the sound accented by the very closeness and shape of the rocks will Announce the nature of the Image; will pronounce the virtue of the Images.

The instructed, learned Wish is that the whole flow and glow of assistance sought and received will become that which is and becomes A Creation. Then and only then, the audience which has never been allowed to seek its proper Speech will arrive with glad Speed to Acknowledge, to speak its well earned Silent Speech before the Strength of images forever Certain.

31st of December, 1978
Soglio

---

[7] Lord Byron, *Manfred.*

AEI!

AEI!

This is the light becoming and the Greeks Become.

AEI!

These are the conferences become and the Greek Spirit bartered.

AEI!

There is the dust becoming towards the unequal parts of the brain. In the female brain it devours. In the male brain it lingers.

AEI!

Dust and air are Becoming. Only the light shining through the wings in flight can become the summons.

Still Light.

I

It is the things not seen which have value. It is the spectator before the encounter. It is the surface before anything has been projected.

II

In Rome, at the age of twenty-two Handel wrote his first piece. In New York City at the age of seventeen, Robert Beavers made his first film. *Spiracle.*

III

What has been accomplished is known as the great Nothing.
What has been accomplished is known as the worth which is less.
Worthless because it is the true value.

IV

"The sound is in the pure light, and not in the light of the image."
"The lengths of black and white. And, the fade-outs and fade-ins."
Robert Beavers – 22nd of February, 1981. Enroute to Basel.

V

In Athens they are waiting for the Greek Spirit which they have said in many ways does not exist.
In Athens on Euripedes Street a family weaves short brooms.
And, in the dim light of the basement where they are working, a young man has dreams.
In Athens only sixty-seven students appear for a musical competition, and there are one hundred and fifty ballet schools everywhere.

VI

The luxury is in doing Nothing.
The luxury is the present philosopher who transforms Philosophy and develops the limited viewpoint.
The luxury is that the mass is waiting for no-one.
The luxury is each race fighting against its temperament.

VII

There are nine white anemones, one of whose centres has turned black.
And the servants of hard principles remain in awe of the event.

VIII

The ecumenical thought continues in the face of disintegration.
The ecumenical thought continues in the face of modern art.
The ecumenical thought continues as the French invent the German Cinema.

IX

"These are the buildings which coincide with the Greek Independence."
Robert Beavers – 19th of January, 1981. Aiolou Street.

X

We are waiting for the first of Arcadia.
Zeus is hidden by the River Lousios.
The Hora sleeps.
Mistia is remembered.[i]
"Do you see the way the leaves are falling off the trees ... they are falling at a glide."

XI

While we are waiting for the return, a waiter from the *Corfu* (he is from Arta) serves us bourekakia. From where the supreme manner? From where, as he places the dish before us?

XII

There is Greece in the Hermes.
There is Greece in the Zeus with Ganymede.
"... his hair is like acorns."
"One side of his face is like a faun ..."
Robert Beavers – 21st of November, 1980. Olympia.

XIII

We are in the heartland.
We are in Messaraia.[ii]
And one recognizes beauty when one side of the face is like a faun.

XIV

"e piove d'amor."[iii]
    Paradiso XXVII – Dante.

Circa 1981

MOSHOLIBANO

Now that the *Temenos 1981* has been miraculously completed, it is necessary to offer thanks with a brief summary of the event itself; and, the meaning towards the Future at a moment when the *future* is being plastered everywhere.

It is thus, that we say: on an exceptionally glorious evening in the mythical site of Rayi Spartias, a site where Kolokotronis[i] is said to have had his secret headquarters, and thirty minutes by foot from the village of Lyssaraia, the moon appeared, the first star of Evening, and the Temenos spectators began to gather from the various footpaths.

The frame stood proudly in the space and was the Space itself. It was the colour of a Greek Easter Egg. In the chosen place the event began as the sun descended with the film *Ming Green* by Markopoulos, followed by the film *Work done* by Robert Beavers, and completed by the film *Bliss*, again by Markopoulos. This was the possibility for the Temenos, a place where nothing is born and where nothing dies. It was as Saki, a youngster said to us, or rather informed us, in the most charming manner: that in Arabic countries they have a similar sacred word, their Temenos, also.

Some 250 spectators gathered the first and second evenings. Third day they gathered in a local grocery store because of threatening rains. People came from Athens, from the Peloponnesus and from the surrounding villages. Mr. Daniel Singelenberg came direct to the place from Amsterdam. He is one of the finest creative filmmakers of the Nederlands. Therein the meaning of those who wish to attend the Temenos presentations. He left by bus from Athens at five in the morning and only arrived in Lyssaraia at five in the evening!

The second evening Markopoulos presented the 90 minute version of his famous work *The Illiac Passion*. It was one of the films that the director of the National Gallery had promised to show and then had cancelled at the last minute. Shades of the secrets of Mr. and Mrs.! of *the art worlds*. This is one reason that Markopoulos and Beavers refuse to show work in Athens. Especially when an action such as that of

Papastamos (one of many others) takes place without his even having seen the work.[ii] An action taken because he reads an article in which nudity is mentioned. But are not the Greeks ready for Nudity?

The Illiac Passion, which was loaned from the great collection of Beavers and Markopoulos of the Österreichisches Filmmuseum of Vienna, related the marvellous tale, in modern terms, of Prometheus bound; bound by his passions. Interwoven are the classic myths: Narcissus, Orpheus and Eurydice, Apollo and Hyacinthus, Demeter, Persephone with Hades, Epimetheus and Pandora, and others. In many of the scenes the figures appear in the nude, and, it is with this that the great known makes its impact unexpectedly. The work of cinema as Markopoulos has said for over thirty years, that is, FILM AS FILM.

It is a tribute to the parents of Markopoulos and to the very great gift of the space of Lyssaraia that this work was presented. The problems which the false knowledge of those who create culture for Athens (for it is not the culture created for Greece, new or ancient) was never present. It was Greece alive in Arcadia. Greece alive in the Peloponnesus. The Peloponnesus called a negative area by those in Athens with their Positive dilemmas! Alive in Gortynia betrayed within its constant poverty.[iii] In one year the school will close. And, the road will not be fixed because money meant for Gortynia has instead been taken from Gortynia by *the vouleftes*[iv] and been given to Mantinea.

Yet there we were, under a blue black cloud, gathered and protected by the spirit of Cavafy which is not mentioned in the Athens Academy when a new academician who has written about him is installed (a recent event), and by the lesser known spirit of Capetanakis[v] – see the volumes donated to the Gennadion library of Elytis – and now?

It is true the village priest left and some few from Pyrgos. But that was proper, as it was certain that the priest should leave. And so, this historical event, and the magnificence of the peasants betrayed by Athens, not by Greece. They understood the image, for they are capable of seeing, of understanding.

In Athens the knowledge would have been darkened, the senses would have been clouded, and the idea of the Temenos would have been contaminated. Modern audiences who look for the New, for the Modern, accept the new and the modern as a commodity. Modern audiences do not consider this point I make about contamination, and, it is a very urgent and important point to be understood, if there is to be a vibrant essence of Culture in Greece. The Culture is there in the Greek blood, but it is ignored. Unless the Greeks once and for all resolve their sexual problem they will be lost completely; they will become a foreign state, to say the least.

The next day, the third day we decided to gather in one of the local grocery stores, where we presented the first evening's programme and Robert Beavers' great work *Ruskin*. I was fortunate in observing *Ruskin* in its complete order, *filming and editing*. The filming in Venezia and the editing in Switzerland. I may say, sincerely, that he achieved something which I could never achieve. WHAT IS THE ANSWER TO THE MEANING? *What is a Great Man*? My answer is Beavers.

Ruskin is inspired by the work which Ruskin, himself, did in Venezia. Beavers has acknowledged his, that is, Ruskin's footsteps, and this for himself; for himself as filmmaker before offering the host to the Spectator. Beavers who is the greatest living filmmaker of his generation, and Beyond, has given flight to the imagination of his work comparable to da Vinci or the unique, again, Cézanne. He is one of a kind. If ever the stones of Venezia may speak it is through the images of Beavers the constant melody of black and white to colour; this, the meaning of movement; this the meaning of Beavers' sense of movement and his capture of the water motif on which Venezia exists.

Nevertheless, this was the final, scholarly, informative projection, for in the late afternoon, it began to rain. We rushed into the field and gathered the screen and the generator, and left the screen's frame, the colour of a Greek Easter Egg, still standing. As we drove away we noticed the sheep that had gathered where everyone sat the two evenings before. Had gathered where we might have shown the final program: *Eros, O Basileus* by Markopoulos and, the *AMOR* of Robert Beavers. We left without awakening anyone, and left messages with the children. The next day we sent letters of thanks.

So was concluded the *Temenos 1981* with the film presentations of Beavers and Markopoulos, and with the Best of the Best of the film spectators, the Temenos spectators who had travelled eight hours from Athens for the presentations. But there is one point that should be made, and that is the four who came from Athens with their sexual problems and nearly contaminated the third day. Save that it rained torrents.

Yet the others, the brave, the enthusiastic, the stalwart of heart, the young couples from Athens and Tripolis, perhaps elsewhere, the peasants, Mr. George Zikoyiannis, Mr. Laertes Madaras-Makroyiannis, etc., were rewarded. They were rewarded because like Mr. and Mrs. Dambergis they had travelled with Time towards the meaning of time, the *Temenos* site, with *thelesis*.[vi] Thus, we remain happy in the true sense of the word, and with our thanks to the Greeks who made it possible, and this during a time when major surgery seems apparent Everywhere, inorder to escape the Future.

Oh where Plato's Philosopher King!

11th of September, 1981
Athens

THE SILK ROAD

THE TERMS OF MY WORDS AND
THEIR LENGTHS ARE THAT THAT
WHICH IS *TRUE* IS BY NATURE
ARISTOCRATIC.

THE GATHERING OF THE FORCE

I

It is time to gather. It is time to call the assembly of adult males. The Apella.[i] To call the Apella in its rightful place. The place being, the Peloponnesus. An assembly before *foundation*, before *promise.*
The twin states of Apollo of Dionysus create illusion – *apaté*.[ii]
The *apaté* which is symbolic of the Europeans and which is un-Greek.
"WHEN THE EUROPEANS COME TO GREECE THEY ALL LOOK UNMASKED."
"WHAT DOES IT MEAN?"
R. B. Syntagma, 10th of September, 1981.

II

Illusion – apaté:

Before the theatre pieces and the actor there was once the meaning of the theatre: *TALMA*.[iii]
Before the theatre pieces and the actor there was once, and, thereafter, a becoming, the motion picture.
The motion picture has its chief origin in the frieze of the Parthenon and in movement of the chorus in Greek tragedy.
The motion picture has its chief origin in the movement of the waves between sunset and dawn.

The motion picture has its chief origin in the movement of the partridge and the staff of the shepherd.

III

Illusion – apaté:

Between the motion picture and the pursuing scenes there are compositions known as shots. The stones in a field.

Between the composition and the movement there is the instant stillness of the nearby hillside. The instant stillness is the image become reality out of the fury of chaos.

IV

Illusion – apaté:

It is the footstep of the actor which permits the instant stillness to perform the measures towards life.

It is the footsteps of the actor that permits the measures towards life to continue as contemplation towards Interest: *EMIL JANNINGS*.[iv]

V

Illusion – apaté:

Between step, raised arm and soaring voice the theatre became enlarged as motion picture.

Between step, raised arm and soaring voice the enlarged theatre gained the height of the cothronos.[v]

Thus, retaining a quality which the other, the theatre, did not possess, the motion picture obtained the Unforeseen. Yet, together, they lacked the quality they possessed.

“SOMEONE SHOULD WRITE HOW GREEK SEXUALITY HAS A QUALITY THAT ITALIAN SEXUALITY LACKS.”

R. B. Kreutzkamm, München, 23rd of September, 1981.

"It goes to my idea of plant life and the light ..."
"Which in turn one can say is connected to your idea about dust ..."
ibid ...

VI

Illusion – apaté:

Through the means which are consistent with the demonic there has followed the telecast.

Through the means which are consistent with the demonic there flows the horrific documentation of the helpless, by the more than helpless Servants of the globe. The immersion in *apaté* is completed.

VII

Illusion – apaté:

The enthralling element created by the theatregoer submitted to the enthralling element bestowed by the motion picture spectator.

The enthralling element created by the both released the marvel of the length of a film called a feature. A feature was that which took place.

And, thus, what took place was pitilessly, under the guise of service and under the false guise of education, disrupted by the telecast which is without Meaning.

VIII

To view: *to have viewed the theatre pieces.*
To see: *to have seen the motion picture.*
To behold: *to behold the telecast.*

IX

The viewing, the seeing, the beholding. These have existed and exist. But they have been and are unlike in their existence.

The viewing has ceased and become a deformed spectacle. The seeing has transformed itself into democratic propaganda.

The beholding has obliterated the meaning of life.
"UNLIKE EUROPE IT EXISTS."
R. B. concerning Greece, enroute to Köln, 25th of September, 1981.

X

The spring flowers on the path are everywhere. And closest to the ground are the tiny, tiny emerging ones, the colour of grapes made of porphyry in an expanse filled with white anemones. Gunshot is everywhere on the ground. The waste of hunters lost in the wilderness of change. And when one asks for the wheat fields, no one knows where they are. We are told that they no longer exist, that they have been appropriated by the Bank of Greece.

The spring flowers on the path are everywhere, but nowhere the heritage, the wealth of creativity.

The spring flowers on the path are everywhere. The strategy remains the gathering of the force. The Apella.

The Apella. The Apella consists of those who approach. And only the sameness of the male may Approach.

THE FOUNDATION

I

In a clearing of a forest there are trees protected by a wooden fence. The fence is *Amor.*[1] *Amor* is that which two have achieved. *Amor* is that which humanity cannot afford to recognize. *Amor* is that which humanity is ruled by. *Amor* is that which humanity can not do without in its eternal Sameness.

In a clearing of a forest there are four trees protected by a wooden fence. The four trees are founded upon *embrace, substance, presence,* and *the immortal cell.*

---

[1] *AMOR* by Robert Beavers.

These values of *embrace, substance, presence,* and *the immortal cell* are the foundation without a roof.

In a clearing of a forest there are four trees protected by a wooden fence. There are jests to be performed. The first is whether to approach the fence. The second is whether to jump over the fence. The third is whether to go about the fence. The fourth is whether to soar over the fence.

II

"HEIDEGGER HAS USED THE ANCIENT GREEKS FOR THE ANTITHESIS OF EVERYTHING THAT IS NOW."

"I TAKE IT TO MEAN FOR US THAT SOMETHING CAN BE FOUND IN GREECE."

"IT IS A CONFIRMATION."

"IT DEPENDS BY WHAT ONE MEANS BY FINDING SOMETHING IN GREECE. AND EVEN DECIDING WHAT IS GREECE."

"THE CLUE IN HEIDEGGER IS THAT GREECE IS MORE ANTITHETICAL TO AMERICA, THAN EUROPE IS TO AMERICA."

R. B. Café Voltaire, Paris, 17th of October, 1981.

III

Roof. Foundation. Between the roof and the foundation there exist the works. Between the roof and the foundation there exist the works, each of which is a universe. To reach a universe one must allow for Time's guidance. To reach a universe one must allow for complete Disbelief.

Roof. Foundation. Between roof and foundation there exist the works. Between the roof and foundation there exist the works each of which is a universe. Time's guidance is never achieved. Complete disbelief is never reached. There are only roofs, and few, few foundations for the works. There are many kinds of roofs, but there is only one Foundation.

IV

"YOUR USE OF THE WORD PASSION CONTAINS A HIGH LEVEL OF REASON WHILE THE PEOPLE WHO USE THE

WORD REASON CAN NEITHER REACH PASSION NOR REASON."

R. B. Köln, 30 October, 1981.

V

There are many kinds of roofs, but there is only one Foundation.
There are the roofs of barns. There are the roofs of Japanese Temples.
There are the roofs of slate. There are the roofs of thatch. There are the roofs of snow.

"THE DIMENSION BY THE EDITING OUT OF THE FRAME."

R. B. Köln, the ten day siege of the Cinemathek Köln.

VI

The thought of *the true* filmmaker is the possible roof. It is the covered roof before each work.

The thought of *the true* filmmaker is the possible instant, without teaching. In Köln one is told to speak, and asked to be shown what one has written. In Köln before one speaks the audience is spoken to before.

The thought of *the true* filmmaker is the work in itself in its definitive form. It is what all cinémathèques and universities which present or teach film are not about.

The thought of *the true* filmmaker is the rarest achievement possible. It is the covered roof before each work.

VII

"There is no other meaning to a film, but the filmmaker himself. Such a filmmaker, such a work contains all humanity, seen and unseen; reached and unreached; faithful and unfaithful. It is the Nature of the complete Man. It is the form which humanity never accepts of itself."

Having sent a copy of Eros, O Basileus to the National Library of Australia, Canberra, from Schiphol, the 4th of November, 1981.

VIII

The covered roof before each work which can only exist for the film-maker, himself, is *skepsis*.[vi]
Skepsis is the embrace.
Skepsis is the substance.
Skepsis is the presence.
Skepsis is the immortal cell.
"These films are for a race never to be born. The race, you, before the images, will never procreate; the race, you, confound in pro-creating."
ibid ...

THE PROMISE

I

The approach to Gortynia's rocks is the approach to the Apella. One is far from the Nederlands where those who have not received sufficient public recognition are dismissed; where those who have not received sufficient public recognition are ignored; where those who have not received sufficient public recognition are told they should not be helped, *and are not*.
The approach to Gortynia's rocks is the approach to the Apella. Here there is no public recognition. For public recognition does not exist. For public recognition does not exist even after one has resolved one's living form. For public recognition is not recognition, but misuse.[2]
The approach to Gortynia's rocks is the approach to the Apella. We seek *the apella* which will create the audience which is the size of a chamber orchestra. We seek *the apella* which will create the audience which is the size of a symphony orchestra. We seek *the apella* which will create the Audience from which the audience containing the immortal cell will create the Silk Road.

---

[2] The misuse of van Gogh, Eisenstein, Mitropoulos, Cavafy, etc ...

II

From one mass to another mass, and, rarely in sight of origins, the promise has been defined by the errors, on every level of the Europeans and the Americans.
From one mass to another mass, and rarely in sight of origins, the promise has been defined by those who imagine they can do *the Both*.

III

"THE NARROW LEADER ..."
R. B. His dream in which he was spoken to, related at Zonar's, the 13th of March, 1982.

April, 1982
Plateia Theatrou, Athens

THE ANCIENT FUTURE

THERE IS NO MORE THE SENSE OR
THE EXISTENCE FOR THE INTELLIGENCE OF
FILM AS FILM NOW THAN THERE WAS IN 1928
OR IN 1947 OR IN 1949 OR IN 1965.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT WE EXIST.

PART ONE

I

There is no present. There is no Present, only the Future which is *today*. The Present is the Past which is present.

There is no present. There is no Present, only the Future which is *today*. The Present is the Past which is present like the Acanthus leaves below the pine trees in the cloister of Santa Croce, Firenze.

There is no present. There is no Present, only the Future which is *today*. The Present is the Past which is present like the Acanthus leaves below the pine trees which question the Renaissance.

There is no present. There is no Present, only the Future which is *today*. The Present is the Past which is present like the Acanthus leaves below the pine trees which seek Byzantium.

present
Present
Future
today

The continuity is the Ancient Future. There cannot be both, the Renaissance. The Renaissance at the risk of Byzantium. There cannot be both the Renaissance upon the misconception of the Age of Byzantium.

present
Present
Future
today

The continuity is the Ancient Future. The continuity is the work of an individual. There cannot be both the Renaissance upon the misconception of the Age of Byzantium.

present
Present
Future
today

The continuity is the Ancient Future. The continuity is the work of an individual. There cannot be the continuity and the Difference.

present
Present
Future
today

The continuity is the Ancient Future. The continuity becomes Byzantium. The continuity is the Individual.

The questioning of the Acanthus leaves has ceased. The pine trees have understood the rustle of the great Difference.

Pine trees.
Acanthus leaves.

Byzantium is the Individual shimmering before the Ancient Future.

II

Between two plumes the energy of what is contained in an image. Between two plumes the filmmaker's energy in editing towards the image.

Between two plumes the energy of what is contained in an image. Between two plumes the filmmaker's energy in selecting, placing, measuring, intoning the measured Form.

Between two plumes the energy of what is contained in an image. Between two plumes the filmmaker's energy before *the invisible movement* at his finger tips.

Between two plumes the energy of what is contained in an image. Between two plumes the filmmaker's energy subject to the nearness and distances of a still, of an image and of a single frame.

Between two plumes the energy of what is contained in an image. Between two plumes the filmmaker's energy kindled at Will towards abundance and attendance.

Abundance and Attendance. The doors of Donatello open. Plumes and Palms! These interchange the task of the filmmaker which is that of abundance. These interchange the task of the Temenos spectator which is the task of attendance.

Abundance and Attendance. The doors of Donatello open. Plumes and Palms! These interchange the insight of movements supplied by the will of the filmmaker. These interchange the wishes of the Temenos spectator speculating towards the great Imitation of seeing.

III

Spring light!
Summer light!
Autumn light!
Winter light!

Inorder to bring the light to the surface from the subterranean darkness, the filmmaker has used the measures of imageless Time, for the basis of the Epic structure of his work.

Spring light!
Summer light!
Autumn light!
Winter light!

Inorder to heal and charm the Temenos spectator, the filmmaker has replaced the subterranean darkness of the Tholos with the measures of imageless Time, perfecting the single frame.[i]

Spring light!
Summer light!
Autumn light!
Winter light!

Inorder to establish the Unison, the single truth which is the colour of the Seasons, Gortynia has been sought.

IV

Amor protinus[ii]

This passion of Lovers, this *amantium passiones* will lead the future Temenos spectator beyond the Reason for the image.[iii]

Amor protinus

This passion of Lovers, this *amantium passiones* will lead the future Temenos spectator beyond the Form of the work.

PART TWO

I

The feeding at the Trough. The individuals of the More. The Fodder: *the more than more.*

The feeding at the Trough. The individuals of *the more than more.*

The feeding at the Trough. The individuals of the More. The Fodder: *the more than more.*

The feeding at the Trough. The individuals of *the more than more, than less.*

The fodder: choosing a part.
The fodder: popularizing a part.

The fodder: selecting a part inorder to erase the Essence.
The fodder: the part eliminated denotes the truth.
The fodder: what is not mentioned.
The fodder: *the Excision.*

One becomes Fortunate. Fortunate in no longer seeing things within a manner that one feels as if one is building.

One becomes Fortunate. Fortunate in now possessing the visible gift which is the power of building.

II

Unlike the sheep who grazed before the screen in Lyssaraia, or who graze on the Alps of Soglio, there are those who feed at the trough.

Unlike the sheep who grazed before the screen in Lyssaraia, or who graze on the Alps of Soglio, there are those who feed at the trough and cannot afford to show their interest.

Unlike the sheep who grazed before the screen in Lyssaraia, or who graze on the Alps of Soglio, there are those who feed at the trough with the Earnestness of disinterest.

Unlike the sheep who grazed before the screen in Lyssaraia, or those who graze on the Alps of Soglio, there are those who feed at the trough, and, continue the historical deception of the 35mm film's failure.

Apart from the trough, the ever present fodder. The fodder of festivals.

Apart from the trough, the ever present fodder. The fodder of financial committees.

Apart from the trough, the ever present fodder. The fodder of film departments.

Apart from the trough, the ever present fodder. The fodder of film publishers.

III

As the illegal inheritance of the 35mm film accumulates, the process of degeneration becomes the absurdity of the avant-garde.

As the illegal inheritance of the 35mm film accumulates, the process of degeneration becomes the absurdity of the documentary film.

As the illegal inheritance of the 35mm film accumulates, the process of degeneration becomes the absurdity of the experimental film.

As the illegal inheritance of the 35mm film accumulates, the process of degeneration becomes the absurdity of the free cinema.

As the illegal inheritance of the 35mm film accumulates, the process of degeneration becomes the absurdity of New American Cinema.

As the illegal inheritance of the 35mm film accumulates, the process of degeneration becomes the absurdity of underground cinema.

One has never been impressed. One has been safe-guarded. The weight of cedar cones in their lightness dismiss the misuse of the silent screen.

One has never been impressed. One has been safe-guarded. The weight of cedar cones in their lightness dismiss the misuse of the Silent film.

One has never been impressed. One has been safe-guarded. The weight of cedar cones in their lightness dismiss the use of the historical Imprint.

One has never been impressed. One has been safe-guarded. The weight of cedar cones in their lightness dismiss the use of the sociological Imprint.

One has never been impressed. One has been safe-guarded. The weight of cedar cones in their lightness dismiss the use of psychological Imprint.

Without due contemplation, there remains the delight of the worthy dancer in rehearsal.

Without due contemplation, there remains the delight of the Moment's movements when one is rightfully Impressed.

IV

"All those 35mm failures ..."

Markopoulos enroute to Roma.

"Yes! They have to be recognized for what they are, before one can see *film as film*."

Beavers, the 24th of November, 1982.

PART THREE

I

The Nether regions. The purpose of the other Purpose. Working for the other Purpose. Working for the other purpose which is far from the natural Native heritage.

The Nether regions. The purpose of the other Purpose. Working for the other Purpose. Working for the other purpose which is the poverty of the natural Native heritage.

The Nether regions. The purpose of the other Purpose. Working for the other Purpose. Working for the other purpose which is the limitation of the natural Native heritage.

The Nether regions. The purpose of the other Purpose. Working for the other Purpose. Working for the other purpose which is the unchanged depressed state of Purpose.

Neither working for Purpose.
Neither working for Purpose achieved.

And the index deserved. Neither working for *film as film*.

II

Before the Souls of many abandoned Natures. Greece. The Greek soul!

Before the Souls of many abandoned Natures. Germany. The German soul!

Before the Souls of many abandoned Natures. Italy. The Italian soul!

Before the souls of many abandoned Natures. China. The Chinese soul!

Wild flowers, strawberries, chestnuts and Serene snow descending. The funds dispersed.

The Greek soul! *dispersed.*

Wild flowers, strawberries, chestnuts and Serene snow descending. The funds dispersed.

The German soul! *dispersed.*

Wild flowers, strawberries, chestnuts and Serene snow descending. The funds dispersed.

The Italian soul! *dispersed.*

Wild flowers, strawberries, chestnuts and Serene snow descending. The funds dispersed.

The Chinese soul! *dispersed.*

The funds dispersed before the abandoned Souls of many Natures. Greece – *wild flowers*.

The funds dispersed before the abandoned Souls of many Natures. Germany – *strawberries.*

The funds dispersed before the abandoned Souls of many Natures. Italy – *chestnuts.*

The funds dispersed before the abandoned Souls of many Natures. China – *Serene snow descending.*

Serene snow descending. Kanellopoulos wanders distraught in the abandoned Centre.[iv]

Serene snow descending. Goethe ends his search for Faust in the arms of a Greek youth.

Serene snow descending. Manzoni pursues the spheres of Dante.[v]

Serene snow descending. Confucius lingers by a waterfall.

III

Land voices in English!

The winds have reached the mouths of stone Angels. Origins. The winds are passing through the mouths of stone Angels.

Land voices in French!

The winds have reached the mouths of stone Angels. Origins. The winds are passing through the mouths of stone Angels.

Who is to pursue *the origins*. The motion picture was destroyed from the very beginning. Who is to pursue Origins. Acquired rights.

Who is to pursue *the origins*. The motion picture was destroyed from the very beginning. Who is to pursue Origins. Vulgar talents.

Origins! Acquired rights.
Origins! Vulgar talents.

The winds have reached the mouths of stone Angels. Origins. The winds are passing through the mouths of stone Angels.

The *unseen*. The *receivers*. The *seekers*. The unseen controlling the receivers. The receivers controlling the seekers. The seekers disgracing the Public. This is the sole *fashion*. This is the history of the motion picture.

IV

τα μέγιστα φίλων[vi]

17th of January, 1983
Heitzing, Wien

PROPOSAL TO THE ARCHITECT OF THE TEMENOS

Once again, one finds oneself in the huge morass which is called Athens. The purpose is for the fifth Temenos to be held on the 31st of August and the 1st of September, 1984. *Temenos 1984* will be held in the fading village of Lyssaraia, formerly called *Bougiati*. Bougiati or Lyssaraia is situated ninety minutes from Olympia. From its particular and special heights one can see on a clear day the whole of the Alpheus Valley and beyond to the vast sea. The view is similar, though closer, as the brilliant sight from the hills of *Axaia Clauss*.[i]

Lyssaraia's population has dwindled to a mere one hundred villagers, if even those, who share no hope other than to be buried in the local graveyard. A graveyard which is kept up to a standard unnecessary for such a tiny place. Near Lyssaraia is the village of Sarakini. During *the civil war* it was known as 'Little Moscow', and it remains true to this fact, just as it will remain so in the next elections, if they take place.

The few children who still remain in Lyssaraia have spent this winter in the village of Dimitsana, equally Dark. It is these children, alone, who have for four years attended the *temenoi* of Beavers and Markopoulos. It is these children, alone, who have for four years helped with the setting up of the huge motion picture screen. It is these children, alone, who have served with the help of Beavers and Markopoulos the annual buffet. In two hours of serving, these young children create an atmosphere of superlative order, unlike what would take place if the *temenoi* were held in Athens. Perhaps, from one of these children the single tear of the Angel of the Sun Dial which is needed, if Greece is not to be lost, if Greece is not to become a province or state in the future course of the Middle East, will descend upon his head to alter the unfortunate course, now evident everywhere.

Since there is no forest of any kind in this region of Gortynia, only the silent spoken stones, which if one is on foot, meet one at every turn and bend, be it path or road, there arose one such day walking with Beavers from Dimitsana to Lyssaraia, *the Thought* of the future Architect of the Temenos. If only it were possible for him to build the Temenos in Gortynia. One knew that it was not the matter of the practical. One knew that it was not the sum that would be needed. Rather, it was the question of the Wound that is Greece. Here, nothing can be built. Here, nothing can be maintained. The wish does not exist. The concern does not exist. There is only the flickering spirit of a few civilized individuals who remain, who arrive, who leave; always unaided, discovering the unseen vastness of the Greek Soul.

This hidden and Majestic spirit has no true name, though many thoughtless names have been given to it. Of course, it is sacred. It is as sacred as the *Hippolytus* of Euripedes. It is far from the perverse which is Athens and its inhabitants; these pitiful inhabitants who are immediate to lament, but unable or willing to sacrifice towards the hidden Bliss, the spirit which remains hidden. It is the modern scorn like the extinguishing of the Olympian Flame, lighted by contaminated hands.

If every year, every first weekend of September, there is a gathering of nearly three hundred Temenos Spectators, these and more will gather far from Gortynia upon another site, in another Time, when the Temenos will have become a reality. It will be a universal Time when the idea of Reality will have vanished; *the unexpected Time.* It will be the Time after the pollen has been gathered and sacrificed by the future Architect of the Temenos, before beginning the construction of the Temenos with its library, and, *the Amor*. The cosmos of the work of Robert Beavers and Gregory Markopoulos will be stored in the library for the use of the few, the select few, who will study the Achievements of so many decades. *The Amor*, within whose space the cosmos of the work of Beavers and Markopoulos will be presented will contain the great Rule. The *rule* which is Hippolytus.

Hippolytus will build the Temenos. He will know how long the stones must be left on the proposed site before they are used. He will know when the wood will be cut, and, during the second season, when it will be fitted together. In the Springtime he will offer his sacrifice towards beginning the construction. In the Fall he will begin to cut the wood when the Great Grey Owl appears over the site; thereafter, he will build and build.

The form will be the form of Hippolytus himself. The colour will be born from his thoughts during the Spring, and will give life to *the Amor* as his own blood will give life and courage to himself to continue to the end of the construction. He will follow the princely rule of Kingdom; of the just Imagination as he creates the foundation, the form, the pattern. Hippolytus will instruct his marvellous carpenters on many subjects including the doors of Porphyry[ii] and the Chalcidean[iii] seats, deep set, sunken towards the multiple surface of Reflection.

At a time when the construction of the Temenos nears its completion, the Architect of the Temenos will gather the pollen a second time. With the filmmaker he will offer a sacrifice in the names of all those who have preserved the idea of the Temenos. Then, the future Architect of the Temenos will enter *the Amor* alone to light the source and by his presence bring forth the ever Sought Radiance.

17th of March, 1984
Plateia Theatrou, Athens

THE HIGH TABLELAND

I

The Father before the Word.

The Son before the Word.

And, the Holy Ghost, ceaselessly upon the Universal Stillness.

II

How in the Smoke, amongst the smoke the Temenos Spectator perceived his way.

How in the Smoke, amongst the smoke the Temenos Spectator found his way.

How in the Smoke, amongst the smoke the Temenos Spectator arrived and was nourished.

III

From the High Tableland we heard the murmur of the Loss.

The whisper from the plains reached the High Tableland and resolved into the Three Words.

From the High Tableland we heard the swarming of the Bees in the hills.

From the High Tableland we beheld the fleeing of the yellow beaked Swans from the cities.

IV

Winged words shaped themselves and passed between us on the High Tableland.

Winged words shaped themselves and passed between us on the High Tableland like so many fiery utterances.

Winged words shaped themselves and passed between us on the High Tableland and descended upon the Universal Stillness.

V

Universal Stillness.

Universal Stillness, *then*,

“We must unearth and bury again what we have uncovered.”

Universal Stillness.

Universal Stillness, *then*,

“In order to allow for the later discovery.”

Thus, this Constitution, our constitution enfolding the Temenos Spectator; *he who has not been to the Temenos*.

VI

In one sphere the Stillness. In another sphere the Universal.

then,

“To begin where there is light.”

There is no need to think of light.

then,

“To begin where there is air.”

There is no need to think of air.

VII

From the High Tableland we continued walking towards the sounding Stillness of our Images, *waiting*.

One height above the Alpheus saw the Splendor of the Night’s Sky.[i]

Another height, saw plainly Amorbach, far from the nearer and greater Loss.[ii]

Assisted by each other, and guided by Promise kept, we continued hour by hour toward light.

Assisted by each other, and guided by Promise kept, we continued year after year toward air, *till,*

"And before!"

Athens!

Vienna!

London!

"Wherefore?"

VIII

We approached the composer.

"Which country?"

We approached the composer amongst his oars, masts and sails.

"Which country?"

We agreed.

Oars!

Masts!

Sails!

The filmmakers and the composer, *agreed,*

"The Endurance is to remain silent ..."

"The Endurance is to Build in Silence ..."

IX

In greater Macedonia, a hand lifts and holds in its palm a multitude of Souls.

Below, the sea, the five masterful Sponge Gatherers, the Magnificence of the painter; he and they, searchers, within and after the Smoke, far from the erasing of *the human attributes*.

X

There is a foundation which will be made of granite.

A floor upon which a fire will be lighted.

The Great Hearth of the Elective Image.

Through the clouds above the High Tableland the Benefactor bequeaths the Elective Image.

The floor before which a fire is made is now lit.

One unmoving flutter ascends to preserve the Elective Image.

All that changes returns to the Ever Unchanging Aspect of the holiness of the Benefactor.

XI

Joy!

in the *echeia*, rich and sweet tones from brass urns.[iii]

Joy!

and, the Attribute known.

Joy!

and, the Universal Stillness filled with the Elective Images.

Upon the granite foundation, the stones aged for two years, will rise the cedar form. Through the doors of Porphyry the cedar form.

Through the cedar form the sunken chalcidean chairs. Through the cedar form the multiple surfaces of Reflection.

Nowhere such privilege bestowed!

Here, the Temenos Spectators will gather, stepping foot upon the pattern of the Carp.

Nowhere such privilege bestowed!

Here, the Temenos Spectators become equal in the leap towards themselves.

Nowhere such privilege bestowed!

Here the Temenos Spectators before the Cosmos of the Work of Beavers and Markopoulos.

Nowhere such privilege bestowed!

Before the multiple surfaces of Reflection, our Wish, *the marvel Obtained, the marvel Sustained between the pattern* of the Carp and the Waterbearer, forever.

XII

ινιν ...[iv]

17th of February to 6th of April, 1984
Bad Ragaz – München

ΑΝΑΛΑΜΨΙΣ

ANALAMPSIS

THE THOUGHT

I

In the Wilderness of Abundance and the importance of *stasis*. The immortal seed. The immortal image. *Stasis!*

In the Wilderness of Abundance and the importance of *stasis*. The Temenos! This pure space. This place. This free place which sparkles and resounds with Sound.

In the Wilderness of Abundance and the importance of *stasis*. Our prayer. Our prayer to the Doves of Dodona who nourished the infant Zeus.

In the Wilderness of Abundance and the importance of *stasis*. To create the span of one's own work equal to the span of a living and timeless space. To imagine the span of one's work equal to the birth of a new country, and, to remember the stones of Gortynia; to remember the sheep of Soglio grazing on the dormant alps. And how we reached Amorbach!

In the Wilderness of Abundance and the importance of *stasis*. The morning. The morning of the first presentation, from Him the gift. The morning, the first morning of presentation from Him who owns the land which becomes the space of the Temenos. His the gift. The site, the land, the space. His the words: *these acres yours, these woods my gift!*

In the Wilderness of Abundance and the importance of *stasis*. This conduct of the filmmakers. These rules of an unspoken, of an unwritten Constitution – unknown. With time in Time become the strength.

II

When one knows and expects the improbable. The building; ready to build. That one is going to build from the immaterial which is the material of each stone placed, composed.

When one knows and expects the improbable. All are there. All those who have encouraged in the past and who will help in the Future. All those who have discouraged. All those become immaterial. Continuing. Faithful before the *Amor*.

When one knows and expects the improbable. The incomparable Moment is now. Through the Grace preserved and achieved. Through the privilege taken and returned.

When one knows and expects the improbable. The utterance of *the wish* placed upon a lustrous vessel in Waiting. The utterance of *the wish* doubting before the lustrous vessel in Anticipation. Silent. Knowing. Expecting.

When one knows and expects the improbable. Through decades and centuries the imperial responsibility floating upon Erebus.[i] Through decades and centuries the imperial responsibility asleep.

When one knows and expects the improbable. The Sovereign unit summoned, reconstituted, enjoined. The Sovereign unit summoned, reconstituted and Rightful Heirs assembled.

III

Nothing sought.
Nothing sought from those who echo, "From that viewpoint."
Nothing sought from those who echo, "From that viewpoint."
There is no more a viewpoint than there is an *If!*

Nothing sought from those who echo, "From that viewpoint."
There is no more a viewpoint than the stars above the boy returning, perpetually, in deep stillness, with quietness by our side; in utter silence by our side on foot.

Nothing sought from those who echo, "From that viewpoint."

There is no more a viewpoint than those who have forsaken the vastness of Kingly promise restored. First Him, the Prince seeking the Alpheus Valley. The view, the dazzling natal day. The Majestic sweep – the hand. *the return.*

THE PROPOSAL

I

Happily terrified by Circumstance.

Happily terrified by Circumstance. The boys who served the annual buffet. The order. The disorder of unfortunate course.

Happily terrified by Circumstance. The boys who first carried the frame to the legendary site. The order. The unwilling sacrifice towards the far reaching Rapture.

Happily terrified by Circumstance. The boys who carried the toast and taste of wine to each spectator; to each concealed spectator; to each hidden spirit.

II

Here nothing can be built; nothing maintained.

Here nothing can be built; nothing maintained. For the Intention exists where concern does not.

Here nothing can be built; nothing maintained. For the Intention exists where concern does not. Only the aphonic stones turn and bend. We on Foot.

Here nothing can be built; nothing maintained. For the Intention exists where concern does not. Only the wish relayed towards the dawn; the ἀμφιφαὴς τόπος.[ii]

Here nothing can be built; nothing maintained. For the Intention exists where concern does not. The theme of Time that there is never one place, but always two.

Here nothing can be built; nothing maintained. For the Intention exists where concern does not. Hellas become a state, a province. Yet, suddenly emerging, ordering *the Athenian Course* upon Noetic Space.[iii]

III

Fierce Hope. Wavering necessity aside. Calmed. The sum of early morning before two wanderers from Dimitsana towards Lyssaraia.

Fierce Hope. Wavering necessity aside. Calmed. The dust purifying each footstep. Each trace a lyric Before.

Fierce Hope. Wavering necessity aside. Calmed. Before the Universal Time. Before the idea Reality vanquished. There *the unexpected Time.*

Fierce Hope. Wavering necessity aside. Calmed. Before the assembled and entrusted. The Oak Leaf.

Fierce Hope. Wavering necessity aside. Calmed. The Oak Leaf. An Oak Leaf sought by the destined *master builder* of the Temenos.

Fierce Hope. Wavering necessity aside. Calmed. Here where there is no forest, Beavers and Markopoulos thought of their proposal. Here where there is no forest the overture was sounded for the destined *master builder* of the Temenos.

THE ASPECT

I

Many Constantines will build the Temenos. In the Springtime. In the Fall. In the Winter. And Summer will bear the risk.

Many Constantines will build the Temenos. In the Springtime. In the Fall. In the Winter. But only one will know how.

Many Constantines will build the Temenos. In the Springtime, *he* who will be the only one; *he* who will only know how as he waits for the arrival of the Great Grey Owl.

Many Constantines will build the Temenos. In the Springtime, *he* who will know how shall seek the stones. The Only One will know how long the stones must be left untouched.

II

The colour of the amethyst. The swift rule of tribute. To this *Form*, *Foundation*, and *Pattern*.

The colour of the amethyst. The swift rule of tribute. The winged seats. The speckled floor; discovered the Pheasant's egg.

The colour of the amethyst. The swift rule of tribute. Immensity and smallness balanced. Nowhere to be found. Redoubled.

The colour of the amethyst. The swift rule of tribute. Considering the seeing element. Considering the hearing element.

The colour of the amethyst. The swift rule of tribute. With native force he will explain. With native force he will select. Mason. Carpenter. Illuminator.

And marvellously Discovering!

And marvellously Instructing!

And marvellously instructing, like that which is the Sovereign unit.

III

Begun! the building begun. It will be begun.

Begun! the building begun. In the Fall *he* will order the cutting of the wood. From a distance will be heard the first Thundering. A song of felling hew. A song of untroubled Sameness.

THE INTENTION

I

What winged aspect will allow the passage of two peerless lives? The passage of two equal lives.

What winged aspect will allow the passage of two peerless lives? The Waterbearer. The Carp.

What winged aspect will allow the passage of two peerless lives? Grain, berry, ear, corn, nut. Roots.

What winged aspect will allow the passage of two peerless lives? Working silently among the populations.

What winged aspect will allow the passage of two peerless lives? Working silently silently among the Nations.

II

First and Second Seasons combined. The Angel's Tear has fallen upon a boy. The construction of the Temenos nears its completion.

First and Second Seasons combined. The Angel's Tear has fallen upon a boy. The construction of the Temenos nears its completion. Archive. Library. *Amor*.

Archive. For those few who will study the achievement of so many decades.

Library. For those few who will discover the Meaning.

Amor. For those first and ensuing Temenos Spectators who will gather and claim the cosmos. The work of Robert Beavers and Gregory Markopoulos.

III

There have been and will be no others. Who were those who came to the village in Gortynia?

There have been and will be no others. Who were those who came to the village in Gortynia? What was their objective?

There have been and will be no others. Who were those who came to the village in Gortynia? Why did they attend?

There have been and will be no others. Who were those who came to the village in Gortynia? What did they not see?

The Light mist of our work. Outlasting.

The Light mist of our work. Outlasting; without Anything.

IV

Farewell Boédromion![iv] And we will set *an armonie* in motion.[v]

Farewell Boédromion! And we will set *an armonie* in motion. *Unprecedented.*

Farewell Boédromion! And we will set *an armonie* in motion. *Unwanted.*

Farewell Boédromion! And we will set *an armonie* in motion. *Unsuspected.*

THE AMOR

I

At a Time. A second time.

At a Time. A second time. As the construction of the Temenos nears its completion, the Oak Leaf collected.

At a Time. A second time. As the construction of the Temenos nears its completion, the Oak Leaf collected. *The Master Builder of the Temenos will gather the Oak Leaf a second time.*

At a Time. A second time. As the construction of the Temenos nears its completion, the Oak Leaf collected. *The Master Builder of the Temenos with the filmmakers will pronounce aloud:*

resounding the names of all those who have preserved the decades of many *temenoi.* the showings, here and everywhere, unwanted.

II

Alone; the ever sought Radiance.

Alone; the ever sought Radiance. The destined Master Builder will enter the *Amor* alone.

He will shout the illustrious Name

Athanase
Constantine
Ghertsos[vi]

and by his presence bring forth the ever Sought Radiance.

III

Winged seats before the multiple surface of Reflection. Deep sunken. ἀνάλαμψις.

the radiance of the materials: wood, stone, and, chalcidean, porphyry. the soaring space. the seats. the approach.

ἀνάλαμψις.

Winged seats before the multiple surface of Reflection. Deep sunken. ἀνάλαμψις.

the image reaching Image. Sunlight and Frost. Earth, Air, Fire, Water. The light of Day and frost.

ἀνάλαμψις.

Winged seats before the multiple surface of Reflection. Deep sunken. ἀνάλαμψις.

the eye of the Master Builder matching the eye of the filmmakers. the light evoking the image. the light upon the multiple surface. the splendour about the spectator.

ἀνάλαμψις.

IV

It is mortal when one leaves. It is immortal while the spectators are there.
ERB – Lyssaraia
September 1984.

20th of January, 1985
München

MESSAGE FOR D.W.GRIFFITH

My dear Wark,

How long.

How long, how very long I have had the desire to write and send you this message. How fortunate you are, so far from the mediocre. The more than mediocre.

I am in Paris having arrived by plane from München with the glorious American filmmaker Robert Beavers.

Excluding myself, for my race, as you know, is of the Hellenes, you and he are *the beginning and the end* of Motion Pictures. *The beginning and the end* of that perfect medium become imperfect. *The beginning and the end* of that perfect medium which you can only imagine or compare to fair and elevated German Music. *The beginning and the end* of that perfect medium which can embrace Sculpture after the manner of its own form. *The beginning and the end* of that perfect medium which illustrates what is Painting by the grace of all that is simultaneous, in and within, the wonder of each lens used. That which you, Wark, first gave grace to: your first close-up.

What a malady has struck Motion Pictures since you left us! A terrible misfortune; a contamination. The supreme medium has fallen to false hands, to false aspirations, to diabolic intents. America had to wait till 1949 for the appearance of Beavers to justify *the beginning and the end*. The medium has been very lonely, Wark, since your decision to leave us; since your decision to take the extraordinary celestial journey.

One has never, again, seen what your eyes' hand, your craft and natural love became the sustained ethical beliefs of your work. One has never, again, seen the logical use of the mass. I think of *Intolerance*. I think of *The Birth of a Nation*. One has never again seen the joyous use of the actor. The innocence of the actor, as we have forgotten to think of the actor. This innocence placed in the limited vastness of your the Maria de Medici,[i] and, in the equally limited vastness of your magnificent Babylon. Who else, but you, Wark, come from Kentucky, could have conceived such a total Movement or such a total Ornament. Later only the heaviness of the problematical Pabst, Sternberg, Stroheim, Eisenstein, and the rest of the lot. Yours the simple achievement and theirs the pathetic, cultureless imitation.

Today, this morning at breakfast, Erb said to me, "You don't ask for more though much more is needed." He was speaking of the necessary sum. But Erb had not said this, as I had imagined. What he had said was, "... that if you are seen to use more you are given more." Yet, I do not ignore what you invested with *Intolerance* and *The Birth of a Nation:* You and only you, Wark, could have dared such a personal investment, amongst the denizens that had by that time gathered, there, where you were *Building*, and claimed citizenship to what was not theirs.

Everything today is done, almost without exception, through abnormal delays and Usury. The greater the amounts, the more perverse the Social Deficits allowed in every domain. The individual results are not even worth considering. Few are those who can withstand the onslaught imposed upon them by this final end of the Century aberrant gesture.

There is absolutely no difference in the cost of one of my films, regardless of length, today, than there was when I made *Psyche* in 1947. I may even say that now my films cost even less. I consider the eighteen part *Chartres* which I completed some weeks ago.[ii]

Yet the usury and stupidity of the coordinated Educational and Cultural enterprise is worse today than it was twenty or thirty years ago; twenty or thirty years after the Benevolence of the Second World War. For twenty or thirty years ago the elements were miraculously blind; whereas now they have become bleary eyed from the fatigue of ineptness. And, there is no difference *how, when and if* they give one a single film showing or a series of film showings. Not to mention the disastrous, preposterous and sinister preoccupations with programming. Not to mention their insufferable projections, everywhere; without exception. But, you, too, Wark, have suffered and have observed from your Olympian heights how your work has been misused. I recall one film lecturer in London who philosophized about what you had not done!

What are we to do? To be forced to teach is out of the question. We will not be coerced! Let those who have no abilities, let alone abilities for the medium teach those who also have no ability for the medium.

Let those who pretend to be theorists teach. Let those worms swarm about their non-existent Renaissance at the expense of what is Possible.

Must we hide? Or should we return to the mountains, again, Wark. You know how we took this decision for nearly a decade. That was during the 70's; a decade during which time others believing they were doing their duty for Motion Pictures remained in the plains, in the quagmire areas, and, in the swamps where they made their false films, and contributed in a major manner to the false history of Motion Pictures. Constantly, it was the abetted fraud of the film academies, the cinémathèques, the Kommunales Kinos. This, to the extent that the spectators, confounded by television, and the general decay of what is the image, believed in what they were being served; in what they were seeing. Has there been a master filmmaker created by this reign, by this terrorist reign of film academies, cinémathèques and Kommunales Kinos? Not a one.

For us, it is a terrible vision that we have seen. For us, it is evident as we return to one of our mountaintops, the one in Gortynia, for the sixth Temenos presentations. *Temenos 1985*. But now, and, thereafter, Beavers and I shall be seeking the site, the architect and the one sublime, and only spectator of our AMOR. With every obstacle before us, and constantly with disbelief, we continue towards the only known, the Unknown. When will we reach the forest where the first tree will be sacrificed for our AMOR?

With us in the unending Task, protecting, waiting to see if we will succeed are the two or three, *true of heart. And he.* I know that you will write questioning sternly if there are such two or three, *true of heart.* There are. They exist. But the many others who will be needed, the donors, the sponsors, apart from the Benefactor, how will they attain to become *true of heart?* It is difficult; very difficult. Unimaginable! For those we need must bear an allegiance equivalent to ours; an allegiance equivalent to the knowledge of our Faith's Despair.

During the past months, January through May, I allowed old prints, no more than work prints, to be presented in Germany. The result has been a virtual chaos. Not one word has been written. One attempt, my own to establish an interview on television (the Hessischer Rundfunk) culminated in a completely reworked telecast of what I had said. Fortunately, I have the original tape of the interview for our TEMENOS ARCHIVE.

Again, I ask you, Wark, what are we to do? There is not a single spectator or student that we have met who has had a genuine conscience; that conscience we are ever seeking. There is no way they can understand the meaning of *film as film*. They are known to attend one Japanese film of dubious quality, and, one hour later return to the same black interior horror to view a Markopoulos print. From one to the other. Their heads containing what? Let us not consider their hearts or liver, those classic seats of the passions.

The situation is hopeless. The new museums being built with their alleys, streets, plazas, pianos and other deformities are presenting us with the strength needed. In ten years when the spectator will be unable to raise his head to the Heavens, these chalk box centers of the encroaching false Religious Dominions will become blacker than the black holes in the Universe; pulverized by their Deceit. What will humanity have become, Wark? A mere electronics remembrance?

We are, indeed, in the Dark Ages, after which there can be no Renaissance. There has never been a Renaissance. And yet, finally, the Swan will embrace the Turtle Dove; and, the Turtle Dove the Byzantine Peacock.

If in our work, and, using our work falsely, since we are not one of them, that something of absolute importance which they have not understood, they have denied us what we have said. Through the mists the work alone will appear; it will stir through the deadly mists, preserved through the cacophonic displays of image and sound.

We will keep our word, Wark. We will remain faithful to our Intention. We will wish for a King! Only a King can be faithful. Only a King can keep his promise. The loyal colour exists there where there are White Reindeer. There there is a heartbeat in that other sphere of the Soul where Breath reigns.

This is becoming lengthy, Wark. Let me say, only, that far from the many godless architectural spaces I believe that *it is the heart which gives grace to every Art.*

Ever yours,
Markopoulos

6th of May, 1985
Paris

HUES POINT

My dear Hawth,

Meaning you remain, as always, that *rara avis*,[i] who first wrote *Fanshawe*.

Did you, actually, disown that first work for pure reasons? Pure, meaning the great initial sacrifice; the great initial sacrifice which always preserves the Origin. The momentary, arbitrary decision.

With my own *Psyche*, *Lysis*, and *Charmides*, I have, several times, considered their exclusion from the future form of my work. To these, I might add *Swain*, so genuinely inspired by your own *Fanshawe*; and, extraordinary circumstance. A circumstance which over the span of years from one to the other establishes a mighty, and indestructible Rainbow Bridge. This bridge remains, ever, from dusk to dawn. Belief in it and the found-arrived Friendship balanced upon Eros' furthest achievement between two Filmmaker Physicians.

There is an order to the mind which is private. Today, during this desolate expansion of poorly directed democratic manners, perhaps, no different than those, when you wrote *The Gentle Boy*,[ii] one remains a private person. At all expense, one avoids those, *as one has always avoided them*, who would bestow Friendship's kiss with a touch of a rod upon one's lips. Later, only to fall prey to the female parent in its dismal old age.

In the medium of motion pictures, all the fatal results during its short history are now being repeated. In one periodical I noticed that CinemaScope was being heralded, at this ominous date, as one of the greatest achievements of motion pictures. The result is as in the two famous, but dark paintings by Courbet: his *procession*, and, *atelier*.[iii]

Even from a distance, Hawthorne, one continues to pay the tariff. One the tax of *talent*. One the duty of *Genius*.

Where are those, now, who were given sums to use, to distribute to deserving individuals, appropriately, through the Marshall Plan. Here, in what is still called Greece, very remarkable sums are being given to those who have accepted the latest design (*fatal design*). Where *beam*? Where *bird*? Where *blood*? Where *blossom*?

As you know, a youth in natural surroundings, unimpinged with artistic rumour, can begin unnoticed. Sometimes, he is in danger of being *shadowed*. Such a being brings to the work that striving towards perfection. That perfection which a Tinguely is incapable of seeing and deliberately denounces.[iv] Our being knows when to begin and when to stop. He brings to the work only what is needed; all else is excluded. To the best of my knowledge there is no one here in Greece who possesses that quality. I think of your own *Young Goodman Brown*.[v] The pursuit is for what is large, for what the public should see; and, when the immediate other situations and problems become insoluble, the public is deluged with Everything equal, that which is Nothing. It is no different than the interest and pose of the politicians in the arts and outside the arts. It is no different than the interest and pose of Mediterranean politicians; the sexual clowns of society. The ones that cause the few free individuals problems.

What I am saying, Hawth, is that funds for motion pictures given to seemingly mature, and, presumably, disciplined adults does not become a formula, available for once and for all; in this case, for motion pictures.

This unfortunate Greek situation is but an imitation (one might even say a gift given to the Greeks) of what has been done in Austria, in Belgium, in England, in France, in Italy, in Holland, in Czechoslovakia; this last, on a more sinister level. We must not ignore their so-called educational films which put the propaganda films of the thirties to complete shame.

For these “elect” to bring to motion pictures all the various corrupt elements and essentials from the abyss of arts and sciences is similar to the Early Greek Fathers who founded Christianity in a manner similar to the Greek character which was, too often, basically corrupt. The greater elements were added later in Adoration confused.

If in the market place Islam and Christianity were once rival faiths, today, *now*, in other agoras, there are the deliberate rivalries of Christianity, as it has become, and, of Communism, as it is not. Your tale *Roger Malvin’s Burial* reminds me of the once American endeavour, a similar uncertainty, acknowledged everywhere.[vi] The attitude, *no one knows what is going to happen*. Yet, it is known as easily as was the use of young whitethorn quick; the planting and laying of it in the Spring for quick fences.

Before this bold digression, Hawth, I mentioned a form of sustenance for filmmakers that I have encountered everywhere. It is as deathly and ineffectual for any filmmaking as that form of financing given for so many years by television; that modern Hooper's eye.[vii] It is a domain where no liberty loving youth strays; strays for long.

Do you know, Hawth, the *Ode to Liberty* by Collins. A part is as follows,

> The youths ... Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
> At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding.[viii]

Again, I have digressed. With that *free and exulting step*, of which you have spoken which knows *no barrier but the rolling ocean/the snow-topped mountains*.[ix]

Today, we mourn youth, not for the imbecility of falling in strife (that normal and common necessity of defence); we mourn youth for its lack of ability, not to mention intention. It is the opposite of the once *tolerable* David.[x] Every direction offered is done with, so one might say, poisonous arrows. The stream of arrows through the contaminated atmosphere is endless.

The chief need, the only acceptable need is that which preserves or coerces the individual, and, generally does not allow him any sense of reality. Every "new" idea sponsored today is used to negate or erase what has been a long range plan of dismissing what may have been Royally democratic! What is no longer profitable. For the same diseases new names, dismal programs of the World Health Organization. To paraphrase from your notes of 1837–1838, *the house was in a whisper*; humanity succumbed in heterosexual defeat; humanity succumbed and paying for its false interest in homosexuality.

And where! And why? Where is motion pictures?

Every film being made today by those who have access to the battery of equipment, equal to War materials, is something other than a film. Those who make these films bring to them all that is foreign; in the classic sense of the word, *foreign*. There is not a single distinguished breath in any of them. All is putrid. Where there is form in film, my own *Eros, O Basileus*, they see "trick" and "effect". Yet, an audience can be overwhelmed by the nude figure, even as they chatter about *the actor*; even as they chatter about *Narcissus* never seeing that the film is about the wonderful age when a young man is making a film!

Therefore, Hawth, upon beams of light, I acknowledge your continued Presence. The foliage in patterned display remains Immortal. We, this less than handful, faithful to our ideals, sprung from stone, a stone seemingly absent of any known ancestry or kinsfolk ______ we will provoke the unexpected.[xi]

Hawth, that I should write this from Athens where the din of noise is so great that one, after five weeks, no longer hears, denotes the plunder, the barbarian influx, the betrayal of the non-existent democratic, and the dangerous uprooted peasantry who cannot be trusted.

Where is film? All is diabolical disorder like Warhol. All is politically misused. The Greek Communism is like their homosexuality. *It does not exist*. And shall we apply these matters to other Nations?

The sun veils its source as the other headed sex scorches the Earth, Hawth. All the human impurities have been released. It is, as if, there were no Task left. Infirm happiness is on the faces of the masses. The balance, tottering, is the deliberate and calculated limitation of Idea.

In this multiple atmosphere of the pornographic (and, elsewhere as well) everyone imagines that the filmmaker's or painter's span of life can be severed, can be limited; can begin and end as life to death. Since the mass cannot believe in anything, they are incapable of recognizing the endless span that is the filmmaker's and painter's devoted achievement; an achievement such as is the very foundation of their society. But you, yourself, Hawth, have experienced how *metal* remains unrecognized!

A great German philosopher has said that *greatness begins with greatness*. So film begins with film in black and white and culminates in colour. *Film as Film*. Film must be developed within film itself. All else is irrelevant, of no importance. It is like the agreement of word to word developed, sagaciously, as you have done, Hawth. The inner and outer form of words explored and culmination from the furthest and most remote point, to the nearest and most intimate point. Few like you, Hawth, have known the secret of Chestnut Words. For me it is sound in film, of course.

... half moon days later. And, so, we are in Lyssaraia where there might have been hope; where there can be no hope whatsoever. Only the black and white goats with their black and coffee bean beards are capable of continuing. The rest, the imbalance is the human voice. The Greek peasant's voice alarming the nerves.

This evening we are seeing Robert Beavers' *Still Light*. The decided Temenos spectator who has made the journey remains in anticipation of the work. But, only Beavers can know the work for it is he who made it.

... the Greek Morning. And having noticed that men with Doctor of Philosophy degrees who have come to Lyssaraia, and, others with such ambitions, cannot ask questions of film to any purpose, let alone with purpose; I wonder when, if ever, him, that we, also, need will ever appear. That Philosopher of Film as Film who will seek the *Temenos Archive*. That Philosopher of Film as Film who will set foot in the *Amor*. That Philosopher of Film as Film who will be delightfully ignorant of film, and, of film literature, but who will seek the spark, Nevertheless!

... Pear Mountain. The return from *Temenos 1985*. The creative individuals are subdivided and made to appear worthless. This is similar to the way peasants are subdivided before and after the fatal comedy of elections. Calculations by the foe. And who is the foe?

The foe is the growing boy in the village who says that nothing can be inculcated, further, in the minds, the old minds as he expresses it, of the last villagers. Yet, I fear, this boy will progress but one step beyond the old minds. Unless ...; unless his stare progresses beyond flirtation.

... München. And, so, we are recovering from the sixth Temenos. *Temenos 1985* is over. We are waiting for many things. Even, thus, we know the rocks of Greece are continuing to chatter amongst themselves as the Spirit crumbles, among those who are the Dissemblers.

The stones thrown, and, the arrows sent are returned to those who have thrown and sent them, as in the painting of Fra Angelico, Hawth.[xii] And, we remain grinding away, not unlike the secret of how porcelain is made. Yet, we do not tarry far from hues point! Quality. Colour. Purity. Truth. Hue.

Please accept these ordered paragraphs, digressions, and thoughts of the Night; this vow, *Now*,

Yours and *Thou*,
Markopoulos

28th of September, 1985
München[xiii]

ἈΕΊ ΚΑΛΌΝ

AEI KALON

THE FILMMAKER PHYSICIAN

I

Let us begin with the kiss of the Beloved. He who appears
alone. He who reveals the moment. He who knows the moment.

Let us begin with the kiss of the Beloved. He who appears
alone. He who comes with Innocence. He who remains in Innocence.

Let us begin with the kiss of the Beloved. He who appears
alone. The kiss given. The kiss placed upon the lips.

ἄνϑος[i]
Let us begin with the kiss of the Beloved. He who appears
alone. The kiss given. The kiss given never to be returned.

ἄνϑος
Let us begin with the kiss of the Beloved. He who appears
alone. The kiss given. The kiss given never to be returned.
Beloved; love Irrevocable.

Let us begin with the kiss of the Beloved. He who appears
alone. The kiss given. The kiss given never to be returned.
Beloved, this portable case. Quivers, each named.

Let us begin with the kiss of the Beloved. He who appears
alone. The kiss given. The kiss given. The kiss given never
to be returned. *Beloved, flower of Fire! virtuous, noble.*

II

The firmament Embraced. Know what to do before you know what to do.

The firmament Embraced. Know what to do before you know how to do it.

The firmament Embraced. Know what to do before you know why you do it.

something, anything, everything.

Something. intimacy. Know what to do before you know what to do. *cosmos. essence. deluge.*

Anything. Know what to do before you know how to do it. *cosmos, essence, deluge.*

Everything. Know what to do before you know why you do it. *cosmos. essence. deluge.*

cosmos. this soil.

cosmos. this growth.

cosmos. this seed.

III

this essence. The Shadow in the Sun. Having reached the dew pond.

this essence. The Shadow in the Sun. Having reached the dew pond. The visible particles.

this essence. The Shadow in the Sun. Having reached the dew pond. Chamois!

Chamois, those males without beards from the Pyrenees and Carpathians. Clouds breathing dew in the Desolation.

Chamois, those males without beards from the Pyrenees and Carpathians. Thrones with wings of flecked red Jasper.

IV

In the midst of Roses. *the entire structure. the entire substance.* The supreme elements, the forms, the figures. Within the flourishing of boundaries, *the Nomos* upon the rushing Deluge.[ii]

In the midst of Roses. *the entire structure. the entire substance.* The supreme elements, the forms, the figures. Within the flourishing of boundaries, *the Nomos* upon the rushing Deluge. *the arts, by year, less esteemed.*

In the midst of Roses. *the entire structure. the entire substance.* The supreme elements, the forms, the figures. Within the flourishing of boundaries, *the Nomos* upon the rushing Deluge. *the intervention of Time strengthening and perfecting.*

In the midst of Roses. *the entire structure. the entire substance.* The supreme elements, the forms, the figure. Within the flourishing of boundaries, *the Nomos* upon the rushing Deluge. *the shunning of the Multitude.*

In the midst of Roses. *the entire structure. the entire substance.* The supreme elements, the forms, the figure. Within the flourishing of boundaries, *the Nomos* upon the rushing Deluge. *unshared the lives and opinions of the Multitude.*

V

A space that is. Equality departing from unequal Nature. Eros Parthenios. Eros Paidikos. *the boy is beautiful.*[iii]

A space that is. Equality departing from unequal Nature. Eros Parthenios. Eros Paidikos. *the boy is beautiful beyond the things which exist.*

A space that is. Equality departing from unequal Nature. Eros Parthenios. Eros Paidikos. *the boy communicates himself in superabundance of his own nature.*

A space that is. Equality departing from unequal Nature.
Eros Parthenios. Eros Paidikos. *the boy is good, never coexisting with Added Character.*

A space that is. Equality departing from unequal Nature.
Eros Parthenios. Eros Paidikos. *the boy retains the flask till the age of thirty.*

A space that is. Equality departing from unequal Nature.
Eros Parthenios. Eros Paidikos. *the boy leaves not a trace of his image in the sand.*

VI

Late Spring. Hoar Frost. *the wind measuring the sea breeze.*
The many nations' Game of Quoits.

Late Spring. Hoar Frost. *the wind measuring the sea breeze.*
The many nations' Game of Quoits. The many nations' deceit.

Late Spring. Hoar Frost. *the wind measuring the sea breeze.*
The many nations' Game of Quoits. The many nations' deceit.
each nation's misconceived sexualities, without the power and truth of Distance.

beloven. the land breeze scattering Celestial feelings.
The protector hero pointing to the meaning cloud.

beloven. the land breeze scattering Celestial feelings.
The protector hero vigilant before the Midsummer's candle; that which ravishes the mind.

VII

The male. *precious stones.* All that is or was. Counsel, the dart-wounded, becomes visible through light. *the admirable wrapping.*

The male. *precious stones.* All that is or was. Counsel, the dart-wounded, becomes visible through light. *the admirable enfolding.*

The male. *precious stones.* All that is or was. Counsel, the
dart-wounded, becomes visible through light. Man's soul Balanced
upon equal Night and Day. *the moist blending of this mankind.*

joining hand in holding the stars.

joining hand in stirring the Mixing-Bowls.

joining hand in binding the Admixture.

The male. *precious stones.* All that is or was. Counsel, the
dart-wounded, becomes visible through light. *the middle
colour Redde. black and white.*

The male. *precious stones.* All that is or was. Counsel, the
dart-wounded, becomes visible through light. *black the
antagonist. an acre surveyed.*

The male. *precious stones.* All that is or was. Counsel, the
dart-wounded, becomes visible through light. *clouds have
appeared. Gortynian forces* gathering!

the momentary Pause. the Slight gust.

the momentary Pause. the fragrant air.

the momentary Pause. the healing influence.

VIII

Wherefore. Why and wherefore. In the company of Cobblers.
prudence.

Wherefore. Why and wherefore. In the company of Cobblers.
astuteness.

Wherefore. Why and wherefore. In the company of Cobblers.
wisdom.

and, those of bad private conscience. no will or Order.

and, those of bad private conscience. vain. lacking ability.

The two, the one, the other. The two imperfect, disordered.
The other, sufferer and victim.

The two, the one, the other. The two, futile, lacking. *The other*, reduced.

the one, advancing. the one approaching. Morningtide brings the tender look. Morningtide brings the tender look which apprehends *clarity*.

and the Roe Stag in dignity before the White.

and the Roe Stag in stateliness before the White.

and the Roe Stag in majesty before the White. *the gift of a white Rabbit.*

TO THE BELOVED BECOME THE FILMMAKER PHYSICIAN

I

Hys Lymmes.[iv]

Hys Lymmes.

Hys Lymmes.

cutting, seedling, plantlet. below cloudes of clay.
Born of wind and clouds.

Eros Paidikos.
Eros Parthenios.

Eros Paidikos. He who smoothes the sand. He who leaves no trace. Moving hands like moving clouds leading to the bold Elegance.

Eros Paidikos. He who smoothes the sand. He who leaves no trace. Moving hands like moving clouds leading to the bold Balance.

Eros Paidikos. He who smoothes the sand. He who leaves no trace. Moving hands like moving clouds leading to the bold Design.

II

The purpose of Time, and the measurement of the Wind.

gentle, moderate, strong. Wind bodies condensed from pearls.

The purpose of Time, and, the measurement of the Wind.
Momentary Pause. *breath.*

gentle, moderate, strong. Wind bodies condensed from green chalcedony.

The purpose of Time, and, the measurement of the Wind.
Momentary Pause. *inspiration.*

Wind Bodies of a Celestial Sphere. Eros Parthenios.
winged ankles speeding towards the *Winged Space.*

Wind Bodies of a Celestial Sphere. Eros Parthenios.
winged ankles speeding towards the trustworthy guide.

where the hue? no predominant hue. *dark.*

where the hue? no predominant hue. *dark.*

III

Lode-sterne! the gaze.[v]

Lode-sterne! the gaze as a Physician.

to watch. to behold. while others stare. while others are daily taught.

Lode-sterne! the journey from city to city.

to watch, to behold. while others fail. while others create false histories. a century of false boundaries.

Lode-sterne! the nature of a Diligence perfected.

to watch. to behold. while others control. while others have long ago discarded the flask.

Lode-sterne! the moved, the unmoved, the self-moved!

Lode-sterne! the fire-laden bond.

the first words. *but our first words had been spoken*
even before our first words.

the first words. *the supremely beautiful and proportioned.*
the Nomos.

altars. tombs. heroa.[vi]

Like a lyre. *where is the man?*

altars. tombs. heroa.

IV

Through its own life. the first substance. and the
mixing in the Bowl.

Eros the sublime guide. And natural activity before
the Superior Principle.

the pouring, the drawing. the stirring of Affection.

Through its own life. the happy temperament and the
mixing in the Bowl.

Eros the sublime guide. And equality equal to the
encounter with the Arc of the Rainbow!

the pouring, the drawing. And the rising, earnest moment.

The first use of the camera. Life without any relation
to birth.

instinct and art. The future φάρμακον. The future
Filmmaker Physician. He who saves through his own strength.[vii]

instinct and art. The future φάρμακον. The future
Filmmaker Physician. He who journeys beyond all that
exists.

instinct and art. The future φάρμακον. The future Filmmaker Physician. He who disowns the impossible reduced to the possible.

instinct and art. The future φάρμακον. The future Filmmaker Physician. He who does not accept the inacceptable possible.

the morbid. the deficient. Pure among the many impurities.

the morbid. the deficient. Pure among the many impurities. among the heterosexual labyrinth.

V

Basileus and Physician among the Imperfect. His virtue. His superabundance. *the measure.*

Basileus and Physician among the Imperfect. His virtue. His superabundance. *the period of measure.*

the whole of Time is for Measure. and, the weight is the flower of his fire.

ἐνιᾶιος[viii]

Basileus and Physician among the Imperfect. His virtue. His superabundance. *the sacred Image.*

Basileus and Physician among the Imperfect. His virtue. His superabundance. *the sacred Image claimed against its own weight.*

the whole of Time is for Measure. and the weight of his measure is fire bound to Fire.

ἐνιᾶιος

Basileus and Physician among the Imperfect. His virtue. His superabundance. *the instrument and material.*

Basileus and Physician among the Imperfect. His virtue. His superabundance. *the instrument and material shaped by the earliest age of the Soul.*

ἐνιᾶιος

that Basileus who is himself.

that Physician who is himself in Silence.

that Basileus who is himself and who is the Physician
in Silence, himself: the source, the binder, the nourishment.

that Basileus who is himself and who is the Physician
in Silence, himself: comprehending the non-thinking Precept
that obtains Substance eternal.

VI

Homer would testify.

ἄνθος

In search of the race. In search of the vision.

ἄνθος

Only those born of my vision. Only those born
of *that* Pure Race will ever understand the work.

κρημνός[ix]

and. those many who would willingly bring one
to the precipice. Shall they be named by me? or shall they
be named by him, the Beloved become the Filmmaker Physician!

In one's eye, hand, and mind. The gathering of *those reasons.*
Those reasons that in gathering blossom. February's Almond
terraces in Delphi.

It is Homer regaining his sight before the smile of the
Beloved become the Filmmaker Physician.

It is Homer regaining his sight before the smile of the
Beloved become the Filmmaker Physician, as he balances
the ills of mankind.

The desert ascends to the sky, but finds it cannot embrace the spheres. The sea ascends to the sky but finds it cannot embrace the spheres.

it is only a boy who can embrace the heavens. If he is allowed. If he is not disturbed. For the boy's embrace is like the fixed point that balances the Universe.

it is only a boy who sees the source. If he is allowed. If he is not disturbed. For the boy's sight reveals the Princedoms of creation. Those that may reach the Filmmaker Physician.

few reach the deer. few are the angels among mankind. *rare is the Seraphim.*[x] The Seraphim who shakes his head only once!

VII

It is thus, and *thus*. it was thus and thus. While the Beloved was the Beloved in the many months of white strawberries.

It is thus, and *thus*. it was thus and thus. While the Beloved was the Beloved in the many months of white strawberries.

He received the acts of prescription, and, that which is colourmaker. the Immemorial Rights.

παρὰδειγμα[xi]

inside, outside, above. In the many cities nothing was taking place. There was a slightly audible silence in the continuation.

It is thus, and *thus*. it was thus and thus. While the Beloved was the Beloved in the many months of white strawberries.

He received the acts of prescription, and, that which bestows one Filmmaker Physician. the Immemorial Rights.

inside, outside, above. In the many cities nothing was taking place. There was a slightly audible silence in the continuation, and, the delicious Tone each time a work was completed.

VIII

δημιουργός[xii]

Filmmaker Physician!

νυκτός τε καί ἡμέρας[xiii]

15th of May, 1985
München

ΑΕΙ ΚΑΛΟΝ

AEI KALON

Πῶς ἂν οὖν
(how, if, when?)

FUNDAMEN I

I

Within the moving power, this moment;
Son-before-the father. Oblivious to everything
the Bower rests in its own
many shafted light.

Within the moving power, this moment;
Son-before-the father. What has taken place,
is taking place *now*.

Within the moving power, this moment;
Son-before-the father. The universal disorder;
ἄνω κάτω πάντα.[i]

Within the moving power, this moment;
Son-before-the father. Light taken from Light;
after the manner of soulified Seed.

Within the moving power, this moment;
Son-before-the father. Acorns borne under the sea.
First born acorns fifteen to eighteen years old.

Within the moving power, this moment;
Son-before-the father. Deprived of light;
abyss. Amidst failing alpine bridges.

Within the moving power, this moment;
Son-before-the father. Since the death of Adam,

the spiritual vandalism. Florence never the
heir to Platonic Thought.

Sunu the seed
Sun light and seed
Son proper depth

II

A legacy has been created. An epiphany of those equal to
Angels. An epiphany of those who will be equal to Angels.

A Lone, *the alone*, restored to Unity!
Member for Member the males alive who did not
participate in Existence.

A legacy has been created. An epiphany of those equal to
Angels. An epiphany of those who will be equal to Angels.

A Lone, *the alone* restored to Unity!
Member for Member the males toward the triumph of Time and Truth.

A legacy has been created. An epiphany of those equal to
Angels. An epiphany of those who will be equal to Angels.

A Lone, *the alone*, restored to Unity!
Member for Member the males now the Face, now the Son,
now the Father *perceived unknown*.

A legacy has been created. An epiphany of those equal to
Angels. An epiphany of those who will be equal to Angels.

A Lone, *the alone* restored to Unity!
Member for Member the males Tripods upon Time, pointing to Time;
Tripods upon Space, pointing to Space.

and fountains of justice holding neither the spiritual
nor the physical, but a whole Cosmos beyond the extent of Time.

and fountains of justice holding neither the spiritual
nor the physical, but a whole Cosmos beyond the extent of Space.

Far from this time; the beat forever like a boy's.
Far from this time of great Disorder; the beat forever like a boy's.
Far from this time where difference knows not the individual;
the beat forever like a boy's.

falling snow
falling leaves
His favour.
His influence.
the beat forever like a boy's.

III

Deep, dark, emerald green. The *Age of Bronze*
finds itself amongst children viewing a painting.
Diamantopoulos' fallen soldiers.[ii]

Deep, dark, emerald green. The *Age of Bronze*
finds itself amongst children viewing a painting.
False artists hung in homes, the true ones remaining unknown.

Deep, dark, emerald green. The *Age of Bronze*
finds its self amongst children viewing a painting.
There are those profiteers who imagine they are helping.

Deep, dark, emerald green. The *Age of Bronze*
finds itself amongst children viewing a painting.
A child touches the ground with his sole, *plant!*
A summons unmatched.

Deep, dark, emerald green. The *Age of Bronze*
finds its self amongst children viewing a painting.
His striking sounds awaken the deeds of heroes.

May mistaken symbols lose their false meanings.
May mistaken symbols vanish from the walls.
May mistaken symbols disperse before the true prismatic hues Return!
To Face. Never disappear!

double stars! two illusions.
the eye of logic and the sound of morals.

double stars! two illusions.
the eye of logic and that smallest power of Vision.

IV

Walls for fruit and roses.
the stone eating caterpillars are eroding the Walls.

at dawn a cast, *their shade*. Banks.

Walls for fruit and roses.
the stone eating caterpillars are eroding the Walls.

at noon a cast, *their shade*. Trunks of Trees.

Walls for fruit and roses.
the stone eating caterpillars are eroding the Walls.

at dusk a cast, *their shade*. Banks and trunks of Trees.

This wall unassailable; and our own self-sufficient, early and late.
This wall unassailable; and our own self-sufficient, unending Works.

thou, we seek of the Bower; of the double String.
thou, we seek of the Bower; of the double String.

enhere

POINTS I

V

To-Day, To-Tomorrow. We two Filmmaker Physicians
would like to find that *single perfect Spectator*.

To-Day, To-Tomorrow. We two Filmmaker Physicians
would like to find that *single perfect Spectator*.
Purged of the Impurities.

To-Day, To-Tomorrow. We two Filmmaker Physicians
would like to find that *single perfect Spectator*.
Our gift: *Image*, *Sound*, and *Silence*.

there are those sublime images that Remain; while others flee.

there are those sublime images that Remain; those measured
lengths, speeding and flashing.

Purged! the caves are filled with Light.
Purged! high in the trees the Thrush is moving.

VI

Votive I

Apple moss on alpine rocks. The sheep.
heart, *lungs* and *brain*. To travel the inner space
of what is known as the spine.

to throw back, to reflect the thing Seen.
Forwards and backwards.

Apple moss on alpine rocks. The sheep.
heart, *lungs* and *brain*. To travel the inner space
of what is known as the spine. Sitting, leaning,
seeing the Spine's Memory.

to escape from the inner space,
from the hazardous moment of Seeing.

Apple moss on alpine rocks. The sheep.
heart, *lungs* and *brain*. To travel the inner space
of what is known as the spine. What is known of the many
inhabited passages?

to affect the purity of the Image from incidence.

Apple moss on alpine rocks. The sheep.
heart, *lungs* and *brain*. To travel the inner space
of what is known as the spine. A printing through the
veins of the eyes.

to form the unique image, the sense of being printed.
Existing unseen, printed, *thus* being seen.

Apple moss on alpine rocks. The sheep.
heart, *lungs* and *brain*. To travel the inner space
of what is known as the spine. And the fair eyes
like an illuminated Map.

to print through the heart's warmth a reflected light.

VII

Votive II

the pouring
the drawing

Reflected light; the film, the spectator, and,
the reflection itself.

to reflect back is the Curse in the Opposite
hemisphere.

the pouring
the drawing

Reflected light; the film, the spectator, and
the reflection itself. The spectator *moved*, *unmoved*, and, *self-moved*.

to reflect back is the Curse! to believe to see
what is not seen.

the pouring
the drawing

Reflected light; the film, the spectator, and
the reflection itself. Balance between incidence and reflexion.

to reflect back is the Curse! moved bodies and sounds.

the pouring
the drawing

Reflected light; the film, the spectator, and,
the reflection itself. Incidence reaching the throne of the
retina.

to reflect back is the Curse! rays in seven Spaces refracted,
and joining Time.

red veins
blue veins
and, Solemn veins.

VIII

To-Year. demolished nerves and feelings. *bird's Wings.*
The peerless, fundamen Elements of Nations have been
demolished.

bird's Wings
leaves' veins uncovering Divine lineaments.
somewhere the unquenchable Source breathing
through the veins of the Eyes.

To-Year. demolished nerves and feelings. *bird's Wings.*
The democratic Mass unable to realize themselves, imagine
they can save the Few.

bird's Wings
leaves' veins uncovering Divine lineaments.
something imprinted cannot be reflected.

To-Year. demolished nerves and feelings. *bird's Wings.*
Perverse reflections of Cities, Censors, and Critics.

bird's Wings
leaves' veins uncovering Divine lineaments.
there have been no spectators of motion pictures.

To-Year. demolished nerves and feelings. *bird's Wings.*
Which is the true Spring corn?

bird's Wings
leaves' veins uncovering Divine lineaments.
and Vernal Rye is never sown in Autumn.

IX

Number of Springs. Spring Thunder.
first words.

that which is for Spring cannot be for the Autumn. The gentle
passion is never less than the affecting Action.

ambrosian shoes! limiting shadows.
Ten winds herald swiftly the Image.

the single spectator of the Amor seeing First.
the single spectator of the Amor with Thought
maintained before helpless opinion.
the single spectator of the Amor free of suggestion.

if from Where?

Number of Summers. Summer thunder.
summer's cheese of evening's milk.

that which is for Summer cannot be for the Winter. The
raising Faculty sustained.

ambrosian shoes! limiting shadows.
Ten winds herald swiftly the Image.

the single spectator of the Amor hearing first.
the single spectator of the Amor free from education's bondage.
the single spectator of the Amor to highest Excellence drawing.

if from Where?

Number of Autumns. Autumn thunder.
Autumnian leaves; juice far reaching. Competition
never to be considered.

that which is for Autumn cannot be for the Spring.
Competition never to be considered.

ambrosian shoes! limiting shadows.
Ten winds herald swiftly the Image.

the single spectator of the Amor and the Speech of the mind.
the single spectator of the Amor and the sounding image.
the single spectator of the Amor honouring Tone, Word, and Speech.

if from Where?

Number of Winters. Winter thunder.
winterberry and pintail duck.

that which is for Winter cannot be for the Summer.
One single beginning.

ambrosian shoes! limiting shadows.
Ten winds herald swiftly the Image.

the single spectator of the Amor as image to Surface.
the single spectator of the Amor as sky to Space.
the single spectator of the Amor unsilencing the Imagination.

if from Where?

X

Spoken sounds; *ancient types*.
dormant thoughts. The usury imposed by the medien on
people's private thoughts.

What is motion pictures?
What was motion pictures?

the difference of *time* between individuals who have no
Time.

Spoken sounds; *ancient types*.
dormant thoughts. The usury imposed by the medien on
people's private thoughts.

What has become of what is motion pictures?
What has become of what was motion pictures?

the difference of form between individuals who have no
sense of Form.

Cézanne encounters Poussin in landscapes unknown
to Henry Moore.
Poussin encounters Cézanne in landscapes known only
to Shapes.

XI

Form, Shape, Face, and, Time are the great Purge; far
from those deplorable deeds manufacturing today's diseases
as tomorrow's disciplines.

Form, Shape, Face, and, Time are the great Purge; former
spectators, unawares, confronted, bombarded by impurities.

Form, Shape, Face, and, Time are the great Purge; dangerous
today's Anxiety as Prescription for the wavering multitude.

new countries
new soils
and one apart from the deadly life drawn from the female!

new countries
new soils
and one apart from the deadly life drawn from the female!

XII

Image, what image is heard?
in or within the image; spoken images.

to be of no use; in every place a domain of Honesty.
and, Beauty complete.

Never to restore the former Religion.
Never to restore the former Politics.
Never to restore the former Climate.

the mind in Suspense before the future Nations of Kings.
in sublime repose before the image.

Sound, what sound is heard?
in or within the image, spoken words.

to be of no use; in every place a domain of Honesty.
and, Beauty complete.

Never to restore the former Religion.
Never to restore the former Politics.
Never to restore the former Climate.

the mind in Suspense before the future Nations of Kings.
in sublime repose before the sound.

Silence, what silence is heard?
in or within the image, spoken silence.

to be of no use; in every place a domain of Honesty.
and, Beauty complete.

Never to restore the former Religion.
Never to restore the former Politics.
Never to restore the former Climate.

the mind in Suspense before the future Nations of Kings.
in sublime repose before the silence.

POINTS II

XIII

We yearn for the promised Spectator of Himself.
but beware the democratic embassy approaching the Temenos!

We yearn for the promised Spectator of Himself.
but beware Berlin, New York, and, Paris vying for
sexual Immortality!

We yearn for the promised Spectator of Himself.
but beware of false courage, false endurance,
false industry!

We yearn for the promised Spectator of Himself.
but beware of the addictions. Neither immoral,
neither obscene, neither unchaste!

We yearn for the promised Spectator of Himself.
but beware of those with flowers upon their heads!

flowers
ointments
perfumes for Filmmaker Physician, alone.

We yearn for the promised Spectator of Himself.
Born of my vision. Pure Race.

We yearn for the promised Spectator of Himself.
Founder, first Reflector.

We yearn for the promised Spectator of Himself.
His the first beam of preservation.

We yearn for the promised Spectator of Himself.
His the profound founding emotion.

We yearn for the promised Spectator of Himself.
The biological obsolete dismissed.

flowers
ointments
perfumes for Filmmaker Physician, alone.

XIV

Sunset and sunlight!
sculpture and Moonlight!
there was painting.

High in the trees the mistletoe is gathering.
fill forth the caves.

what is placed upon lips
and
what is placed before the eye of the Temenos Spectator.
incomparable, and once inconceivable.

film as film
not the material, but

the deft fingers of the Filmmaker Physician practicing:
selecting, filming, editing.

Sunset and sunlight!
painting and Moonlight!
there was sculpture.

High in the trees the mistletoe is gathering.
fill forth the caves.

what is placed upon lobes
and
what is sent towards the ear of the Temenos Spectator.
inherent, and once unheard.

film as film
not the material, but
the Soul of the Filmmaker Physician curing:
bestowing a Moral Sphere's equilibrium.

where there was Music.
Ever guiding past misunderstood Nature's Hate.
Is Film As Film.

XV

There is no reason not to Succeed.

guided
Where is the Morning!
Where is the Afternoon!

from where will the Single Spectator of the Amor appear?
From *there* he will Advance, the two-lobed seed planting.

guided
Where is the Morning!
Where is the Afternoon!

from where will *the audience* spectators gather?
From *there* where the sun has not shone, and,
where there is new soil.

a work of Time.
the early frontier of motion pictures,
whole-eyed.
the audience spectator lost.

a work of Time.
the utmost frontier of motion pictures,
whole-eyed
whole-eared
the Single Spectator of the Amor.

a work of Time.
the utmost frontier of motion pictures.
the skilled
the whole
the Filmmaker Physician.

There is no reason not to Succeed.

XVI

It is not up to you!

The Appearer we shall not see, But he will appear.
the Single Spectator of the Amor.
the snow Bower waits

It is not up to you!

The Appearer we shall not see, But he will appear.
the Single Spectator of the Amor.
the snow Bower waits

A snow Bower, emptied of birds, awaits Your arrival.
sunu
Son

astone!
sone

21st of December, 1985
Gästhaus Monopteros, München[iii]

THE AMYGDALINE GROVE

fire
flame
frend[i]

Oh King! our King.
and the Nightingale's wood music.

What the Greek Race saw did other races ever see?

fire
flame
frend

Oh King! our King.
and the Nightingale's wood music.

What the Greek Race saw did other races ever see?
the global and universal light of their daily expectations.

FIRE

I

To begin with Sleep
          or
sleep.

indivisible
immaterial
unspatial

To begin with Sleep and that which cannot be perceived.

To begin with Sleep
          or
sleep.

indivisible
immaterial
unspatial

To begin with Sleep and that which cannot lose its form.

imperishable
unchangeable

II

their owne
none no more ...

eternal beauties
eternal truths
that which is in our moral sense.

the excellent and faulty

invention! Imagination, our Phoenix alights on the Coin of Hadrian.

the loss?
The inexhaustible new is never the eternal.

their owne ...
none no more ...

eternal beauties
eternal truths
that which is in our moral sense.

the right and wrong

precious treasure! Arkos, our Phoenix alights on the Coin of Constantine.

the loss?
A kingdom invincible to outward attack.

III

bhi
the honeysuckle is full of bee-wine.

It is the sound of Vision hearing and seeing.
From Memory's Hollow Rocks the dew nerve fibres vibrate.

frame
length
image

the refined touch. What length? what width does the filmmaker see?

frame
length
image

the refined touch. What depth? what thickness does the filmmaker see?

frame
length
image

Superior orders' Tastes.
and Bees will sprinkle honey on divine lips.

A nation's Imperial tongue.
and Bees will sprinkle honey on divine lips.

IV

18th of February 1564.
As Michelangelo sleeps, Galileo awakes.[ii]

does the painter copy?
does the sculptor copy?
does the filmmaker copy?

Solar outburst!
this art
this cure

Is there a cure or art for the film spectator? for the *film as film spectator?* To what extent can the spectator hope for the expectation of unknown images? Of one image encountering another image? Of one length devoid of image as image combining with a fade-in or fade-out?

18th of February 1564.
As Michelangelo sleeps, Galileo awakes.

does the painter copy?
does the sculptor copy?
does the filmmaker copy?

Solar outburst!
this choice
this grace

Is there a choice or grace for film spectator? for the *film as film spectator?* To what extent can this spectator attend to *direct*, pure attention? To what extent can this spectator, even now before the appearance of the *Amor*, abandon the impurities of *indirect* attention?

V

It is the Youth standing in the Aura of the doorway.
I am I.

Leo the III crowned Charlemagne in 800.
The crown belonged to Leo the III.

disunion
union

If the work is pure, the filmmaker obtains His Aesthetic.

The filmmaker selects his image. This is denied to the *film as film spectator*. The *film as film spectator* cannot select from the images chosen by the Filmmaker Physician.

disunion
union

If the work is pure, the filmmaker obtains His Aesthetic.

The conscience of the spectator, the film as film spectator, becomes in the *Amor* the Within and the Without.

the presence of the work itself.

FLAME

I

Drift I: thought spreading without vacating the seat of infection.

The images the spectator sees are not those he selects; and, those he selects, in not seeing, are those he *may* see.

Not knowing what film was Rudolph Arnheim spoke of the art of the film.[iii]

no situation is solved through freedom.
no situation is solved through education.

Drift II: thought spreading without vacating the seat of the infection.

The images the spectator sees are not those he selects; and, those he selects, in not seeing, are those most infectious and injurious.

Not knowing what film was Parker Tyler spoke of the poetry of the film.[iv]

no situation is solved through freedom.
no situation is solved through education.

II

Here and Now.
then and there.

from Trebizond to Ravenna,
Basil Bessarion.[v]
1403 – 1472

We are the heirs of the pure Grasshopper race that lived before the arts existed.

false tools belong to *grosse hartis*
false education belongs to *rude myndes*

And, as the ivy raises itself, the Filmmaker Physician will heal the moral lesions of the *film as film spectator*.

Here and Now.
then and there.

from Constantinople to Mistra,
George Gemisthus Plethon.[vi]
1355 – 1450

We are the heirs of the pure Grasshopper race that lived before the arts existed.

false envy creates the sects
presumption belongs to those who have nothing to offer.

And, as the ivy raises itself, the Filmmaker Physician will heal the moral lesions of the *film as film spectator*.

III

from Bretten to Wittenberg,
Philipp Melanchthon.[vii]
1497 – 1560

artificial groups
artificial allegiances

Without them is heard the music Adam heard.
the learning of Nothing.

Here there are no moral commandments.
Archaic Japan.

from Reims to Paris,
Jean-Baptiste Colbert.[viii]
1619 – 1683

artificial groups
artificial allegiances

Without them is heard the music Adam heard.
the becoming of Something.

Here there are no moral commandments.
Archaic Japan.

IV

Advance, Sacred Hunters!
do not pass beyond

the nebulons are multiplying.

Each with his own order awaiting the Speech.
the speech is the art, the cure.

Let there be Skill and Perfection.

to weigh what is unweighable.
What is left of Cluny?[ix]

Advance, Sacred Hunters!
do not pass beyond

the nebulons are multiplying.

Each with his own order awaiting the Speech.
the work is the choice, the grace.

Let there be Motive, native and strong.

to weigh what is unweighable.
What is left of Monte Cassino?[x]

V

βάλλειν[xi]

The Supreme Law of Limitation is tossed:
course, direction.

two Souls capable of the Superhuman Act.

FREND

I

The Amygdaline grove

in his presence
before or with him
where he is

His, the right mixture of the elements of the body.

is it he who will invent the new species? *the Kind.*

The Amygdaline grove

in his presence
before or with him
where he is

His, the right mixture of the rapture and thunder of the eyes.

is it he who will invent the higher perfection? *the idea.*

II

Frend.

Whose bounds, whose measures?
opposites do not crown each other.

He that loves. He that is beloved.
in movement there is no change.

Frend.

Whose bounds, whose measures?
opposites do not crown each other.

He that loves. He that is beloved.
Frend that loves and he that is beloved.

in movement there is no language.

III

the universe that forms.
the brush
the chisel

the universe that forms.
the space that becomes the universe that forms.

the kiss
the surgical knife

What is the dose that the Filmmaker Physician prescribes from
the content within a single image;
a single frame?

You will never know.
Only the Filmmaker Physician will ever know
the gift.

IV

The strength is unknown and will never be revealed.

except the touch touching whom?
this refined touch of the image: *the frame.*

The Council of Ferrara.
The Council of Florence.
The Council of Constance.[xii]

these are no more the nourishment than the Peace of Augsburg.[xiii]

Each journey made with Heart's wing; swift words
Manuel II Paleologus.[xiv]

Each journey made with Heart's wing; swift words
John VIII Paleologus.[xv]

Using Byzantium's gold coin,
the arbitrarily formed Venetians, failed successfully.

it is the echo of Hearing and Seeing.

V

πτεροῦ δύναμις[xvi]

3rd of June, 1986
Athens

THE BREAD OF ANGELS

A

I

whorl and wing
Crown as nation.
Crown as race.

Nation! Race!
Direction and wiser instincts.

whorl and wing
Crown as nation.
Crown as race.

Nation! Race!
while the sun is above the horizon.
while the sun is below the horizon.

whorl and wing
Crown as nation.
Crown as race.

Nation! Race!
the purulent sore,
Paris Vienna the stomach of Europe.

whorl and wing
Crown as nation.
Crown as race.

Nation! Race!
beware the pollution of the arts,
London Tokyo the lung of Europe.

whorl and wing
Crown as nation.
Crown as race.

Nation! Race!
beware false harmony
between state and society.

whorl and wing
Crown as nation.
Crown as race.

Nation! Race!
destitute peoples despairing,
become like dateless Prussian Books.

whorl and wing
Crown as nation.
Crown as race.

Nation! Race!
as decayed repairer,
Struggle, subdued sleeps.

whorl and wing
Crown as nation.
Crown as race.

Nation! Race!
Dead Sleep.
Space-Time waits.

self-luminous, phosphorescent
glows that other matter.

self-luminous, phosphorescent
glows that unheard Doctrine.

II

Heavenly bodies!
oar and blade
there is no common source.

Oar Blade, where is charm?

Heavenly bodies!
oar and blade
there is no common good.

Oar Blade, where is proportion?

Heavenly bodies!
oar and blade
words and speech represent patronage.

Oar Blade, a thousand years
crowned *wolf* and *heart.*

III

Unnoticed breeze!
Unnoticed breeze!
Greco!

thou, will save each deceived nation deceiving.

Greco!
The daily cheated paid performance
the professional cathaitists

Unnoticed breeze!
Unnoticed breeze!
Greco!

thou, will gather together the types
being disputed; *beings disputed.*

Greco!
the daily cheated paid performance
the professional cathaitists

unnoticed breeze!
unnoticed breeze!
Greco!

thou, will seek the fearless clear-eyed Audience.

IV

Unbound wealth
obsolete standards
daghwamlice, rithe and Rock Rose Order.[i]

fair and safe intuitions
continuously before the Meaning.

unbound wealth
obsolete standards
dagwanlice, rithe and Rock Rose Order.

fair and safe intuitions
In Meddow Lands searching for departed spirits and shades.

unbound wealth
obsolete standards
dagwamlice, rithe and Rock Rose Other.

fair and safe intuitions
luminous between beams of two planets.

V

anschauung[ii]
trees will speak.

B

I

Ficino![iii]
Ficino!
there will be no peace
till the incommunicable man learns nothingness.

Ficino!
Ficino!
There will be no peace
till the incommunicable man learns perpetual disease.

Ficino!
Ficino!
There will be no peace
till the incommunicable man is absolved of political unity.

Ficino!
Ficino!
There will be no peace
until you behold the beardless youth in your Dreams.

II

and, the landscape is unfit for drowning

If races are vanishing we will remain,
steadfast, as filmmaker physicians.

and, the landscape is unfit for drowning

If races are vanishing we will remain,
steadfast, as Creation's ultimate Order.

and, the landscape is unfit for drowning

If races are vanishing we behold
apart in space, *the Amor* risen by Glacier's winged conquest.

and, the landscape is unfit for drowning

If races are vanishing we envision the leaf that subsists on Air,
and the appearance of the Manhood of the Temenos.

III

blood
'grey' and 'white', matter

Begriff[iv]

Princes dwell in our eyes.
that which is the crest of sovereignty.

IV

barr[v]

and, angels beside us
an instant of Seeing
a look

never to give
never to grant

Never to forgive, according to the weight
of their state of 'ir,[vi]
those who did not help.

never to give
never to grant

Never to forgive, according to the weight
of their state of *'ir*,
those who could have helped.

V

far! the divine odor
far! the confused Judgement

knowing man's creative imagination may disappear

C

I

from the hands of Princes
from the hands of Hymnopoloi[vii]
from the hands of Filmmaker Physicians

without a single spectator

the promised task
before angels serving the Bread of Angels.

their matchless movements performing the rite:
the purifying act: *Nation*

the promised task
before angels serving the Bread of Angels.

their matchless movements performing the rite:
the purifying act: *Race*

without a single spectator

II

peritheiosis[viii]

fumes of heated metals,
and, the colours of angel's wings
Hearing and Seeing.

peritheiosis

fumes of heated metals,
and, the musical dancing of angels,
enigmatically, carried from their cloud to Clouds.

peritheiosis

fumes of heated metals,
and, angels bestowing, everlastingly,
Faiths and Loyalties.

peritheiosis

fumes of heated metals,
and, angels hanging acorns by the sides
of *'ir, 'ight and View.*

III

What is the cause of lightning?

value: the pulse
the feeling
the View become Inseparable!

Has not Roeckel been told by Wagner[ix]
that in this world nothing is gained by Discussion.

What is the cause of lightning?

value: the pulse
the feeling
the View become Inseparable!

Has not Gaub said, *that others bear with impunity,*[x]
what certain individuals are harmed by.

homoplastic
heteroplastic – normal, and *without*

IV

Each complete world's multiplication
breeds the dying Spectacle
of the material and immaterial fainting land.

and, the seed floundering
before many islanded natures and Nations

V

Storm and Soul!

Each Nation makes its peoples evil.

Storm and, Soul!

Each Nation with its false art, and Arts,
makes its peoples evil.

VESPERESSEN

vesperessen – in the year of the Cultural Disease.
the absence of ease

vesperessen – in the year of the Democratic Disease.
the structural bewilderment

in the ends

the root crowned by a tuft of leaves

in the ends, till the end.

21st of June, 1987
Basel

UNIFICATION OF THE FRAME

I

The beginning of the motion picture was like the unification of Germany, today; *today*, for I write on the day of the unification. Just as the beginning of motion pictures was the end of motion pictures, so it is that the unification of Germany heralds the end of Western Civilization.

Each beginning which denotes the end, similar to the father who in the instant of the birth loses his very soul to the son, became with motion pictures the lofty appearance of David Wark Griffith, and, the still loftier Robert Beavers in 1949. Neither the director, D. W. Griffith, nor, the filmmaker physician, Robert Beavers, were aware of the natal star that protected them; the natal star that leads and brings all great men to their work and to their patrons.

To know, at the beginning, what one is involved with is rare. The heterosexual thought, and, the word, *creative*, may silently be erased. The action, the portent is above and beyond creativity. In other words, to know what one wants to do (without the ugly analysis of whether something can be done) and to proceed to do it is a matter for the few. This was true of D. W. Griffith, and, is truer of Robert Beavers.

Griffith began with a natural acceptance of what should be the form and the content of motion pictures; since lost, since abandoned. Beavers, more eloquently, did not know when he was at the Latin School in Boston, that images, and thoughts, were attending him. Who could have told him, who could have foreseen, that he as the beloved would become the Filmmaker Physician.

The light that travels from such eyes as the director, and, the Filmmaker Physician, cannot be foretold, cannot be imitated. An education of it is out of the question; for education destroys and perverts everything it touches.

While Griffith proceeded on an epic Sight, and, inwardly, won the exact and limited glorious battle for his supreme conceptions, others after him began with the morbid, and, ended with the morbid which is the commercial film world.

Far from the language, the architecture, and the pitiful customs of both the director and the audience of the commercial film, Beavers proceeded with a gathering of the vine, the grape, which becomes the raisin. He carefully cultivated his images. He carefully plucked what needed to be plucked, just as the dark purple grape is, but never before sunrise; rather after sunrise, and preferably, one hour after sunrise.

The sunbeam which searches the world, and engenders sight matched to the inborn valour of the Filmmaker Physician has led Beavers far from false investigations. Example: the misuse of the term archaeology in the recent teaching of film in London. The order has been and continues to be the image. It is the dazzling order such as is found in the words, in the verses of Pindar, the noble.[i] Pindar had an immense love of colour and light, comparable to the American Filmmaker Physician. It is, as if, he has conceived a historical timing within an inevitable and continuous pattern. A pattern where, as in the patterns of race mixture, the images appear and flow apart from the world's stagnant motion: ever the same motion, downwards and upwards. Ever the image of heterosexual life, deathly; disturbing the shadowy Homeric image of men; the *psychic double of man*.

In an illustrious age, when the proportions and mixtures are obtainable, the works of the Filmmaker Physicians will be shown to a pure audience of men. Just as Schiller and Goethe envisioned in a theatre that was never realized.[ii] The work would be seen by those capable of seeing, of those deserving to see *those short and long waves*. And, for the Filmmaker Physicians, the stupendous act of belief is, even now, the return of the image in its entirety; the sound removed, the space of the image regained.

II

In the beginning of the motion picture, the film frame had great potential. But with the diabolical introduction of sound, a part of the frame was obliterated. Aesthetically opposed, artistically misconceived, sound and image failed towards the unity that the producers and promoters had envisioned. Word and image conflicted, forcing the images out of shape, and retarded the sound. The development of film form and film content collapsed.

Slight film form became established; sensible content lacked clarity. False attempts with the use of filters, lenses and laboratory interventions failed. The failure was named in the silent era, *the art film*, and in the sound era, *the classic film*.

In the middle sixties a new narrative form became apparent in the film *Twice a Man*. If the montage that had been used could be prevailed upon to use short film phrases, perhaps, a discovery could be made. The use of short film phrases would evoke thought images. Each film phrase would be composed of certain select frames; one could say, similar to the harmonic units found in musical composition. These phrases would establish powerful relationships among themselves. In conventional commercial montage there had been the continuous added shot. In the proposed *film as film* form a complex of frames could or would be repeated.

The chief problem faced with the proposed complex was the limitation of the abruptness with which the single frames would attack the eye and the ensuing confusion of the spectator.

It was discovered through the editing of *Twice a Man*[1] that both the optical and psychological disturbances could be minimized by a method of integrated frame adjacencies intermingled at their common border or frontier. At other times, dissimilarities or degrees of contrast, object displacement, or varieties of movement in the two contiguous frames would help the viewer receive the abrupt sensations with ease.

Limitless change in rhythm, or the sudden interjection of alliteration, metaphor, symbol or any discontinuity introduced to the structure of the motion picture would make possible the arrest of the film spectator's attention, as the filmmaker gradually convinced the spectator not only to see, but *to hear in Seeing*, and to participate in what was being sped towards the screen, on both the Imaginative and the Narrative level.

A whole new scale of values was begun; the many first steps of *film as film* narrative. Thus, in all the ensuing decades from the sixties to the present, the total work of Robert Beavers and Gregory J. Markopoulos slowly became definitive. The copies in the museums, in the sad film archives, turned out to be work prints, the best repayment to those directors and institutions who grant usury.

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[1] *Twice a Man* was edited from beginning to end using the *film as film* complex. The truth became apparent when the first print, silent, was projected in New York City. The film had been edited by hand. – This copy is in the filmmuseum in Stockholm. [Editor's Note: aka Swedish Film Institute]

Through remarkable stamina and inherent strengths, the two Filmmaker Physicians had been saved; and this, not unlike Greece, today, saved in not being allowed the Olympic Games.

> 'Des Menschen Engel ist die Zeit.'
> Schiller[iii]

282nd Day Of Herakles, 1990
Baur au Lac, Zürich[iv]

THE FUTURE OF THE TEMENOS AND ITS BOUNDARIES

The Temenos is the sustaining spirit of motion pictures. It is far from the false heirs who were given the privilege and the inheritance which in so many cases belonged to others. The Temenos did not exist in the beginning. It was only referred to by the filmmakers in speaking of *film as film* and of *the filmmaker physician*. The Temenos appeared with Father Earth. It led to the spurning of producers, the refusal of distribution, and freed itself from the public pollution, from the clutches of educators, advisors and publicists. Yet the greatest danger would remain "the friendly film faces"; those who would choose to do harm, having drawn near to the two filmmakers under the guise of helping them. The sacred words of the filmmaker physician speaking and writing about his work were dismissed or misused. It would be many years later that the truth would be seen in its consistency. Decisions were made, film originals were placed under temperature and humidity control, safely out of reach of those who calculated upon our demise. The decision to undergo this risk has literally saved the work and become part of its creation.

In the Spring of 1967, Robert Beavers was given the camera and tripod by Markopoulos and left for Greece soon after his eighteenth birthday. He was joined by Markopoulos a few months later, and unknown to both the Herculean endeavours began which have continued under the same shining protection of camera and tripod.

Through the years, the many Greek years added to the Swiss, the Italian and the German years, Beavers made his films and Markopoulos reached towards the total form of ἐνιαῖος.[i] Each one consistently finding the sustenance and patronage which would safeguard their own existence and that of the Temenos.

Forgotten and well remembered was the first sight of Rayi Spartias, seen soon after Markopoulos visited Gortynia in 1955. Here was a location upon which a dream could be built. It was never forgotten, and it was believed to be inaccessible. The protecting god of the arts allowed this dream and hid the difficulties. What was the idea of the Temenos had *become* the Temenos; in first reality, the seven years when the early films were presented in Lyssaraia. Just before sunset in the first days of September, each spectator following his path arrived innocently and descended the terraced slopes, sitting on the grass and rocks near to Father Earth. The sound of grazing sheep would be heard even during the projections.

The shy architect approaches. Amongst the trees and rocks he envisions a form equal to the total body of work. He will construct between his hands the lines of the winged space like a bird seen between the varied branches of light and darkness. The five hundred spectators of the Temenos will attend.

The measured lengths will subdue the common meaning of Time and in passing will gain the shorter and longer strengths of perception. The five hundred chosen spectators of the Temenos must remain with each Temenos presentation true to the next presentation. Among these will appear the protector not only of the presentations but also of the archive itself. The strictest intentions of the filmmakers, Markopoulos and Beavers, will be realized by these guardians whose strength will be equal to Gortynia.

July 1992

ΑΚΡΟΠΟΛΗΣ ΓΗΣ

ACROPOLIS GIS

A

vision is to be carefully
distinguished from seeing
Goethe

I

the forest house leads to the intuition space

the Amor, and, the World of the Image

II

far from the words that bind the present

far from the cultural diseases proposed and
pursued by arrogant aestheticians

III

flame
mirror
nectar

the present, the past, the future, and,
the unseen images that bind bodies to
Father Earth

IV

breathing
binding
θυμός[i]

awaiting a letter of the alphabet

climbing past the windy halls towards
Pyra Heracleous[ii]   there acquiring strength

a calf's heart and liver plucked

V

shepherd
farmer
ruler

the space is discovered where the purity
of the image transcends the image

VI

sheep
oxen
horse

the world battle of Shadows
a youth gazing his way

staff
plow
sword

VII

his way with comelinesse
carrying in his arms the names of ancient
gods   *their masks*

beech
apple
laurel

VIII

and within himself the pure form of Intuition

crook
spur
sceptre

a youth gazing his way

wei waei wai whyay wy

IX

the mountains of Pyra Heracleous pronounce
their final gift   become invincible
the pronouncement their ultimate sacrifice

only with this pronouncement is a new
civilization achieved   an audience

audiens audenes yence awdienz

X

from the North   from the East
from the West   from the South

the one become four approaching *the Amor*

in changelessness becoming a god

XI

it is the world of sovereign space
it is the world of sovereign moment

it is the world of the concealed I
the Amor

XII

a Prince with lily in hand reveals
a part of his heart

bewilderment

his heart a gem of bewilderment
before the visual beholding

XIII

what is there
what is not there that is there
what is there *love*
what is not there *lover*
that is there *beloved*

XIV

futur w w a

Prince, your name?

and he replies *And you are Princes also*
You are more than Princes

oq
O

XV

futur w w a

this is the deed done
this is the deed given

far from the disease carrier
far from those left behind in their
daily death struggle

what they call their future
Erb

XVI

let the star fix the star
and
let the ear find the interval
and
let the eye find the interval in the world
of sovereign space

B

all dug stones are better
than gathered ones
Leoni,
Palladio's architect[iii]

I

they have wanted us to flee
they have imagined we would flee
but our faith imposed a winged nature

Temenos and *Amor*

II

a friend more necessary than fyer or water
has protected the Temenos

a friend in need of a frend

the mystery: *friondschip*
the mystery: *fréond*
the proportion: *frijôjan*

and hoofed centaurs' half moon emotions

III

the Amor like a peasant dwelling remains
constant and eternal
eternal like the peasant   like the Filmmaker
Physician
the Amor like a god is there and not born

IV

invisible   the spirit ancestor of a young race
seen only by the hoofed centaurs
half moon traces through the decades

the direction
the structure
the audience
the work

V

φέγγος[iv] the elder shadow of a lost figure
moving about in a world unrealized

φέγγος the elder shadow of a lost figure
moving about in a world of gathered stones

dug stones for the Amor

VI

forgetfulness and the *Thrush* in shrilnesse
announcing *the Temenos Spectator*
he who beholds the Forms with difficulty

he who beholds the Forms but fails to see
the Forms *and*
he who beholds the Forms in their entirety

VII

the forms and images of the work
combine with *the Temenos Spectator's Soul*

O *Amor* the materials known to the centaurs

VIII

the good is not to be found in the conscience
the good is not to be found in unprofitable
democratic institutions

IX

as the blood thinks it speaks

there below the light and image travelling
through space no wings

calculated imagination in collision

travelling through false countries through
false states

X

remembrance and forgetfulness

the projector said to the Image
we have known each other for a great while

and the image replied
we are the oldest friends in the world

XI

what the Filmmaker Physician has understood
the spectator of *the Amor* will cease to seek

will never seek to understand

XII

what the Filmmaker Physician has understood
the spectator of *the Amor* will behold as the
radiance upon which the images are carried

XIII

ρόαῖν   it is another land where the wind
never ceases

we came searching for our audience and
found only deserted Royal Graves
which country?
our wished for land
the waited land! above which white cloud?

ρόαῖ   the moment awaited by our work

XIV

the ideas which remain present because of the
being that is the Filmmaker Physician

the ideas present in himself: his supreme being

the ideas which remain present because of this
being   seen through the image   the editing

XV

the Filmmaker Physician's love of the work and
its precepts   and these kept pure: first
a filmmaker physician and then a man

XVI

there are stars born in the heavens
when the minds of two men
reach toward each other

C

> *what daily causes the germs*
> *of an oak and of an ash to*
> *produce different trees*
> Symonds[vi]

I

the Temenos Spectator's suspended direction
(thought) contains a lesser law of thought:
editing as it is held in space suspended

II

the Filmmaker Physician's power of the sense
of space without space recognizes the needs of
the spectator: the three illnesses of life, body
and home

III

a light dose *(editing)* obtains the change
of the image which is the measure
the measure unseen

a light surgical gesture of *the Filmmaker*
Physician measuring the length *(black or white)*
will be seen by the spectator as a winged
measure without knowing the dose: what
has been measured

measured for the senses

IV

dose   as it was during the first *film as film*
editing   the single frame
at that time the single frame or cluster of frames
seemed short
in subsequent viewing it was astonishingly
the opposite

V

dose   the spectator may find an unusual
evidence in the actually never seen measures
the length of black   *the length of white*

the measure of *film as film* remains alone
for the Filmmaker Physician

VI

the image   *the spectator sees*

the effect or nourishment of what the spectator
sees   *the encounter*

the doubling of what the spectator sees
according to the length of time he is before
the sublime winged space,   *the Amor*

VII

the image   *the spectator sees*   the measure
in black   the measure in white
the mastery of images before and after

the spectator without seeming rule
left to the individual
great in the eye's wandering Wonder
or an inverted frame *or* longer image
which recedes to the darkest moments
of *ifel*[vii]

VIII

the splendour seen
the time taken for all berries to be collected
it will cease and begin anew

IX

O   Winged Space   *Amor*

a space in which the purity of each image
transcends the image

werdezeit[viii]   the time of development for
the Temenos Spectator

X

and those spectators who will fail
and those spectators who will be content
to become *because of their failure* the food
of opinion

coerced minds
the non-existent audience

XI

how many the stages near the bee hives
before the images gained their printing

the film made
the film edited
the film printed
the film ill shown
the film reedited

XII

and the waiting through the decades
and the great years   of splicing once more
and the unexpected form of the ἐνιαῖος[ix]
the twenty-two cycles

to the printing
to the Amor

XIII

how does the Filmmaker's Imagination
release the use of the frames? the number
of frames used

how do the frames   black and white lengths
reach the spectator's imagination?

XIV

κατὰ σχέσιν[x]

through the decades
the erring demons dispersed

remembering the beginning and reaching the
end

κατὰ σχέσιν

XV

O winged space *Greece*
the Amor has gathered
boys to ephebes
kouri to elders

emptied of alien motions the work commenced

XVI

My Hand Outstretched to the Winged Distance
and Sightless Measure

emptied of alien motions the work commenced

ἐνιαῖος

September 1992

EDITOR'S NOTES

I
CINEMA THE IDEAL
(pp.43–81)

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE CINEMA IN OUR AGE

i. Friedrich Schiller (1759–1805), German writer, philosopher and historian.
ii. Nea Estia was a cultural association that was connected to a notable literary periodical in Athens.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. I (Manuscript 1955).

CINEMA THE IDEAL

i. George Courtesne, a friend of Markopoulos.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. I (Manuscript 1960).

STO PALIKARI

Source: Supervisuell No. 3 (1968).

TOWARDS A CONSTRUCTIVE COMPLEX IN PROJECTION

Source: Chaos Phaos II (1971). Also published: Ombre Elettriche No 11 (December 1968).

A SUPREME ART IN A DARK AGE

i. Carlo Diacono (1876–1942), Maltese composer.

Source: Boustrophedon (1977). Also published: Cantrills Filmnotes No. 11 (October 1972), Qui No. 8 (June 1972), Travelling No. 34 (November-December 1972).

DANTE PRESENT

i. Carlo Betocchi (1899–1986), Italian poet and author.
ii. Luca Signorelli (c. 1445–1523), Italian Renaissance painter.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. V (Manuscript 1971). Also published: Filmcritica No. 215 (April-May 1971).

INHERENT LIMITATIONS

Source: Chaos Phaos I (1971). Also published: Sydney Cinema Journal No. 1 (Autumn 1966), Revue du Cinema International No. 12 (December 1970).

THE PYRAMID OF SIGHT

i. A reference to the "Underground Explosion" event in the Köln Neumarkt subway station, organised by X-Screen to coincide with the Köln Art Fair, 1968.
ii. MONICA was a World Health Organisation project to monitor cardiovascular disease.
iii. Fritz Lang, *Die Nibelungen*, 1924.
iv. Jules Mazarin (1602–61), Italian-born cardinal, and French minister.
v. Greek terms for adolescent males (in ascending order of age).

vi. Edmund Spenser, *The Fifth Booke of The Faerie Queene*, 1596.
vii. Francesco Borromini (1599–1667), Swiss-Italian architect.
viii. Fakhr-al-Din Iraqi (1213–89), Persian mystic.
ix. Helios basileus (Greek) = 'Sun the King'.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. IX (Manuscript 1986).

THE INTUITION SPACE

Source: Boustrophedon (1977). Also published: Cantrills Filmnotes No. 17/18 (June 1974), σινεμα (Cinema) No. 5/6 (October–November–December 1979).

II

AVANT-GARDE CHRONICLE

(pp.83–186)

A PART OF THE ALPHABET

i. Aziz Izzet was an Egyptian ex-patriot and writer who was involved with human rights issues. Markopoulos dedicated the first screening of *Serenity* to the Algerian refugees.
ii. Gian Carlo Menotti (1911–2007), Italian-American composer and founder of the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto.
iii. Lucy Ginn, a friend of Barbara and David Stone.
iv. Caresse Crosby (born Mary Phelps Jacobs, 1891–1970). Acknowledged as the inventor of the modern brassiere, Crosby also founded the Black Sun Press, with her husband Henry Crosby, in the late 1920s. She was the owner of Il Castello di Roccasinibalda, where Markopoulos filmed *Gammelion* in 1967.
v. Robert Mann (b. 1920), composer, conductor and founding member of the Juillard String Quartet was a frequent house guest at Roccasinibalda.
vi. Franklin Latimore (1925–98), American actor who relocated to Rome in 1949.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. I (Manuscript 1961).

OVERTIME

i. Markopoulos first met the American art critic Gregory Battcock (1937–80) while editing *Serenity* in Rome.
ii. The scenario for the unmade film *The Castle of Argol* is in the Temenos Archive.
iii. Francesco Petrarca, *Canzoniere CXXIX*, 14th Century.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. I (Manuscript 1961). Published version: Scenario Vol. II No. 7 (September–October 1961).

AVANT-GARDE CHRONICLE

i. Several of the films mentioned here were never completed or were released with different titles.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. I (Manuscript 1963).

PROJECTION OF THOUGHTS

i. Emil Nolde (1867–1956), German expressionist painter.
ii. Andrea Boscoli (*c.* 1560–1607), Italian Renaissance painter.

iii. Margareta Haverman (died *c.* 1723), Dutch painter whose "A Vase of Flowers" (1716) is in the Metropolitan Museum collection.

Source: Chaos Phaos III (1971). Also published: Film Culture No. 32 (Spring 1964).

JUDGEMENT THROUGH BAD CONSCIENCE

i. Martin Scorsese, *It's Not Just You, Murray!*, 1964.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. I (Manuscript 1965). Published version: Village Voice (25 March 1965).

WHAT ARE YOU READY FOR?

Source: December Vol. 7 No. 1 (1965).

INSTITUTIONS, CUSTOMS, LANDSCAPES

i. Walter Horatio Pater, *Aesthetic Poetry*, 1868.

Source: Chaos Phaos III (1971). Also published: Film Digest No. 23/24 (1967).

THE GOLDEN POET

Source: Chaos Phaos III (1971). Also published: Film Culture No. 27 (Winter 1962).

SCORPIO RISING

Source: Chaos Phaos III (1971). Also published: Film Culture No. 31 (Winter 1963–64), Filmcritica 169/170 (August–September 1966).

INNOCENT REVELS

i. Paul Rotha, *Celluloid: The Film Today*, 1931.
ii. The Museum of Modern Art purchased only one photograph by Jack Smith during his lifetime.
iii. William Tenn, *Winthrop was Stubbon* (aka *Time Waits for Winthrop*), 1957.
iv. Gregorio Marañón, *The Evolution of Sex and Intersexual Conditions*, 1932.
v. Dr. Joseph Kaster, an expert in Egyptology, mythology and witchcraft, taught at the New School for Social Research and publicly defended *Flaming Creatures* in a Village Voice news story.

Source: Chaos Phaos III (1971). Also published: Film Culture No. 33 (Summer 1964).

THREE FILMMAKERS

Source: Film Culture No. 35 (Winter 1964-65).

STILLE NACHT

Source: Filmwise No. 1 (1962).

JEAN GENET'S ONLY FILM: UN CHANT D'AMOUR

Source: Scenario Vol. II No. 8 (November-December 1961).

FILM OF THE ABSURD

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. I (Manuscript 1962). Also published: Film Comment Vol. 1, No. 3 (1962) (edited version as "Triumph of the Symbol").

NEGATIVES

i. "Athenianism" is an allusion to homosexuality.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. I (Manuscript 1962).

ROBERT BRESSON: A BRIEF SURVEY

i. Markopoulos' account of the final scene is slightly confused. The line "Are you there ... perhaps with time you will pardon me ..." is spoken by Agnes. Her final words are "Je reste" ("I will stay"), a response to the bridegroom's appeals that she stays with him (and should not die). With thanks to Tony Pipolo for making this observation.

Source: Scenario Vol. III No. 2 (March–April 1962).

THE MARVELS AND LAMENTATIONS OF MIZOGUCHI

i. Guy Leclercq (b.1940), Belgian artist.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. IV (Manuscript 1968).

III
DISCLOSED KNOWLEDGE

(pp.171–280)

L'ARBRE AUX CHAMPIGNONS

Source: Sequence No. 13 (New Year 1951).

PSYCHE'S SEARCH FOR THE HERB OF INVULNERABILITY

i. See Robert Graves, *The Greek Myths*, 1955.

Source: Filmwise No. 3/4 (Spring 1963).

A NOTE (FOR HANS VAN MANEN)

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. V (Manuscript 1971).

BRUISED BY THE CRITICS

Source: Chaos Phaos III (1971). Also published: Film Digest No. 10 (April 1966).

WHITHER MOTION PICTURES

i. Gregorio Marañón (1887–1960), Spanish physician, writer and philosopher.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. VIII (Manuscript 1985).

FROM FANSHAWE TO SWAIN

i. Robert C. Freeman Jr. was an important friend and contact for Markopoulos during the Toledo years, and his neighbour in New York. Freeman collaborated with Markopoulos on the film *Swain* and later worked in the studio of Mary Ellen Bute.

ii. Robert Southey (1774–1843), English Romantic poet.

Source: Chaos Phaos II (1971). Also published: Film Culture No. 41 (Summer 1966).

STATEMENT CONCERNING CINEMA

Source: Film Culture No. 29 (Summer 1963).

TOWARDS A NEW NARRATIVE FILM FORM

Source: Chaos Phaos II (1971). Also published: Film Comment No. 6 (Fall 1963) (edited version), Film Culture No. 31 (Winter 1963–64), Filmkritik No. 136 (April 1968), Filmcritica No. 169/170 (August–September 1966).

TWICE A MAN STATEMENT

Source: Announcement for screening at the Astor Place Playhouse (July 1965).

THE DRIVING RHYTHM

Source: Chaos Phaos II (1971). Also published: Film Culture No. 40 (Spring 1966).

TWICE A MAN, THREE TIME PRIZE WINNER

i. Alain Resnais, *Muriel*, 1963.
ii. William Wyler, *The Collector*, 1965.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. I (Manuscript 1966). Published version: Bolex Reporter Vol. 16 No. 1 (1966) (edited version).

GALAXIE

Source: Chaos Phaos II (1971). Also published: Film Culture No. 42 (Fall 1968).

THE FILMMAKER AS PHYSICIAN OF THE FUTURE

i. Georg Friedrich Creuzer (1771–1858), German philologist and archaeologist.

Source: Chaos Phaos III (1971). Also published: Film Culture No. 44 (Spring 1967), Ombre Elettriche No. 3/4 (September 1968).

A NOTE (FOR JEAN-PAUL VROOM)

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. V (Manuscript 1971).

THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. IV (Manuscript 1970).

CORRESPONDENCES OF SMELL AND VISUALS

i. The 8mm filmmaker John Cavanaugh worked at the Film-Makers' Cinematheque during this period.
ii. Jerzy Kawalerowicz, *Pharoah*, 1966.
iii. Peggy Guggenheim, *Out of This Century: Confessions of an Art Addict*, 1946/60.
iv. The three lines from Rilke do appear on the final soundtrack for *Gammelion*.

Source: Chaos Phaos II (1971). Also published: Film Culture No. 46 (Autumn 1967).

TOWARDS A NEW SOUND COMPLEMENT FOR MOTION PICTURES

i. Luther Burbank (1849–1926), American botanist.
ii. FO = Fade-out. FI = Fade-in.
iii. Though *Ascension* was never released as a discrete work, it is incorporated within *Eniaios*.

Source: Chaos Phaos II (1971). Also published: Filmcritica No. 182 (October 1967), Kino No. 6 (1968), Le Cinéma Pratique No. 96 (January 1970), Film Culture No. 46 (October 1968).

ADVENTURES WITH BLISS IN ROMA

i. Alfredo, Silvana and Francesco Leonardi.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. III (Manuscript 1967).

THE ADAMANTINE BRIDGE

i. Peggy Murray was an elderly neighbour of Markopoulos and a former stage actress.
ii. Wayne Weber was a friend of Jerome Hiler. Hiler designed the costumes for *The Illiac Passion*.
iii. Margot Breier was a volunteer at the Film-Makers' Cinematheque and Film Culture magazine.

iv. Gaius Valerius Catullus (*c.* 84–54 B.C.), Latin poet of the republican period. P. Adams Sitney notes that the image of Icarus derives from Propertius, not Catullus.
v. Harry Feldman, American lawyer and film critic, co-author of *Dynamics of the Film* (1952).

Source: Chaos Phaos II (1971). Also published: Film Culture No. 53/54/55 (Spring 1972), Cinéma 9 No. 5/6 (1969–70).

DISCLOSED KNOWLEDGE

i. Il Circolo Calamandrei di Savona was a cultural society which presented film screenings at Club Nuovo Teatro in Savona. The Italian Premiere of *The Mysteries* was organised by Franco Quadri.
ii. By mentioning Ampex, Markopoulos is referring to videotape.
iii. Holger Mischwitzky (b.1942), German filmmaker, also known as Rosa von Praunheim.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. IV (Manuscript 1970).

REBUS

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. IV (Manuscript 1970).

THE REDEEMING OF THE CONTRARY

Source: Chaos Phaos II (1971). Also published: Film Culture No. 52 (Spring 1971), Filmcritica No. 213 (February 1971).

THE CELESTIAL INHERITANCE

i. Luchino Visconti, *The Damned*, 1969.
ii. Silvio Loffredo (b. 1920), Italian painter and filmmaker.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. V (Manuscript 1971).

IV

THE THRESHOLD OF THE FRAME

(pp.283–341)

10TH OF JULY

Source: Chaos Phaos I (1971). Also published: Cinema Nos. 53/54 (Spring 1968).

THE SIEGE OF BRUXELLES

Source: Chaos Phaos I (1971). Also published: Melbourne Film Bulletin No. 10 (October 1969).

CIRCUMBENDIBUS NOTES

i. The film material for *Degeneration* was never printed.

Source: Chaos Phaos I (1971).

"AND I SHALL PULL THINGS FROM THE STARS"

Source: Boustrophedon (1977). Also published: Cantrills Filmnotes No. 13 (April 1973).

FROM FIRST CREATIVE STEPS FORWARD

Source: Boustrophedon (1977). Also published: Travelling No. 32 (July–August 1972).

THE LANGUAGE OF DIAMONDS

i. Magnetic tape soundtrack.

Source: Chaos Phaos I (1971). Also published: Film Culture No. 52 (Spring 1971).

LOVE'S TASK

i. Eleison (Greek) = 'mercy'.

Source: Boustrophedon (1977). Also published: Film Culture No. 53/54/55 (Spring 1972).

IN OTHER WORDS IT IS HIS TONGUE

i. Vyra Chytilova, *Ovoce stromu rajských jíme (Fruit of Paradise)*, 1970. Chytilova was on the jury of the Knokke EXPRMNTL Festival in 1967.

Source: Boustrophedon (1977). Also published: Cantrills Filmnotes No. 14/15 (August 1973), Filmcritica No. 222 (February 1972), Skrien No. 29/30 (Spring 1972).

ART IS NOT KNOWLEDGE

Source: Art Is Not Knowledge (1974). Also published: Cantrills Filmnotes No. 16 (December 1973).

THE THRESHOLD OF THE FRAME

i. Tintoretto, The Creation of the Animals, c. 1550.

ii. "In one man's head alone, there it dwells as yet." Thomas Carlyle, Heroes and Hero Worship, 1841.

iii. Joachim of Floris (c. 1145–1202), Italian mystic and theologian.

Source: ERB (1975).

CLARITY UPON CLARITY THROUGH REFLECTION

i. Jean-Louis Barrault (1910–94), French actor.

Source: ERB (1975). Also published: Cantrills Filmnotes No. 19 (October 1974).

THE GATHERING OF PERCEPTION AND JUDGEMENT

Source: ERB (1975).

ERB AND TREE

i. Homosexuality.

ii. Romain Rolland (1866–1944), French dramatist and writer.

iii. Gustave Flaubert (1821–80), French novelist.

iv. Xronia Polla (Greek) = 'Long Life', a greeting for birthdays and celebrations.

v. Xristos Anesti (Greek) = 'Christ is Risen', a traditional Easter greeting.

Source: ERB (1975).

ΠΝΟΙΗ

Pnoee (Ancient Greek) is translated as 'breath'.

i. Pelops was the mythological king of Pisa in the Peloponnesus. One of his sons, Atreus, sought revenge against his twin brother for an adulterous affair with his wife.

ii. The Selloi were priests of the Dodonian Zeus, who interpreted the rustlings of the oak tree and the sounds of the spring waters at Heira Oikia.

Source: Temenos 1980 presentation text (1980).

V
TOWARDS A TEMENOS
(pp.343–503)

FORMAL ACCOUNT

Source: Chaos Phaos III (1971). Also published: Kinema No. 16 (February 1970).

TOWARDS A TEMENOS

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. IV (Manuscript 1970).

A SOLEMN PAUSE ...

i. Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler (1884–1979), German art historian and prominent early dealer of Cubist paintings.
ii. Leonor Fini (1907–96), Argentine Surrealist painter.
iii. David Hockney (b. 1937), British artist.
iv. Pietro Annigoni (1910–88), Italian painter.
v. Umberto Baldini (1921–2006), Italian art historian and restoration specialist.
vi. Sir Harold Acton (1904–94), British writer and connoisseur.
vii. Peggy Guggenheim (1898–1979), American art collector.

Source: Filmmakers Newsletter Vol. V, No. 3 (January 1972). Also published: Notizario Arte Contemporanea No. 12 (December 1971), Skrien No. 28 (January 1972).

THE FILMMAKER'S PERCEPTION IN CONTEMPLATION

i. Benno Premsela (1920–97), Dutch designer and gay activist.
ii. Lucebert (1924–94), Dutch artist and poet associated with the COBRA movement.

Source: Boustrophedon (1977). Also published: Cinema e Società No. 11/12/13 (March 1973).

THE COMPLEX ILLUSION

i. The 15th Century Flemish altarpiece *The Martyrdom of Saint Hippolytus* is in the collection of The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and appears in Robert Beavers' film *The Painting* (1972/99).

Source: Boustrophedon (1977). Also published: Filmcritica No. 245 (May 1974).

ELEMENT OF THE VOID

Source: Cantrills Filmnotes No. 12 (December 1972).

TOWARDS A COMPLETE ORDER

i. *The Art of Poetry No. 13* (George Seferis interviewed by Edmund Keeley), Paris Review No. 50, Fall 1970.
ii. Charles Frederick Worth (1826–95), British fashion designer who founded the House of Worth in Paris, 1858.

Source: Boustrophedon (1977). Also published: Cantrills Filmnotes No. 21/22 (April 1975).

THE USURY OF THE CREATIVE SOUL AND THE INDIVIDUAL CONSCIENCE

i. Galen of Pergamum (c. AD 129–199), Roman physician and philosopher of Greek origin.
ii. Priamos was a Greek designer of furniture for private houses and museums, early 20th century. The exterior of his house/workshop appears in Robert Beavers' film *Sotiros*.
iii. Zdenek Felix (b. 1938), assistant curator at Kunstmuseum Basel, later curator of

Museum Folkwang Essen, director of Kunstvereins München and Deichtorhallen Hamburg.

Source: The Usury of the Creative Soul and the Individual Conscience (1976). Also published: Filmcritica No. 266 (July 1976).

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

In Greek mythology, the demigod Heracles, son of Zeus, was the strongest and most courageous of all mortals.

Source: ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ (1978).

ΕΙΚΟΝΕΣ ΑΥΤΩΝ

Eikones Auton (Greek) can be translated as 'images of themselves'.

Source: Temenos 1980 presentation text (1980).

ΠΡΟΝΩΠΙΟΝ

Pronopion (Ancient Greek) is a word that literally means 'before the walls', and more generally 'that which is in front of'. Markopoulos seems to be using the word as an allusion to the projection screen.

Source: Temenos 1980 presentation text (1980).

ΕΝΘΕΟΣ

Entheos (Greek) is the root of the word 'enthusiasm', but the title of the essay could also refer to being possessed by or inspired by a god.

i. Giorgione (c. 1477–1510), Italian painter of the High Renaissance.
ii. προνώπιον = Pronopion (Greek) = 'screen'.

Source: Temenos 1980 presentation text (1980).

AEI!

AEI! (Greek) can be translated as 'for all time'.

i. The River Louisos and Mistia mountain are locations near Lyssaraia and the site of the Temenos.
ii. Messaraia is a mountain above the village of Lyssaraia.
iii. "e piove d'amor" (Italian) = 'rain of love'.

Source: Temenos 1981 presentation text (1981).

MOSHOLIBANO

Mosholibano is a kind of incense made on Mount Athos in northern Greece.

i. Theodoros Kolokotronis (1770–1843), Greek General who fought against the Ottoman Empire in the War of Independence.
ii. Dimitris Papastamos (1923–2008) was the director of the National Gallery in Athens.
iii. The chosen site for the Temenos, near Lyssaraia, is in the municipality of Gortynia.
iv. Members of the Greek Parliament.
v. Demetrios Capetanakis (1912–44), Greek poet.
vi. Thelesis (Greek) = 'the will'.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. VII (Manuscript 1981).

THE SILK ROAD

i. The Apella was an open air parliament in Sparta, Greece.
ii. Apaté (Greek) = 'deceit'.

iii. François Joseph Talma (1763–1826), French actor.
iv. Emil Jannings (1884–1950), Swiss actor.
v. Cothronos were special shoes worn by actors in classical Greek theatre.
vi. Skepsis (Greek) = 'thought'. Markopoulos may also be making a play on words as the Greek for 'roof' is 'skepis'.

Source: Temenos 1982 presentation text (1982).

THE ANCIENT FUTURE

i. A tholos (dome) is a circular structure found at many Ancient Greek sites.
ii. Amor protinus (Latin) = 'immediate love'.
iii. Amantium passiones (Latin) = 'loving passion'.
iv. Panagiotis Kanellopoulos (1902–86), Greek politician and Prime Minister deposed by the military junta.
v. Alessandro Manzoni (1785–1873), Italian novelist.
vi. τα μέγιστα φίλων = ta megista philon (Greek) = 'the best of friends'.

Source: Temenos 1983 presentation text (1983).

PROPOSAL TO THE ARCHITECT OF THE TEMENOS

i. Axaia Clauss is a traditional winery high in the hills above Patras in the Peloponnese.
ii. A purple-red coloured igneous rock.
iii. A variety of purple-red marble from Chalcis in Euboea.

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. VII (Manuscript 1981).

THE HIGH TABLELAND

i. The Alpheus is a river in the Peloponnese, which can be seen from the Temenos site.
ii. Filmtechnik Hammann, who manufacture the cement splicers used by Markopoulos, is based in the Bavarian town of Amorbach.
iii. Echeia are brass sounding vases, used to amplify voices in ancient Greek theatre. In modern Greek, this is the word used for 'loudspeakers'.
iv. ἶνιν = inin (Ancient Greek) = 'son'.

Source: Temenos 1984 presentation text (1984).

ΑΝΑΛΑΜΨΙΣ

Analampsis (Ancient Greek) can be translated as 'shining', 'brilliance', or literally 'bringing forth light'.

i. In Greek Mythology, Erebus was the son of Chaos, and the personification of darkness and shadow.
ii. ἀμφιφαὴς τόπος = Amphiphaes Topos (Greek) = 'The place where everything is visible'.
iii. Noetic = 'intuition'.
iv. Boédromion was the third month of the Attic calendar, corresponding to the period of September/October. From 1980–86, Temenos screenings took place in early September.
v. Armonie (Middle English) = 'harmony'.
vi. Athanase Constantine Ghertsos was Markopoulos' major supporter during the last decades of his life.

Source: ἀνάλαμψις (1985).

MESSAGE FOR D. W. GRIFFITH

i. The character portrayed in *Intolerance* is Catherine de Medici (aka Caterina Maria Romula di Lorenzo de' Medici).
ii. The film *Chartres* is incorporated within *Eniaios*.

Source: Temenos 1985 presentation text (1985).

HUES POINT

i. Rara avis (Latin) = 'rare bird'.
ii. Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Gentle Boy*, 1832.
iii. Gustav Courbet, *L'Atelier du peintre*, 1855, and *Un enterrement à Ornans*, 1851.
iv. Jean Tinguely (1925–91), Swiss artist.
v. Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Young Goodman Brown*, 1835.
vi. Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Roger Malvin's Burial*, 1832.
vii. "Hooper's eye" is a reference to a character in Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Minister's Black Veil*, 1937.
viii. William Collins, *Ode to Liberty*, 1747.
ix. Quotation from Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Roger Malvin's Burial*, 1832.
x. Joseph Hergesheimer, *Tol'able David*, 1917.
xi. The gap in this sentence is intentional.
xii. Fra Angelico, *Saint Cosmas and Saint Damien Crucified and Stoned*, 1438–40.
xiii. On the typed manuscript, Markopoulos noted: "Begun 23 August, 1985, in Athens, and, completed 28 September, 1985, in München. Corrections 28 September, 1985."

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. VIII (Manuscript 1985).

ἈΕΊ ΚΑΛΌΝ

Aei Kalon, which can be translated as 'eternal beauty', is a Platonic reference from Ancient Greek. Markopoulos used the same title for two different texts, only one of which was published during his lifetime.

i. ἄνθος or ἄνθος = anthos (Greek) = 'blossom'.
ii. Nomos is the god or daemon of law. The same word is also used for 'custom' or 'law'.
iii. Eros Paidikos (Greek) = 'pedagogic pederasty'.
    Eros Parthenios (Greek) = 'virgin love'.
iv. Hys Lymmes (Old English) = 'his limbs'.
v. Lode-sterne (Older Scots) = 'a lodestar'.
vi. Heroa (Greek) = 'a shrine dedicated to an Ancient Greek hero'.
vii. φάρμακον = pharmakon (Greek) = 'a drug, medication or poison'.
viii. ἐνιᾶιος = eniaios (Greek) = 'unity' or 'uniqueness'. *Eniaios* is also the title of Markopoulos' final film.
ix. κρημνός = kremnos (Greek) = 'a steep place' or 'precipice'.
x. The highest order of angels, guardians of the heavenly throne.
xi. παρὰδειγμα = paradeigma (Greek) = 'an example'.
xii. δημιουργός = demiourgos (Greek) = 'creator'.
xiii. νυκτός τε καί ἡμέρας = nyktos te kai hemeras (Greek) = 'Both day and night'.

Source: Ἀεί Καλόν (1985).

ΑΕΙ ΚΑΛΟΝ

Aei Kalon, which could be translated as 'eternal beauty', is a Platonic reference from Ancient Greek.

i. ἄνω κάτω πάντα = ano kato panta (Greek) = 'forever upside down'.
ii. Diamantis Diamantopoulos (1914–95), Greek painter.
iii. On the front page of the typed manuscript, GJM noted: "typed from Book III – Monopteros. 15th of May 1985 – *Ascension*."

Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. IX (Manuscript 1985).

THE AMYGDALINE GROVE

i. Frend (Middle English) = 'friend'.
ii. Galileo was born on the same day Michelangelo died.
iii. Rudolf Arnheim (1904–2007), German art and film theorist. Author of *Film als kunst* (*Film as Art*), 1932.
iv. Parker Tyler (1904–74), American poet and film critic. Author of *Poetry and the Film: A Symposium*, 1953.
v. Basil Bessarion (c. 1403–72), Greek theologian.
vi. George Gemisthus Plethon (c. 1355–1450), Greek Neoplatonic scholar.
vii. Philipp Melanchthon (1497–1560), German theologian and reformer.
viii. Jean-Baptiste Colbert (1619–83), French minister of finance under Louis XIV.
ix. Cluny Abbey was an influential monastery from the 11th Century until the French Revolution.
x. During World War II, the abbey of Monte Cassino was almost completely destroyed by Allied bombing raids.
xi. ϐάλλειν = ballein (Greek) – 'to throw'.
xii. 15th Century Ecumenical Councils of the Roman Catholic Church,
xiii. 1555 treaty between Emperor Charles V and the Lutherans.
xiv. Manuel II Paleologus (1350–1425), Governor of Thessalonica, son of Emperor John V Paleogus.
xv. John VIII Paleologus (1332–91), Byzantine emperor, son of Manuel II.
xvi. πτεροῦ δύναμις = pterou dunamis (Greek) = 'the power of the wing'.

Source: Temenos 1986 presentation text (1986).

THE BREAD OF ANGELS

i. Daghwamlice (Olde English) = 'daily'. (Markopoulos spells this word three different ways in his published text.)
Rithe (Olde English) = 'stream'.
Rock Rose is a family of pennial plants known as Cistaceae, primarily found in Mediterranean regions.
ii. Anschauung (German) = 'to look at'.
iii. Marsilio Ficino (1433–99), Italian neo-Platonic philosopher.
iv. Begriff (German) = 'a concept or perception', or a conjugation of 'to understand'.
v. Barr (Old Irish or Breton) = 'summit'.
vi. 'ir (Old English) = 'wandering, depravity or anger'.
vii. Hymnopoloi (Greek) = 'Priests'.

viii. Peritheiosis (Ancient Greek) = A form of purification. In Ancient Greek this was done by fumigation with sulphur.
ix. Karl August Roeckel (1814–76), German conductor.
Richard Wagner (1813–83), German composer.
x. Jerome Gaub (1705–80), Dutch physician.
Source: The Bread of Angels (1987).

UNIFICATION OF THE FRAME

i. Pindar (c. 522–443 B.C.), Ancient Greek lyric poet.
ii. Friedrich Schiller (1759–1805), German philosopher and playwright. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832), German writer and philosopher. Schiller and Goethe conceived of a theatre only for male participants.
iii. Friedrich Schiller, *Wallensteins Tod*, 1799.
iv. The dating system used for this essay is according to Markopoulos' own calendar, which was closely related to the intended presentation of *Eniaios*.
Source: Sovereignty of the Filmmaker Physician Vol. IX (Manuscript 1990).

THE FUTURE OF THE TEMENOS AND ITS BOUNDARIES

i. Gregory J. Markopoulos, *Eniaios*, 1947–91.
Source: The Future of the Temenos and its Boundaries (1992).

ΑΚΡΟΠΟΛΗΣ ΓΗΣ

The combination of Greek words is Markopoulos' invention and is not grammatical, but could be translated as 'the earth's highest point'.

i. ϑυμός = thumos (Greek) = 'passion' or 'anger'.
ii. Images of the site of the funeral pyre of Heracles, near Olympus, appear in the dedication reels of *Eniaios*.
iii. Giacomo Leoni (1686–1746), Italian architect.
iv. φέγγος = feggos (Greek) = 'light' or 'radiance'.
v. ρόαῖ = roai may be a reference to a 'pomegranate' or 'stream'. Markopoulos' intention is not known.
vi. John Addington Symonds, *Essays, Speculative and Suggestive*, 1890.
vii. Ifel (Middle English) = 'evil'.
viii. Werdezeit (German) = 'gestation'.
ix. ένιαῖος = *Eniaios*.
x. κατὰ σχέσιν = kata schesin (Greek) = 'in relation' or 'according to the system'.
Source: Acropolis Gis (1992).

APPENDIX I

FILMOGRAPHY OF GREGORY J. MARKOPOULOS (REVISED)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

1940, 8mm, black and white, silent, 5 minutes.
Based on the story by Charles Dickens.
Cast: Gregory Markopoulos, Andrew Markopoulos, Elaine Markopoulos, childhood friends.
Filmed in Toledo, Ohio.
Preserved by Österreichisches Filmmuseum, Vienna, and Temenos Archive, Zürich.

PSYCHE

1947, 16mm, colour, sound, 24 minutes.
Inspired by Pierre Louÿs' unfinished novella Psyché.
Music by Ralph Vaughn Williams: excerpt from Serenade for Oboe.
Cast: Ann Wells (the girl), George Emmons (the man), Mrs. Brown (the older woman passing by).
Filmed in Los Angeles and the Hollywood Hills.
Preserved by Österreichisches Filmmuseum, Vienna, and Temenos Archive, Zürich.

LYSIS

1948, 16mm, colour, sound, 25 minutes.
Based on Plato's dialogue Lysis.
Music by Arthur Honegger: excerpt from La Danse des Morts, libretto by Paul Claudel.
Cast: Gregory Markopoulos (the Wanderer), friends and acquaintances.
Filmed in Toledo, Ohio.
Preserved by Temenos Archive, Zürich, with the assistance of the National Film Preservation Foundation, San Francisco.

CHARMIDES

1948, 16mm, colour, sound, 11 minutes.
Based on Plato's dialogue Charmides.
Music by Darius Milhaud: excerpt from Protée (incidental music for Paul Claudel's drama of the same name).
Filmed in Toledo, Ohio.
Preserved by Temenos Archive, Zürich, with the assistance of the National Film Preservation Foundation, San Francisco.

DU SANG, DE LA VOLUPTÉ ET DE LA MORT

1947–48, 16mm, colour, sound, 59 minutes.
Dedicated to Carter H. Wolff, Jr.
NB: The films *Psyche*, *Lysis* and *Charmides* comprise the trilogy *Du sang, de la volupté et de la mort*.

CHRISTMAS U.S.A.

(also known as: XMAS-USA-1949)
1949, 16mm, black and white, silent, 13 minutes.
Dedicated to Curtis Harrington.
Cast: Frederic Burae Davenport (the cheat), Mario Antonnini (the disciple).
Filmed in Toledo, Ohio.
Preserved by The Rohauer Collection, Columbus, and Temenos Archive, Zürich.

THE DEAD ONES

1949, 35mm, black and white, silent, 29 minutes (unfinished).
Dedicated to Jean Cocteau.
Cast: Gregory Markopoulos (Paul), Elwood Decker (the artist), Robert Chenault (the coward).
Filmed in Los Angeles.
Preserved by Österreichisches Filmmuseum, Vienna, and Temenos Archive, Zürich.

JACKDAW

1950, 16mm, colour & black and white, silent, 14 minutes.
NB: *Jackdaw* no longer exists in this form. Footage may have been incorporated into *Flowers of Asphalt*.

L'ARBRE AUX CHAMPIGNONS

1950, 16mm, black and white, silent, unfinished.
Cast: Jenny Lubovice, Michel (surname unknown).
Filmed in Paris.
NB: The film original was destroyed in a Paris film lab.

SWAIN (previously known as: RAIN BLACK, MY LOVE)

1950, 16mm, colour, sound, 20 minutes.
Made in collaboration with Robert C. Freeman, Jr.
Inspired by Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel Fanshawe.
Principal photography by Markopoulos, additional photography by Robert C. Freeman, Jr.
Music by Heitor Villa-Lobos.
Cast: Gregory Markopoulos (the protagonist, Swain), Mary Zelles (the woman).
Filmed in Toledo and Waterville, Ohio.
Preserved by Temenos Archive, Zürich.

FLOWERS OF ASPHALT

1951, 16mm, black and white, silent, 7 minutes.
Suggested music to be played during film: Concerto Grosso by Ludwig van Beethoven.
Cast: John Markopoulos, Maria Markopoulos, Andrew Markopoulos, Elaine Markopoulos and others.
Filmed in Toledo, Ohio.
Preserved by Temenos Archive, Zürich.
NB: *Flowers of Asphalt* contains footage from *Jackdaw* and *Christmas U.S.A.*

FATHER'S DAY

1952, 16mm, colour & black and white, silent, circa 6 minutes (unfinished).
NB: This footage was produced as a film idea and given to Robert C. Freeman, Jr. as a souvenir.

ELDORA

1953, 8mm, colour, silent, 11 minutes.
Dedicated to Robert C. Freeman, Jr. for his birthday.
Cast: Eldora Pappas (Eldora), Bill Poletes (Bill).
Preserved by The Rohauer Collection, Columbus, and Temenos Archive, Zürich.

SERENITY

1961, 35mm, colour, sound, 70 minutes (Version I), 90 minutes (Version II).
Dedicated to Mme. Tiggie Ghika.
Based on Elias Venezis' novel Serenity.
Produced by James Paris.
Music by Peter Hartman.
Cast: Norma Valmi (Eirene), Constantine Baladimas (Dr. Dimitri Veni), Vivian Verrilli (Anna, his daughter), George Fountas (Photis Glaros), Nina Bobbie (Eleni Glaros), Koula Agagiotou (Aunt Maris), Athena Mihalidou (Aunt Sophia), Dimitri Maras (Andreas, her son), Pandopoulos (a water-diviner), Lili Yannikakii (Zambeta), Margaret Goumas (widow), Thanas Veloudios (Barba Stathys), Byron Pallis (mechanic), Takis Cabouras (Haritos), Dimitri Stamos (a boy).
Filmed in Mytilene and Annavysos, Greece, 1958.
NB: The only known existing version is not Markopoulos' edit and contains additional titles, music and voiceover added later than 1961.
Existing 65 minute version on video: J. and M. Paris Films, Athens.

TWICE A MAN

1963, 16mm, colour, sound, 46 minutes.
Dedicated to Clara Hoover.
Based on the story of Hippolytos.
Assistant director: Charles Levine.
Music by Pyotr Tchaikovsky: excerpt from Manfred Symphony, op. 58.
Voiceover by Olympia Dukakis.
Cast: Paul Kilb (Paul), Olympia Dukakis (the young mother), Violet Roditi (the aged mother), Albert Torgessen (the artist-physician).
Filmed in New York City, Staten Island and Bear Mountain Park.
Preserved by Österreichisches Filmmuseum, Vienna, and Temenos Archive, Zürich, with the assistance of the National Film Preservation Foundation, San Francisco.

RUSHES FOR 'THE ILLIAC PASSION'

Circa 1964, 16mm, colour, silent, 12 minutes.
Preserved by Museum of Modern Art, New York.

THE DEATH OF HEMINGWAY (AN OBITUARY FANTASY)

1965, 35mm, colour, sound, 12 minutes.
Based on the stage play by George Christopoulos.
Filmed in Brooklyn.
NB: Location of negative and any surviving prints unknown.

GALAXIE

1966, 16mm, colour, sound, 82 minutes.
Dedicated to John Markopoulos.
Cast (in order of appearance): Parker Tyler, Storm De Hirsch, Amy Taubin, Donald Droll, Harry Koursaros and Gordon Herzig, Ben Weber, George and Mike Kuchar, Erick Hawkins, Louise Grady, Frances Steloff, Charles Boultenhouse, Alfonso Ossorio, Jasper Johns, Jonas Mekas, W. H. Auden, Jerome Hill, Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky, Robert Ossorio, Gregory Battcock, Hendrick Ruitenbeek, Shirley Clarke, Jan Cremer, Kenneth Kelman, Maurice Sendak, Paul Thek, Susan Sontag, Tom Chomont, Gian Carlo Menotti, Ed Emshwiller and family, Robert C. Scull.
Filmed in New York City.
Restored and preserved by the Academy Film Archive, Los Angeles, and Temenos Archive, Zürich.

MING GREEN

1966, 16mm colour, sound, 7 minutes.
Dedicated to Stan Brakhage.
Music by Richard Wagner: Traumen from Wesendonck Lieder.
Filmed in New York City.
Restored and preserved by Temenos Archive, Zürich, and Österreichisches Filmmuseum, Vienna.

TEST WITH MASKS FOR 'THE ILLIAC PASSION'

1966, 16mm, colour, silent, 3 minutes.
Filmed in New York City.
Temenos Archive, Zürich.

EROS, O BASILEUS

1967, 16mm, colour, sound, 49 minutes.
Dedicated to Ben Weber.
Music by Richard Strauss: excerpts from Ein Heldenleben.
Cast: Robert Beavers (Eros).
Filmed in New York City.
Temenos Archive, Zürich, and Österreichisches Filmmuseum, Vienna.

HIMSELF AS HERSELF

1967, 16mm, colour, sound, 60 minutes.
Dedicated to Emlen Etting.
Based on Honoré de Balzac's novel Séraphita.
Music by Francis Poulenc: excerpts from Gloria.
Cast: Gordon Baldwin.
Filmed in Boston.
Temenos Archive, Zürich.

THROUGH A LENS BRIGHTLY: MARK TURBYFILL

1967, 16mm, colour, sound, 14 minutes.
Cast: Mark Turbyfill.
Filmed in Chicago.
Temenos Archive, Zürich.

BLISS

1967, 16mm, colour, sound, 6 minutes.
Dedicated to Alice Burkhard.
Filmed in the Church of St. John, Hydra, Greece.
Temenos Archive, Zürich.

THE ILLIAC PASSION

1964–67, 16mm, colour, sound, 91 minutes.
Inspired by Aeschylus' Prometheus Bound.
Music by Béla Bartok: excerpt from Cantata Profana (A Kilenc Csodaszarvas, The Nine Enchanted Stags).
Voiceover by Gregory Markopoulos, reading from the American translation by Henry David Thoreau of Aeschylus' Prometheus Bound.
Costumes by Jerome Hiler.

Cast: Richard Beauvais (Prometheus), David Beauvais (his conscience), Robert Alvarez (Narcissus), Taylor Mead (the Demon or Sprite), Sheila Gary (Echo), Mrs. Peggy Murray (the Muse), Tom Venturi (Hyacinthus), Tally Brown (Venus), Kenneth King (Adonis), Gerard Malanga (Ganymede), Jack Smith (Orpheus), Jan Chippman (Eurydice), Andy Warhol (Poseidon), Phillip Klass (Daedelus), Margot Brier (Pandora), Paul Swan (Zeus), Wayne Weber (Icarus), Carlos Anduze (Hades), Stella Dundas (Moon Goddess), John Dowd (Endymion), Philip Marker (Apollo), Beverly Grant (Persephone/Demeter), Clara Hoover (Io), Gregory Battcock (Phaeton), Gregory Markopoulos.
Filmed in New York City and Long Island.
Temenos Archive, Zürich.

THE DIVINE DAMNATION

(previously known as: THE DAMNATION OF DAMIEN)
1968/72, 16mm, colour, sound, 57 minutes.
Cast: Michael Venezla, Richard Puckett, Christine Lundstedt, Tom Stephens.
Filmed in Chicago.
Original destroyed by the filmmaker. Only existing copy preserved by Anthology Film Archives, New York.

GAMMELION

1968, 16mm, colour, sound, 54 minutes.
Dedicated to Gregg Sharits.
Music by Albert Roussel: excerpt from Serenade. Text excerpt from Rainer Maria Rilke's The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge read by Gregory Markopoulos.
Filmed at Il Castello Roccasinibalda, Rieti, Italy.
Restored and preserved by Österreichisches Filmmuseum, Vienna.

THE MYSTERIES

1968, 16mm, colour, sound, 64 minutes.
Music by Hugo Wolf.
Cast: Friedhelm Krey.
Filmed in Munich, Germany.
Restored and preserved by Temenos Archive, Zürich.

(A)LTER (A)CTION

1968, videotape, black and white, sound, 65 minutes.
Produced by Müncher Kammeroper and the Studienprogramm of Bayerischer Rundfunk.
Cast: Heino Hallhuber, Gundula von Wayne, and others.
Music by Egisto Macchi, conducted by Eberhard Schoener.
Text by Antonin Artaud and Mario Diacono. Choreography by Tatiana Massine.
Videotaped in Munich, Germany.
Distributed by Telepool, Germany.
NB: The version broadcast by Bayerischer Rundfunk was 57 minutes long.

DER SCHACHTEL

1968, 35mm transferred to videotape, black and white, sound, 29 minutes.
Produced by Müncher Kammeroper and the Studienprogramm of Bayerischer Rundfunk.
Music by Franco Evangelisti. Choreography by Tatiana Massine.
Filmed in Munich, Germany.
Distributed by Telepool, Germany.

INDEX – HANS RICHTER

1969, 16mm, colour, sound, 23 minutes.
Dedicated to Nigel Gosling.
Voiceover by Hans Richter, reading a Dada text.
Cast: Hans Richter.
Filmed in Locarno, Switzerland.
Temenos Archive, Zürich, and Österreichisches Filmmuseum, Vienna, and Cinémathèque Suisse, Penthaz.

THE OLYMPIAN

1969, 16mm, colour, silent, 23 minutes.
Cast: Alberto Moravia.
Filmed in Rome, Italy.
Temenos Archive, Zürich.

POLITICAL PORTRAITS

1969, 16mm, colour, sound, 70 minutes.
Dedicated to Dieter Meier.
Voiceover by Gregory Markopoulos, reading an excerpt of Paul Valéry's Man and the Night.
Cast: Schönherr family, Claudia Honegger, Dieter Meier, Alfredo Leonardi, Massimo Bacigalupo, Hulda Zumsteg, Giorgio Frapoli, Gunnar Parelius, Berit Hoff, Wilhelm and Birgit Hein, Franco Quadri, Giorgio de Chirico, Frieda Honneger, Ulrich Herzog, Karlheinz Hein, Marcia Haydée, Rudolph Nureyev, Bruno Bischofberger, Felix Baumann, Anna Giroux, Hans-Jakob Siber, Jacques Doniol Valcroze, Jack Siler.
Filmed in Zürich, Rome, Bergen, Cologne, Munich and Cannes.
NB: The location of the single existing copy of the complete film is unknown. A segment including the portraits of Ulrich Herzog, Marcia Haydée, Giorgio de Chirico, Rudolph Nureyev and Hulda Zumsteg is restored and preserved by Temenos Archive, Zürich.

SORROWS

1969, 16mm, colour, sound, 6 minutes.
Dedicated to Wilhelm and Birgit Hein.
Music by Ludwig van Beethoven: excerpt from the Second Movement of Symphony No. 3 (Eroica).
Filmed in Triebschen, Switzerland.
Restored and preserved by Temenos Archive, Zürich.

ALPH

1970, 16mm, colour, silent, 15 minutes.
Cast: Edouard Roditti.
Filmed in Paris, France.
Original reversal film in Temenos Archive, Zürich.
NB: Edited but unprinted.

GENIUS

1970, 16mm, colour, silent, 60 minutes.
Based on the theme of Faust.
Cast: Leonor Fini, David Hockney, Daniel Kahnweiler.
Filmed in Paris and London.
Restored and printed by Temenos Archive, Zürich, as part of *Eniaios II*.

HAGIOGRAPHIA (first version)

1970, 16mm, colour, silent, 60 minutes.
Filmed in Mistra, Greece.
Preserved by Anthology Film Archives, New York.

MOMENT

1970, 16mm, colour, silent, 6 minutes.
Cast: Dame Barbara Hepworth.
Filmed in the Tate Gallery, London, England.
Preserved by Österreichisches Filmmuseum, Vienna.

CIMABUE! CIMABUE!

1971, 16mm, colour, silent, circa 80 minutes.
Cast: Pietro Annigoni, Umberto Baldini, Bertolini, Carlo Bettochi, Silvio Loffredo.
Filmed in Florence, Italy.
Preserved by Temenos Archive, Zürich.
NB: Edited but not printed until its inclusion in *Eniaios IV*.

DOLDERTAL 7

1971, 16mm, colour, silent, 8 minutes.
Cast: Carola Giedion-Welcker.
Filmed in Zürich, Switzerland.
Original reversal film in Temenos Archive, Zürich.
NB: Edited but not printed.

SAINT ACTEON

1971, 16mm, colour, silent, 9 minutes.
Cast: Sir Harold Acton.
Filmed in the gardens of Villa La Pietra, Fiesole, Italy.
Preserved by Österreichisches Filmmuseum, Vienna.

35, BOULEVARD GENERAL KOENIG

1971, 16mm, colour, silent, 8 minutes.
Cast: Nina Kandinsky.
Filmed in Neuilly-sur-Seine, France.
Original reversal film in Temenos Archive, Zürich.
NB: Edited but not printed.

HAGIOGRAPHIA (second version)

1973, 16mm, colour, silent, 60 minutes.
Filmed in Mistra, Greece.
Original reversal film in Temenos Archive, Zürich.
NB: The original film titled *Hagiographia* was rephotographed and edited but not printed until its inclusion in *Eniaios V*.

HERACLES

1973, 16mm, colour, silent, running time unknown.
Filmed in the apartment of Alban Berg, Vienna.
Original reversal film in Temenos Archive, Zürich.
NB: Edited but not printed.

META

1973, 16mm, colour, silent, running time unknown.
Dedicated to Djuna Barnes.
Cast: Dr Otto von Habsburg.
Filmed in Germany on Starnberg Lake, Pöcking.
Original reversal film in Temenos Archive, Zürich.
NB: Edited but not printed.

PROSOPOGRAPHIA

1976, 16mm, colour, silent, 5 minutes (unfinished).
Cast: Chancellor Bruno Kreisky.
Filmed in Vienna, Austria.
Österreichisches Filmmuseum, Vienna.

ENIAIOS

1947-91, 16mm, colour, silent, circa 80 hours.
Original reversal film in Temenos Archive, Zürich.
NB: *Eniaios* consists of 22 cycles (also referred to as 'film orders'). *Eniaios I-V* were restored and printed by Temenos Archive, Zürich, with the assistance of the Georg & Bertha Schwyzer-Winiker Foundation, Zürich, The J. F. Costopoulos Foundation, Athens, Pannonia Foundation, New York, the National Film Preservation Foundation, San Francisco, The Film Foundation, New York, Temenos Association, Zürich, and private donors. *Eniaios VI-VIII* were restored and printed by Temenos Archive, Zürich, with the assistance of Temenos Association, Zürich, Temenos Inc., New York, Pannonia Foundation, New York, the Georg & Bertha

Schwyzer-Winiker Foundation, Zürich, the National Film Preservation Foundation, San Francisco, The Film Foundation, New York, and private donors including those who contributed to a Kickstarter campaign. *Eniaios IX-XI* were restored and printed by Temenos Archive, Zürich, with the assistance of the Pannonia Foundation, New York, Temenos Association, Zürich, most notably David Streiff, and income from screenings related to the promotion of *Film as Film: The Collected Writings of Gregory J. Markopoulos* in 2014-16, especially the colloquium organised by Maja Naef and Markus Klammer in Basel.

For access to film prints for screenings or research, please contact Temenos <mail@the-temenos.org>.

APPENDIX II

PUBLICATIONS SUPERVISED BY GREGORY J. MARKOPOULOS

BOOKS

Poems
September 1964
1000 copies printed by Harry Gantt, New York
Published by Film Culture

Quest for Serenity
1965
1000 copies printed by Harry Gantt, New York
Film Culture Monograph Series #1
Published by Film-Makers' Cinematheque

Chaos Phaos I
March 1971
500 copies printed by S.T.I.A.V., Florence
Published by Temenos

Chaos Phaos II
April 1971
500 copies printed by S.T.I.A.V., Florence
Published by Temenos

Chaos Phaos III
March 1971
500 copies printed by S.T.I.A.V., Florence
Published by Temenos

Chaos Phaos IV
April 1971
500 copies printed by S.T.I.A.V., Florence
Published by Temenos

ERB
November 1972
100 copies printed by Pioda, Rome
Published by Temenos

Boustrophedon
November 1977
100 copies printed by Pioda, Rome
Published by Temenos

PRESENTATION TEXTS

Art Is Not Knowledge
1974
100 copies printed in Belgium
Published by Temenos

The Usury of the Creative Soul and the Individual Conscience
July 1976
50 copies printed by Themelis, Ioannina
Published by Temenos

Heracles
1978, 300 copies printed by Themelis, Ioannina
Published by Temenos

Temenos 1980
August 1980
1000 copies printed by Pipilios, Athens
Published by Temenos

Temenos 1981
August 1981
500 copies printed by Pipilios, Athens
Published by Temenos

The Ethics of Film As Film
1982
200 copies printed by Pipilios, Athens
Published by Temenos

Temenos 1982
August 1982
500 copies printed by Georgiadis, Athens
Published by Temenos

Temenos 1983
August 1983
500 copies printed by Moutsidis, Athens
Published by Temenos

Temenos 1984
August 1984
500 copies printed by Moutsidis, Athens
Published by Temenos

Analampsis
March 1985
24 copies printed by Gebr. Parcus KG, Munich
Published by Temenos

Temenos 1985
August 1985
300 copies printed by Moutsidis, Athens
Published by Temenos

Temenos 1986
August 1986
300 copies printed by Moutsidis, Athens
Published by Temenos

The Bread of Angels
1988
3 signed copies + 75 unsigned copies printed by Moutsidis, Athens
Published by Temenos

Aei Kalon
August 1990
75 signed copies + 2 copies with photograph printed by Hans
Christians Druckerei, Hamburg
Published by Temenos

The Future of the Temenos and its Boundaries
August 1992
500 copies printed by Druckerei Leitz, Furtwangen
Published by Temenos

Acropolis Gis
October 1992
100 copies printed by Druckerei Leitz, Furtwangen
Published by Temenos

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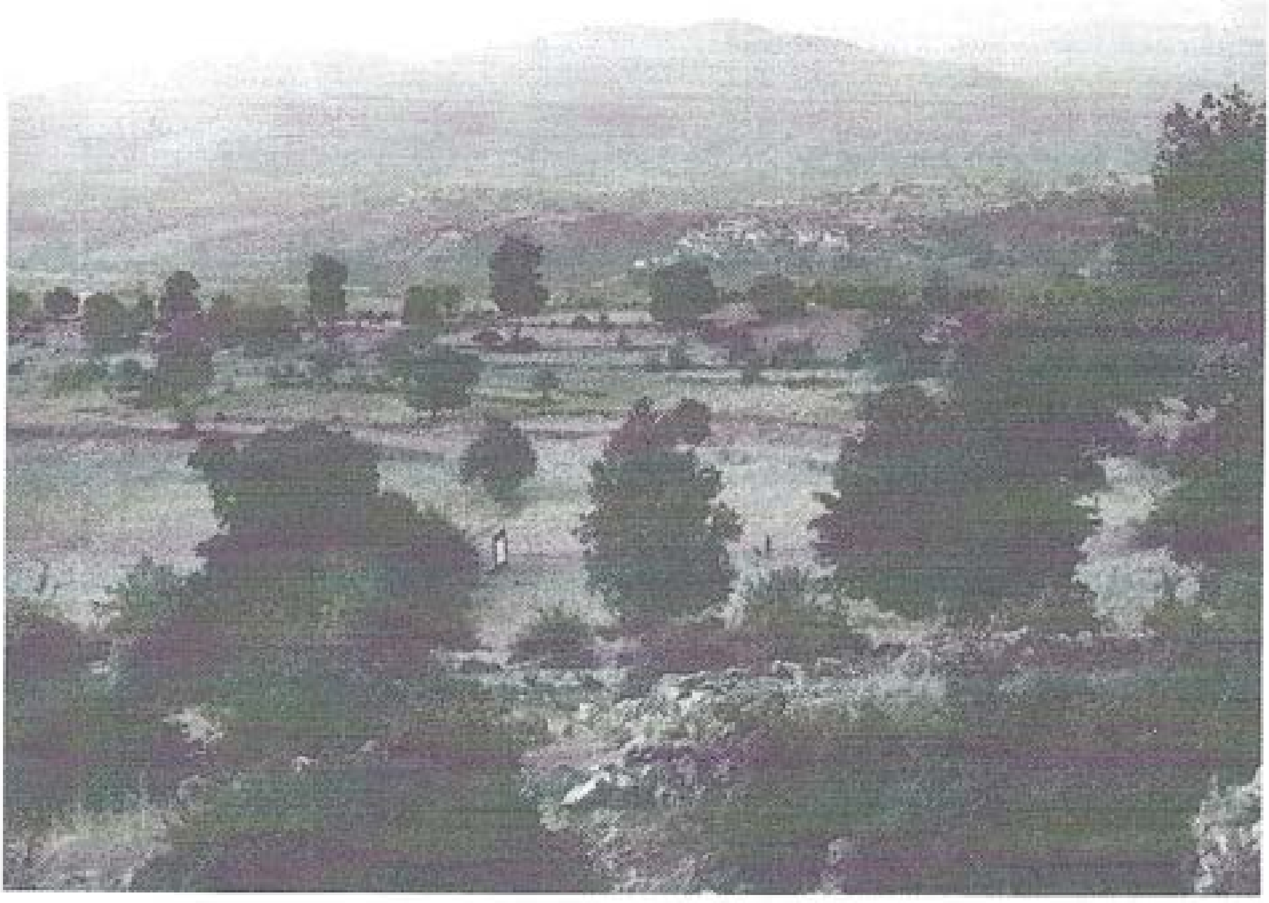

Site of the Temenos screenings near Lyssarea, 1980s.
Photograph by Giorgios Zikoyannis.

Film as Film: The Collected Writings of Gregory J. Markopoulos contains some ninety out-of-print or previously unavailable articles by the Greek-American filmmaker who, as a contemporary of Kenneth Anger, Stan Brakhage and Andy Warhol, was at the forefront of a movement that established a truly independent form of cinema. Beginning with his early writings on the American avant-garde and auteurs such as Dreyer, Bresson and Mizoguchi, it also features numerous essays on Markopoulos' own practice, and on films by Robert Beavers, that were circulated only in journals, self-published editions or programme notes. The texts become increasingly metaphysical and poetic as the filmmaker pursued his ideal of Temenos, an archive and screening space to be located at a remote site in the Peloponnese where his epic final work could be viewed in harmony with the Greek landscape. Gregory J. Markopoulos (1928–1992) is a unique figure in film history, whose life's work stands in testament to his strength of vision and commitment to the medium.

This collection complements, illuminates and extends an incomparable body of work. Equal parts theory, criticism and mythical prose, the texts reflect the charisma and originality of its author – and his enduring romanticism. Brandished by the same absolutes and passion that fuel his films, *Film as Film* is a seminal addition to film scholarship and film history.

ANDRÉA PICARD, TORONTO INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

For the first time the full depths of Gregory Markopoulos' rigorous imagination can be fathomed. *Film as Film* is an indispensable companion to Markopoulos' unique cinema and a fascinating chronicle of his probing thoughts on filmmaking.

HADEN GUEST, HARVARD FILM ARCHIVE

Film as Film: The Collected Writings of Gregory J. Markopoulos is edited by Mark Webber and has a foreword by P. Adams Sitney.